

PARAPHRASE

AND
UPON THE
MOST EXCELLENT OF PRINCES
SMALL POEMS
CHARLES

BY THE GRACE OF GOD KING
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
AND IRELAND:

LORD OF THE FORTH SEAS;
OF VIRGINIA AND
RICHMOND, AND

DISPERSED THE THE
AND THE
THE SEAS AND
THE

THE HUMBLEST OF HIS SERVANTS
PRESENTS AND CONGRATULATES
THESE HIS

At the
TO REJECT THE AND ESTE
MATION FROM THE FAVOUR

TO THE BEST OF MEN
AND
MOST EXCELLENT OF PRINCES,
CHARLES,
BY THE GRACE OF GOD KING
OF GREAT-BRITAIN, FRANCE,
AND IRELAND:

LORD OF THE FOVRE SEAS;
OF VIRGINIA, THE VAST TER-
RITORIES ADIOYNING, AND
DISPERSED ISLANDS OF THE
VWESTERNE OCEAN;
THE ZEALOVVS DEFENDOR OF
THE CHRISTIAN FAITH:

GEORGE SANDYS.

THE HVMBLEST OF HIS SERVANTS,
PRESENTS AND CONSECRATES
THESE HIS PARAPHRASES VPON
THE DIVINE POEMS,
TO RECEIUE THEIR LIFE AND ESTI-
MATION FROM HIS FAYOVR.

48 4. 2. 607.

To the Queen

THe Muse, who from your Influence tooke her Birth,
First wandred through the many-peopled Earth;
Next sung the Change of Things, disclos'd th' Unknown:
Then to a nobler Shape transform'd her Owne;
Fetch'd from Engaddi, Spice; from Iury, Balme;
And bound her browes with Idumaean Palme:
Now Old, hath her last Voyage made; and brought
To Royall Harbor this her Sacred Fraught;
VVho to her King bequeathes the VVealth of Kings;
And dying, her owne Epicedium sings.

To the Queene.

A Night-peece most affects the Eye;
Sad VVords and Notes charme powerfully:
The pleasing Sorrow they impart,
Slides sweetly to the melting Heart.
Since no sincere Delight we tast,
Our best of Daies with clouds ore-cast;
VVile Nature giddy Mirth disdaines,
And tunes our Soules to Mournefull Straines:
As Æthiop's, who faire colours lack,
Place Beauty in the deepest Black.
And we are counsell'd to be Guests,
Rather at Death's, then Hymen's Feasts.
This was that well-limn'd Face of VVoe,
VVhereof we but a Coppy show:
To you addrest, whose chearefull Ray
Can turne the saddest Night to Day:
Not to infect, or make it lesse;
But to set-off your Happinesse.
Nor are wee all of Black compos'd,
Our setting Sun serenely clos'd.
And, as in Iob, all Stormes dispell'd,
His Evening farre his Morne excell'd;
So Iuda, in her wandring Race,
At length shall rise to greater Grace.
Our Vowes ascend, that you may tast,
Of these, the onely First, and Last.

And wheresoe're the Subject's Best, the Sense
Is better'd by the Speakers Eloquence.

But Sir, to you I will no Trophie raise
From other Mens detraction or dispraise.

That Jewell never had inherent worth,
Which ask't such Foyles as these to set it forth.

If any quarrell your Attempt or Stile
Forgive them: their owne Folly they revile.

Since gainst Themselves their factious Envie shall
Confesse this Worke of Yours Canonically.

Nor may you feare the Poets common Lot,
Read, and Commended, and then quite forgot.

The Brazen Mines and Marble Rockes shall waste,
When your Foundation will unshaken last.

'Tis Fames best pay, that You your Labours see
By their Immortall Subject crowned bee.

For nere was Author in Oblivion hid,
Who Firm'd his Name on such a Pyramid.

Henry King

To my very much honoured Friend Mr.

George Sandys, upon his Paraphrase on the Poetical
Parts of the Bible.

THese pure immortall Streames, these holy Streynes,
To flow in which, th'Eternall Wisedome deignes,
Had first their sacred Spring, in Iuda's Plaines.

Borne in the East, their Soule of heavenly Race,
They still preserve a more then Mortall Grace,
Though through the Mortall Pens of Men they passe,

For purest Organs ever were design'd
To this high Worke, the most Ethernall Mind
Was touch't, and did these holy Raptures finde.

(**)

You

You Sir, who all these severall Springs have knowne,
And have so large a Fountaine of your owne;
Seeme Borne and Bred for what you now have done.

Plac'd by just Thoughts, above all worldly Care,
Such as for Heaven it selfe a Roome prepare,
Such as alreadie more then Earthly are.

Next you have knowne (besides all Arts) their Spring,
The happie East; and from Iudea bring
Part of that Power, with which her Ayres you Sing,

Lastly, what is above all Reach of Praise,
Above Reward, of any fading Bayes,
No Muse like Yours did ever Language raise.

Devotion, Knowledge, Numbers, from your Pen
Mixtly and sweetly flow; whilst listning Men
Suspend their Cares, inamour'd of your Theme.

They calme their Thoughts, and in their Bosoms own
Better Desires, to them perhaps unknowne;
Till by your Musicke to themselves brought Home.

Musicke, (the universall Language) sweyes
In everie Minde; the World this Power obeyes,
And Natures Selfe is charm'd by well-tun'd Layes.

All disproportion'd, harsh, disorder'd Cares,
Vnequall Thoughts, vaine Hopes, and low Despaire;
Fly the soft Breath of these harmonious Ayres.

Here is that Harp, whose Charms uncharm'd the brest
Of troubled Saul, and that unquiet Guest,
With which his Palsions travel'd, disposses'd.

Iob.
Psalmes.
Ecclesiastes.

Iob, moves Amazement, David moves our Teares;
His Royall Sonne, a sad Apparell weares
Of Language, and perswades to Pious Feares.

(*)

The

The Passions of the first rise great and high,
But Salomons a lesse concerned Eye
Casting on all the world, flows equally

Not in that ardent course, as where He woes
The Sacred Spouse, and her chaste Love pursues,
With brighter flames, and with a higher Muse.

Canticles
not Printed.

This Work had beene proportion'd to our Sight,
Had you but knowne with some allay to Write,
And not preserv'd your Authors Strength and Light.

But you so crush those Odors, so disperse
Those rich perfumes, you make them too intense
And such (alas) as too much please our Sense.

We fitter are for sorrows, then such Love;
Iosiah falls, and by his fall doth move
Teares from the people, Mourning from above.

Lamentations

Iudah, in her Iosiah's Death, doth dye
All Springs of griefe are opened to supply,
Streames to the torrent of this Elegy.

Others breake forth in everlasting Praise
Having their wish, and wishing they might raise,
Some monument of Thanks to after-Dayes.

The severall
Hymns.

These are the Pictures, which your happy Art
Gives us, and which so well you doe impart,
As if these passions sprung in your owne Heart.

Others translate, but you the Beames collect
Of your inspired Authors, and reflect
Those heavenly Rai's with new and strong effect.

Yet humane Language only can restore,
What humane Language had impair'd before
And when that once is done, can give no more.

(*) (*) (*)

Sir, I forbear to adde to what is said,
Least to your burnisht Gold I bring my Lead;
And with what is Immortall, mixe the Dead.

Sidney Godolphin.

To my worthy friend Mr. George Sandys.

I presse not to the Quire, nor dare I greet
The holy Place with my unhallow'd feet:
My unwasht Muse pollutes not things Divine,
Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine,
Here, humbly at the Porch, she listning staves,
And with glad eares sucks in thy Sacred Layes.
So, devout Penitents of old were wont,
Some without doore, and some beneath the Font,
To stand and heare the Churches Liturgies,
Yet not assise the solemne Exercise
Sufficeth her, that she a Lay-place gaine,
To trim thy Vestments, or but beare thy traine:
Though nor in Tune, nor Wing, She reach thy Larke,
Her Lyricke feet may dance before the Arke.
Who knowes, but that Her wandring eyes, that run
Now hunting Glow-wormes, may adore the Sun.
A pure Flame may, shot by Almighty Power
Into my brest, the earthy flame devoure:
My Eyes, in Penitentiall dew may steepe
That bryne, which they for sensuall love did weepe:
So (though 'gainst Natures course) fire may be quencht
With fire, and water be with water drencht.
Perhaps, my restlesse Soule, tyr'd with pursuit
Of mortall beautie, seeking without fruit
Contentment there; which hath not, when enjoy'd,
Quencht all her thirst, nor satisf'd, though cloy'd;
Weary of her vaine search below, above
In the first Faire may find th'immortall Love.
Prompted by thy Example then, no more
In moulds of Clay will I my God adore;

But

But teare those Idols from my Heart, and Write
What his blest Sp'rit, not fond Love, shall endite!
Then, I no more shall court the Verdant Bay,
But the dry leavelles Trunke on Golgotha:
And rather strive to gaine from thence one Thorne,
Then all the flourishing Wreathes by Laureats worne.

Tho: Carew.

To my worthy Kinsman Mr. *George Sandys*,
on his excellent Paraphrase upon *Iob*,

YOU teach us a new Pleasure, and have so
Penn'd the sad Story, we delight in Woe.
Teares have their Musicke too; this mournfull Dresse
Doth so become Iob's sorrows, and expresse
Affliction in so sweet a grace, that we
Find something to be lov'd in Misery.
Here Griefe is witty, that the Reader might
Not suffer, in the patience you write.

Let others wanton it, while I admire
Thy warmth, which doth proceed from holy Fire.
'Tis Guilt, not Poetry, to be like those
Whose wit in Verse, is downe-right Sin in Prose:
Whose Studies are Prophanesse, as if then
They were good Poets only, when bad Men.
But these are purer Flames, nor shall thy Heat
Because 'tis good, be therefore thought not Great.
How vainly doe they erre, who thinke it fit
A sacred Subject should be void of Wit?
I boldly dare affirme, He never meant
We should be Dull, who bids, be Innocent.
'Tis no excuse, when you your charme reherse
So sweetly; not to heare, because 'tis Verse.
Religion is a Matron, whose grave Face
From Decent Vestures doth receive more Grace.
In holy duties fondly we affect
A mis-becoming Rudenesse, and suspect

Cleane

Cleane Offerings; wee thinke God likes the Heart
Where least appeares of th' Vnderstanding part.
As if Gods Messengers did but delude,
Vnlesse what they deliver us, be rude.
Choice Language is the clothing of your Mind;
Your matter (like those Saints which are inshrind
In Gold, or like to Beauty, when the Lawne
With rosie cheeks bepurpled ore, is drawne
To boast the lovelinesse, it seemes to hide,
And shew more cunningly the blushing Bride.)
Hath hence a greater lustre; they not love
The Body lesse, who doe the Clothes approve.
So we upon this Iewell doe not set
Lesse price, because we praise the Cabinet.

Dudley Digges.

To my honoured Kinsman Mr. *George Sandys*,
on his admirable Paraphrases.

VHY com'st thou thus attended to the Presse?
Thou wants no Suffrages, the Subject, lesse:
At first, in confidence of thy full Worth,
Single, unknowne, Thou didst adventure forth;
Thy living Works since oft have past the Test,
And every last (to wonder) prov'd the best.
Thy Prose and Verse each other Emulate,
From Rivals free, at home their Right debate:
Divide the Iudgement, whether most t'admire
Roabes loosely flowing, or fine shap't Attire,
Nor art thou to be blam'd, for having past
Pernassus hill, and come to Sion last.
The Schooles from Comments on the Stagyrice,
To heavenly Speculations rais'd their Flight;
The Progresse fit, though of Philosophy,
'Tis justly fear'd, they tooke too deepe a Dye.
God chiefly warm'd their Breasts with sacred Heat,
Who were in other Knowledges compleat:

Though

Though all alike to him, but that he meant
To give some honour to the Instrument,
He who in other Structures merits praise,
May without diffidence a Temple raise.
And sure, Bezaleel-like, Heav'n did instill,
For this intended Frame, that Matchlesse Skill:
Till then thy restless Mind mov'd Circular,
Like the touch't Needle, till it find the Starre.
Well did'st thou from the East thy entrance make,
From whence the light of Poetry first brake.
The Hand unknowne, that God this Piece might own,
(Like the two Tables) for his Worke alone.
The Marke of his immediate Worke it beares,
Even at the Spring a boundlesse Sea appears.
For what his Hands, without a Second, make,
At once their Being and Perfection take.
His first Day Adam a full Man beheld,
And Cana's Water choicest Wine exceld.
This first of Authors, first of Poets, flew
So high a Pitch, as almost out of View.
And this was not of Iobs rewards the lest,
That his rare Story such a Pen exprest.
What high expressions in such depth of Woe!
How sweet his sighes and grones in Numbers flow!
When God himselfe was pleased Iob to cite,
Who could such Language worthy Him endite!
His just Reprooves so great a Terrour beare,
As if each Word a clap of Thunder were.
From hence in smaller Drilles her course she keeps;
And scarce discern'd, along the Vallies creeps
Through Moses and the Iudges; yet we may
In these discover her continued Way.
But when the State into a Kingdome grew,
When all did with their blessed King renew;
In the sweet Singer then againe it flowes,
Her bounds extends, and to a River growes.
His large, soul'd Son from Heaven full Light receives,
For every Path and Step direction gives.

Discovers

Discovers to our long-seduced Eyes,
 Her Fucus off, the Worlds deformities.
 And by a Purser quenches sensuall Fire,
 The Object chang'd, preserves the Heat entire.
 These two, who might with Iob dispute their Right,
 Rais'd Numbers to their Apogæon height.
 Thence through the Prophets We her Current trace,
 Whose graver Works Poeticke Iems enchace:
 To shew how aptly both assume one Name,
 Both Heaven-inspir'd, compos'd of Zeale and Flame:
 Above the Rest, that funerall Elegy,
 Presents sad Iuda, to th'admiring Eye
 So lovely in her Sable Vaile and Teares;
 Scarce any Bride in all her Trim appears:
 Of such a winning sweetnesse: O what Heart
 But must due Pitty to her Woes impart!
 All these, for Prose had still mistaken beene,
 Their Native grace our Language never scene:
 Had not thy speaking Picture shew'd to All
 The wondrous beauty of th'Originall;
 Had lien like Stones uncut, and Oare untri'd,
 Their Reall Worth the same, though scarce espi'd,
 But by the skilfull Linguist; To the Most
 In the darke Sense, and hard Expressions lost.
 Thy Art hath Polish't them to what they were,
 Unvalued Iewels for the Breast, and Eare.
 Here fixe thy Pillars, what remains there high'r,
 But th'unknowne Ditties of the heavenly Quire.

Francis Wiatt.

Summa Approbationis.

PERlegi hæc Poëmata Sacra in Iob; Davidis Psalmos,
 Ecclesiasten, Lamentationes Ieremie Propheta, &
 alios Hymnos Sacros, in quibus omnibus nihil reperia
 S S. Pagina contrarium; quominus cum utilitate, ut &
 Summa Lectorum voluptate Typis mandentur.

Datum Laneshæ
 Novemb. 7.
 1637.

Rev. in Christo Patri, & Dom. D. Arch. Cant.
 Sacellanus Domesticus.
 GVIL. BRAY,

To his worthy Friend Mr. George Sandys
upon his excellent Paraphrases.

Thy Lines I weigh not by th' Originall;
Nor scan thy Words how evenly they fall:
I most applaud thy Pious Choice, who mak'st
The Sacred Writ thy Subject, and thence tak'st
Those Parts, wherein the most Perverse may see
Divinity and Poësie agree.

Afflicted Iob a Veile of Sorrow shrouds;
But heavenly Beames dispell those envious Clouds.
The Royall Psalmist, borne on Angels wings,
Now sweeps in Verse, now Hallelu-jahs sings:
Converted Salomon to our eyes presents
Deluding loyes, and curelesse Discontents.
That good Iosiah's Name may never dye,
Thy Muse revives his Mournfull Elegy.
With the same Zeale, doth to our Numbers fit
All the Poëticke Parts of Holy Writ.
And thus Salvation thou maist bring to those
Who never would have sought for it in Prose.

Henry Ralshford.

To his VVorthy Friend Mr. George Sandys
on his Sacred Poems.

How bold a Worke attempts that Pen
Which would enrich our Vulgar tongue
With the high Raptures of those Men
VVho here with the same Spirit sung
VVherewith they now assist the Quire
Of Angels, who their Songs admire?

VVhat ever those inspired Soules
VVere urged to expresse, did shake
The Aged Deepe, and both the Poles:
Their numerous Thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which doth with Heav'n consent
To all They wrought, and all They meant.

(***)

Say

Say (Sacred Bard) what could bestow
Courage on thee to soare so high ?
Tell mee (Brave Friend) what help'd thee so
To shake off all Mortalitie ?
To Light this Torch thou hast climb'd higher
Then he who stole caelestiall Fire.

Edward Waller.

To my worthy Friend Mr. *George Sandys.*

I Nspir'd by Thee, who art thy selfe a Muse,
Not crown'd with Ivy, or neglected Baies;
But with a sacred Light, which doth infuse
Into our Soules her intellectuall Raies :
Among these Starres of the first Magnitude,
I, in affection, my dimne Taper bring:
For though my Voice be horce, my Numbers rude,
On such a Theame who could forbear to sing ?
Immortall *Sands* whose Nectar-dropping Pen
Delights, instructs ; and with that holy Fire,
Which fell from Heaven, warms the cold breasts of
And in their Minds creates a new Desire. (men;
For Truth in Poesie so sweetly strikes
Vpon the Cords, and Fivers of the Heart ;
That it all other Harmony dislikes,
And happily is Vanquisht by her Art.
These God-like Formes, inspir'd with Breath divine,
Blest in themselves, and making others Blest ;
For us are by that curious hand of thine,
In English Habits elegantly drest.
May our great Master, to whose sacred Name
Thy Studious Houres such usuall Gifts direct,
As Cæsar to his Maro, prove the Same ;
And equall Beames upon thy Muse reflect.

Wintoure Grant.



PARAPHRASE V P O N I O B.

Chap. I.

IN Hus, a Land which neare the Suns uprise,
 And Northern confines of Sabaea lies,
 A great Example of Perfection reign'd:
 His Name was Iob; his Soul with guilt unstain'd.
 None with more zeale the Deitie ador'd;
 Affected Vertue more, Vice more abhor'd.
 Three beauteous Daughters, and seven hope-
 Renew'd his youth, and crown'd his Nuptiall Ioyes. (full Boyes,
 Lord of much Riches, which the use renownes:
 Seven thousand broad-tail'd Sheepe gras'd on his Downes;
 Three thousand Camels his ranke Pastures fed;
 Arabia's wandring Ships, for traffick bred:
 His gratefull Fields a thousand Oxen till'd;
 They with their rich increase the hungry fill'd:
 Five hundred Asses yearly tooke the Horse,
 Producing Mules of greater speed and force:
 The Master of a mighty Family;
 Wellord'red, and directed by his Eye.
 None was more opulent in all the East,
 Of greater Power; yet such as still increas'd,
 By daily turnes the Brothers entertaine
 Each other: with the weeke begin againe.
 This constant custome held: Not to excite
 And pamper the voluptuous Appetite;
 But to preserve the Vnion of their Blood
 With sober Banquets, and unpurchas'd Food.
 Th'invited Sisters with their graces blest
 Their festivals; and were themselves a Feast.

Their

Their turnes accomplisht, Iobs religious care
 His Sonnes assembles; whose united praier
 Like sweet perfumes from golden Censers rise:
 Then with divine Lustrations sanctifies.
 And when the Rosy-finger'd Morne arose;
 From bleating Flocks unblemisht fatlings chose;
 Proportion'd to their number: these he slew,
 And bleeding on the flaming Altar threw
 Perhaps, said he, my Children in the heat
 Of wine and mirth, their Maker may forget;
 And give access to Sinne. Thus they the Round
 Of Concord Keepe; by his Devotions crown'd.
 Iehova from the summit of the skie,
 Environ'd with his winged Hierarchie,
 The world survaid. When lo, the Prince of Hell,
 Who whilome from that envy'd Glory fell,
 Like an infectious Exhalation
 Shot through the Spheares; and stood before his Throne.
 False Spirit said, th' Almighty, that all shapes
 Do'st counterfeit to perpetrate thy Rapes;
 Whence com'st thou? He reply'd; I with the Sun
 Have circl'd the round World: much People won
 From thy strict Rule, to my indulgent Raigne:
 Taught that no pleasure can result from paine.
 Hast thou, said God, observ'd my servant Iob?
 Is their a Mortall treading on the Globe
 Of Earth so perfect? can thy wicked Arts
 Corrupt his goodnesse? all thy fiery Darts
 The Armour of his fortitude repels;
 In Iustice he, as thou in fraud, excels:
 Our power adores, with sacrifices feasts;
 Loves what thou hat'st; and all thy works detests.
 Hath Iob serv'd God for nothing? Satan said:
 Or unrewarded at thy Altar paid
 His frequent vows? Hast thou not him, and all
 Which he calls his, inclosed with a wall
 Of strength impregnable? his labours blest?
 And almost with prosperitie oppress?
 Left nothing to desire? yet should'st thou lay
 Thy hand upon him; or but take away
 What thy Indulgence gave; in foule disgrace
 He would blaspheme, and curse thee to thy face.
 Iehova said; his Children, all he hath,
 Are subject to the venome of thy wrath:
 Alone his Person spare. The tempter then
 Shrunke from his presence to th'aboads of Men.

As at their elder Brother's all the rest
 Of that faire off-spring celebrate his feast
 With liberall joy; and coole th'inflaming blood
 Of generous grapes, with christall of the flood:
 A Messenger arriv'd, halfe out of breath,
 Yet pale with horror of escaped Death,
 And cry'd; Oh Iob, as thy strong Oxen till'd
 The stubborne fallowes; while thy Asses fill'd
 Themselves with Herbage; all became a prey
 To arm'd Sabæans, who in ambush lay:
 Thy Servants by their cursed fury slaine;
 And I the only Messenger remaine.
 Another entred, ere his tale was told,
 With singed haire; and said; I must unfold
 A dreadfull Accident: At Noone, a Night
 Of clouds arose, that Day depriv'd of Light:
 Whose roaring conflicts from their breaches threw
 Darts of inevitable flames, which slew
 Thy Sheepe and Shepheards: I, of all alone
 Escap'd, to make the sad Disaster knowne.
 This hardly said; a third, with blood imbrew'd,
 Brake through the Presse, and thus his grieve pursu'd:
 The fierce Chaldæans in three Troopes assaild
 Our Guards; till they their Soules through wounds exhal'd:
 Then drave away thy Camels, only I
 Thus wounded, live to tell thy losse, and Die.
 As thronging Billowes one another drive
 To murmuring shores; so thicke and fast arrive
 These Messengers of Death: The fourth and last,
 With staring haire, wild lookes, and breathlesse haste,
 Rusht in and said: Oh Iob! prepare to heare
 The saddest newes that ever pierc'd an eare.
 Loe, as thy Children on soft Couches lay,
 And with discourses entertain'd the Day,
 A sodain Tempest from the Desert flew
 With horrid wings, and thundered as it blew.
 Then whirling round, the Quoinnes together strooke;
 And to the ground that lofty fabrick shooke:
 Thy Sonnes and Daughters buried in the fall;
 Who, ah! deserv'd a nobler Funerall.
 And I alone am living to relate
 Their Tragedies, that was deni'd their Fate.

He, who the assaults of Fortune, like a rock
 So long withstood; could not sustaine this shock:
 But rising, forthwith from his shoulders tare
 His purple robe, and, and shav'd his dangling haire

Then on the Earth his Body prostrate laid;
 And thus with humble adoration, said:
 Naked I was, at my first houre of Birth;
 And naked must retorne unto the Earth.
 God gives; God takes away: Oh be his Name
 For ever blest! thus free from touch of blame
 Iob firmly stood: and with a patient mind
 His Crosses bare; nor at his God repin'd.

Chap. 2.

Againe when all the radiant Sonnes of Light
 Before his Throne appear'd, whose only fight
 Beatitude infus'd: Th'inveterate foe,
 In fogs ascending from the depth below,
 Profain'd their blest Assembly: what pretence,
 Said God, hath brought thee hither? and from whence?
 I come, said he, from compassing the Earth:
 Their Travels seene who spring from humane birth.
 Then God: hast thou my Servant Iob beheld?
 Can his rare piete be paralel'd;
 His Iustice equal'd? can alluring vice,
 With all her Sorceries, his Soule intice?
 His daily Orisons attract our Eares;
 Who punishment, lesse then the trespassse, feares:
 And still his old Integritie retaines
 Through all his woes, inflicted by thy traines.
 When he, whose labouring thoughts admit no rest,
 This answer threw out of his Stygian brest:
 Iob to himselfe is next, who will not give
 All that he hath, so his owne Soule may live?
 Stretch out thy hand; with aches pierce his bones,
 His flesh with lashes; multiply his groines:
 Then if he curse thee not, let thy dire Curse
 Increase my torments, if they can be worse.
 To whom the Lord: Thou Instrument of strife,
 Enjoy thy cruell wish: but spare his Life.
 The Soule of Envy, from his presence went;
 And through the burning Aire, made his descent.
 To execution fall's: The blood within
 His veines inflames, and poysons his smooth skin.
 Now all was but one sore: from foot to head
 With burning Carbuncles, and Vicers spread;
 He on the Ashes sits, his fate deplores:
 And with a pot-sheard, scrapes the swelling Sores.
 His frantick wife, whose patience could not beare
 Such waight of Miseries, thus wounds his care:
 Is this the purchase of thy Innocence?
 O Foole, thy Piety is thy offence.

He,

A Paraphrase upon Iob.

He whom thou serv'st, hath us of all bereft:
Our Children slaine, and thee to torments left.
Goe on; his Iustice praise: O rather flye
To thy assur'd reliefe; Curse God, and dye.
Thou wretch thy Sexes folly; he reply'd:
Shall we who have so long his Bounty try'd,
And flourish'd in his favour, now not beare
Our harmes with patience, but renounce his Feare?
Thus his great Minde his Miseries transcends:
Nor the least accent of his lips offends.

Now was his ruine by the breath of Famed
Divulg'd through all the East: when Zophar came
From pleasant Naamath: wise Eliphas
From Theman, rich in Palmes, but poore in grasse:
And Bildad from Suitah's fruitfull Soile,
Prais'd for the plentie of her Corne and Oyle.
These meete from severall Quarters to condole
With their old Friend, and comfort his sad Soule.
Yet at the first, unknowne: his Miseries
Had so transform'd him, knowne, they joyn'd their cryes,
Wept bitterly, their sable Mantles tare,
Rais'd Clouds of Dust, that fell upon their haire.
Seven Dayes they sate besides him on the ground,
As many Nights, in silent Sorrow drown'd.
For yet they knew the Torrent of his woe
Would by resistance more outrageous grow.

3. He, when excesse of Sorrow, had given way
To the reliefe of words, thus curs'd his Day:
O perish may the Day, which first gave light
To me, most wretched! and the fatall Night
Of my Conception! let that Day be bound
In Clouds of Pitch, not walke the Etheriall Round.
Let God not write it in his Roll of Dayes:
Nor let the Sunne restore it with his Raies.
Let Deaths darke Shades involve, no light appeare
But dreadfull Lightnings: its owne horrors feare.
Be it the first of Miseries to all,
Or last of Life; defam'd with Funerall.
O be that dismall Night, for ever blind
Lost in it selfe; nor to the Day rejoynd
Nor numbred in the swift Circumference
Of Monthes and Yeares, but vanish in offence.
O let it sad and solitary prove:
No sprightly Musicke heare, nor Songs of Love.
Let wandering Apparitions then affright
The trembling Bride, and quench the Nuptiall light.

O Let those hate it, who the Day-light hate :
 Who mourne and grone beneath their sorrowes waight.
 Let the eclipsed Moone, her Throne resign,
 In steed of Starres, let Blazing Meteors shine.
 Let it not see the Dawning flecke the skies ;
 Nor the gray Morning from the Ocean rise :
 Because the Doore of Life it left unclos'd ;
 And me, a wretch, to cruell fates expos'd.
 Oh why was I not strangled in the wombe !
 Nor in that secret prison found a Tombe !
 Or since untimely borne ; why did not I
 (The next of blessings) in that instant die ?
 Why kneel'd the Midwife at my Mothers throes !
 With paine produc'd ! and nurse for future woes !
 Else had I an eternall Requiem kept ;
 And in the armes of Peace for ever slept :
 With Kings and Princes ranckt ; who lofty frames
 In Deserts rais'd, t' immortalize their Names :
 Who made the wealth, of Prouinces their prey :
 In death as mighty, and as rich, as they.
 Then I, as an Abortive, had not beene,
 Nor with the hated Light, such Sorrowes seene :
 Slept, where none ere by violence oppress'd ;
 And where the weary from their Labors rest :
 No Prisoners there, inforc'd by torments, cry ;
 But fearelesse by their old Tormentors Lye :
 The Meane, and Great, on equall Bases stand ;
 No Servants there obey, nor Lords command.
 Why should afflicted Soules in anguish live !
 And only have immunitie to grieve ?
 Oh how they wish for Death, to close their eyes !
 But oh, in vaine ? since he the wretched flies.
 For whom they dig, as Pioners for Gold ;
 Which the darke entrales of the Earth unfold :
 And having found him, as their Libertie,
 With Ioy encounter ; and contented die.
 Why should he live, from whom God hath the path
 Of safetie hid, incompast with his wrath ?
 In Stormes of sigh's I taste my bitter food :
 My grones breake from me, like a roaring flood.
 The Ruine which I fear'd, and in my thought
 So oft revolv'd, one fatall Houre hath brought.
 Nor durst I on Prosperitie presume ;
 Or time in sleepe, and barren Ease consume ;
 But watcht my weary steps : and yet for all
 My Providence, these Plagues upon me fall.

A Paraphrase upon Job.

Chap. 4.

Temanian Eliphas made this reply:

O Friend, be it no breach of Love, that I
With silence dare not justify a wrong:
For who in such a Cause can curb his Tongue?
Wilt thou, that wert to pietie a guide,
That others haſt with patience fortifide:
Confirm'd the Strong, given ſinewes to the Weake:
Now in the change of Fortune faint, and breake
Into offences? aggravate thy harmes,
Forſake thy ſtrength, and caſt away thy armes?
Is this thy Piety, thy Confidence,
Thy hope, and Life untainted with offence?
Conſult with former Ages: Have they knowne
The guiltleſſe periſh, or the juſt ore throwne?
But thoſe who plow with vice, and miſchiefe throw
Into the furrowes; reape the Seed they ſow.
God ſhall deſtroy them with his Noſtrils breath:
And ſend them weeping to the caves of Death.
For he the raging Lyon eſſe confounds;
The roaring Lyon with his javelin wounds:
Scatters their Whelps; their grinders breakes: ſo they,
With the old Hunter, ſtarve for want of Prey.
Now when the Night her ſable wings had ſpred;
And ſleepe his Deaw on penſive Mortals ſhed:
When Viſions in their airy ſhapes appeare;
A Voice, not humane, whiſpered in mine eare.
My knees each other ſtruck; the frighted blood
Fled to my heart; my haire like bristles ſtood.
An Angel then appear'd before my ſight:
Yet could no ſhape diſcerne; ſo great a light
He threw about him: forthwith, ſilence brake;
And thus to me, intranc'd with wonder, ſpake:
Shall mortall Man, that is but borne to die;
Compare in Juſtice, and Integrity,
With him who made him? he who muſt deſcend
Againe to Earth, and in Corruption end?
His Angels were imperfect in his ſight,
Although indu'd with Intellectual Light;
Whom he accus'd of folly: much more they,
Who dwell in houſes, built of brittle clay;
Which have their weake foundations in the duſt:
The food of wormes, and Times devouring Ruſt.
They to the Evening from the Sunne upriſe,
Are exercis'd with change of Miſeries:
Then, unregarded, ſet in endleſſe Night;
Nor ever ſhall review the Morning light.

Thus

Chap. 5.

Thus all their Glories vanish with their breath :
 They, and their Wisedomes, vanquished by Death.
 Now try what Patron, can thy cause defend :
 What Saint wilt thou solícite, or what Friend ?
 The Storme of his owne rage the foole confounds :
 And Envies rankling sting th' imprudent wounds.
 Oft have I seene him, like a Cedar, spread
 His ample Roote, and his ambitious Head
 With Clouds invest : then, to th' amaze of all,
 Plow up the Earth with his prodigious fall.
 His wandring Orphans finde no safe retreat ;
 But friendlesse suffer at the Iudgement-Seat :
 The greedy eate the harvest of their toile,
 Snatcht from the scratching thornes, to theives a spoile.
 Though Sorrow spring not from the wombe of Earth ;
 Nor troubles from the Dust derive their Birth :
 Yet man is borne to numerous Miseries,
 As dying Sparks from trembling flames arise,
 Should I the burthen of thy fate sustaine ?
 I would not justifie my selfe in vaine :
 But at his feet my humble Soule deject
 With prayers and teares, who wonders can effect :
 As infinite, as great ; and farre above
 That Spheare wherein our low Conceptions move,
 He waters from celestiallyl Casements powers,
 Which fall upon the furrowed Earth in showers :
 To comfort those who mourne in want ; and give
 The famisht food, that they may eate and Live,
 The Counsels of the Subtill he prevents ;
 And by his wisedome frustrates their Intents :
 Intangles in the Snares themselves contrive ;
 Who desperately to their owne Ruine drive.
 They meete with Darknesse in the clearest Light :
 And grope at Noone, as if involv'd with Night.
 Licentious Swords, Oppression arm'd with power,
 Nor Envies jawes, the Righteous shall devoure.
 They ever hope, though exercis'd with care :
 The wicked filen'ft by their owne despaire.
 Happy is he whom Gods owne hands chastise :
 Since so, let none his Chastisements despise.
 For he both hurts and heales : binds up againe
 The wounds he made, and mittigates their paine.
 In fixe afflictions will thy refuge be ;
 And from the seventh, and last, shall set thee free,
 From meager Famines bloodlesse Massacrees,
 And from the cruell thirst of horrid Warres :

Preserved from the scourge of poysonous tongues;
 The sting of Malice, and insulting Wrongs.
 Thou shalt in safetie smile; when all the Earth
 Shall suffer by the rage of Warre and Death.
 The Midian Tyger, The Arabian Beare,
 Nor Idumæan Lion shalt thou feare.
 They all their native fiercenesse shall decline,
 And senselesse Stones shall in thy aide combine.
 Thy Tents shall flourish in the Joyes of Peace;
 The wealth and Honour of thy House increase.
 Thy Children, and their off-spring, shall abound,
 Like blades of grasse, that cloath the pregnant ground.
 Thou, full of Dayes, like waighty flocks of Corne
 In season reapt, shall to thy grave be borne.
 This truth, by long experience learnt, apply
 To thy Disease; and on the cure rely.

Chap. 6.

Then Iob, Oh were my sufferings duly waigh'd;
 Were they together in one Balance laid:
 The Sands whereon the rowling Billowes roare,
 Were lesse in waight, and not in number more.
 My words are swallowed in these Depths of woes;
 While Stormes of sighes my silent griefe disclose.
 Gods Arrowes on my breast descend in showers:
 There stick, and poyson all my vitall powers.
 'Tis he, who armes against a Mortall beares;
 Subdues my strength, and chills my heart with feares.
 Doe hungry Asses in fresh pastures bray?
 Or Oxen low before full cribs of hay?
 Oh can unseas'ned eares the guest invite?
 What taste is in an Eggs unfavory white?
 My lothing soule abhors your bitter food;
 Which sorrow feeds, and turnes my teares to blood.
 Oh that the Lord would favour my request;
 And send my Soule to her eternall rest!
 Deliver from this Dungeon, which restraines
 Her liberty, and breake Afflictions chaines!
 Then should my Torments finde a sure reliefe:
 And I become insensible of griefe.
 Oh, by not sparing, cure his wounds; who hath
 Divulg'd thy truth, and still preserv'd his faith!
 What strength have I to hope? or to what end
 Should I on such a wasted Life depend?
 Was I by rocks ingendred? ribd with steele?
 Such tortures to resist, or not to feele?
 No hope, no comfort, but in Death is left;
 Thus torne with wounds, of all my Joyes bereft.

B

True

True Friends, who feare their Maker, should impart
 Soft pittie to a sad and broken Heart :
 But Oh, the great in vowes, and neare in Blood,
 Forsake me like the torrent of a Flood :
 Which in the winding vallies glides away ;
 And scarce maintaines the Current of a Day :
 Or stands in solid Ice, conceal'd with Snow ;
 But when the lowdly-storming South winds blow,
 And mounted Sun invades it with his beames,
 Dissolves, and scatters his exhausted Streames.
 Who from the parched fields of Thema came,
 From Shaba scorched with etheriall Flame.
 In expectation to assuage their thirst :
 Deluded, blusht ; and his dry channels curst.
 So you now cease to be what once you were :
 And view my downfall with the eyes of Feare,
 Have I requir'd your bounty to repaire
 My ruin'd fortunes ? was it in my praier
 That you for me the Mighty would oppose ?
 And in a just revenge pursue my foes ?
 If I have err'd instruct me, tell wherein :
 My tongue shall never justifie a Sin.
 Although a due reproofe informe the Sense :
 Detraction is the Gall of Impudence.
 Why adde you sorrow to a troubled mind ?
 Passion must speake : her words are but as wind.
 Against an Orphan you your forces bend :
 And banquet with the afflictions of a friend.
 Accuse not now, but judge : you from my youth
 Have knowne and try'd me, speake I more then truth ?
 Vnveile your Eyes, and then I shall appeare
 The same I am ; from all aspersions cleare.
 Have I my heart disguised with my tongue ?
 Could not my tast distinguish right from wrong ?
 The life of Man is a perpetuall warre :
 In Miserie and Sorrow Circular.
 He a poore mercenary serves for bread :
 For all his travell, only cloth'd and fed.
 The Hireling longs to see the Shades ascend ;
 That with the tedious Day his toyle might end,
 And he his pay receive : but, ah ! in vaine
 I Monthes consume ; yet never rest obtaine.
 The Night charmes not my Cares with sleepleffe eyes
 My Torments cry : When will the Morning rise !
 Why runs the Charriot of the Night so slow ?
 The Day-Star finds me tossing to and fro.

Chap. 7.

Wormes

Wormes gnaw my flesh; with filth my ulcers run:
 My skin like clods of Earth, chapt with the Sunne.
 Like shuttles through the loome, so swiftly glide
 My feathered Hówers; and all my hopes decide:
 Remember, Lord, my life is but a wind;
 Which passeth by, and leaves no print behind.
 Then never shall my Eyes their lids unfold;
 Nor mortall sight my vanisht face behold;
 Not thou, to whom our thoughts apparant bee,
 Should'st thou desire; could'st thou, that is not, see.
 As clouds resolve to aire, so never more
 Shall gloomy Graves their Dead to Light restore:
 Nor shall they to their sumptuous Roofes returne;
 But lye forgotten, as if never borne.
 Then, O my Soule, while thou hast freedome, breake
 Into Complaints: give Sorrow leave to speake.
 Am I a raging Sea, or furious VVhale?
 That thou should'st thus confine me with a wall?
 How often when the rising Stars had spread
 Their golden Flames, said I! how shall my Bed
 Refresh my weary limbs; and peacefull Sleepe
 My care and anguish in his Lethe steepe.
 But lo! sad Dreames my troubled Braines surprise:
 And gasty Visions wound my staring Eyes.
 So that my yeilding Soule, subdu'd with greife,
 And tortur'd Body, to their last reliefe
 VVould gladly flye: and by a violence
 Lesse painefull, take from greater paine the Sense.
 For life is but my curse: resume the breath
 I must restore, and fold me up in Death.
 O what is man, to whom thou should'st impart
 So great an Honour as to search his Hart!
 To watch his Steps, observe him with thine eye;
 And daily with renew'd afflictions try!
 Still must I suffer? wilt thou never leave?
 Nor give a little time for griefe to breathe?
 My Soule hath sinn'd: how can I expiate
 Her guilt great Guardian, or prevent thy hate?
 VVhy? aim'st thou all thy darts at me alone?
 VVho to my selfe am now a Burthen growne.
 VVilt thou not to a broken Heart dispense
 Thy Balme of mercy, and expunge th'offence,
 E're dust returne to dust? Then thou no more
 Shalt see my Face; nor I thy Name adore.
 Thus Iob. Then Bildad of Suita said:
 Vaine Man, how long wilt thou thy God up-braid?

Chap. 8.

And like the roaring of a furious wind,
 Thus vent the wild distemper of thy mind.
 Can he pervert his Judgements? shall he swerve
 From his owne Justice, and thy Passions serve?
 If he thy Sonnes for their rebellion flew,
 Death was the wages to their merit dew.
 Oh would'st thou seeke unto the Lord betimes,
 With fervent prayer, and abstinence from crimes;
 Nor with new follies spot thy Innocence:
 Then would he alwayes watch in thy defence;
 The House, that harbor'd so much vertue, blesse
 With fruitfull Peace; and crowne thee with successe.
 Then would he centuple thy former store;
 And make thee farre more happy then before.
 Search thou the Records of Antiquitie;
 And on our Ancestors reflect thine Eye:
 For we, alas! are but of Yesterday;
 Know nothing, and like shadowes fleet away.
 Thou in those Mirrors shalt the truth behold;
 Whose tongues un-erring Oracles unfold.
 Can Bulrushes but by the River grow?
 Can Flags there flourish where no waters flow?
 Yet they, when Greene, when yet untoucht, of all
 That cloth the Spring, first hang their heads, and fall.
 So double-hearted Hypocrites, so they
 VVho God forget, shall in their prime decay,
 Their ayery hopes as brittle as the thin
 And subtile webs, which royling Spiders spin.
 Their Houses full of wealth, and Ryot, shall
 Deceive their trust; and crush them in their fall.
 Though like a Cedar, by the River fed,
 He to the Sunne his ample Branches spread,
 His Top surrounds with Clouds; deepe in the flood
 Bathes his firme Rootes; even of himselfe a VVood:
 And from his heigth a night-like shaddow throw
 Vpon the Marble Palaces below:
 Yet shall the Axe of Justice hew him downe;
 And leuell with the Roote, his lofty Crowne.
 No Eye shall his out-raz'd impression view:
 Nor mortall know where such a Glory grew.
 Those seeming goods, whereof the wicked vaunt
 Thus fade, while others on their ruines plant.
 God never will the Innocent forsake:
 Nor sinfull Soules to his protection take.
 Cleanse thou thy Heart: then in thy ample breast
 Joy shall triumph, and smiles thy cheekes invest.

He will thy Foes with silent shame confound:
And their proud strivings leuell with the ground.

Chap. 9.

This is a truth acknowledg'd; Iob replies:
But Oh what Man is righteous in his Eyes!
VWho can not-guilty plead before his Throne?
Or of a thousand Actions answer one?
God is in wisdom, as in power, immense:
VWho ever could contend without offence,
Offend unpunish't? you who Glory most
In your owne Strength, can you of conquest boast?
Cloud-touching Mountaines to new seats are borne
From their Foundations, by his fury torne.
Th'affrighted Earth in her distemper quakes;
VWhen his Almighty Hand her Pillars shakes.
At whose command the Suns swift Horses stay:
VWhile Mortalls wonder at so long a Day.
The Moone into her darkned Orbe retires:
Nor seal'd up Starres extend their golden fires.
He, only He, Heavens blew Pavillion spreads:
And on the Oceans dancing Billowes treads.
Immane Arcturus, weeping Pleiades,
Orion, who with Stormes plowes up the Seas,
For severall Seasons fram'd: and all that rowle
Their radiant Flame about the Antartick Pole.
VWhat wonders are effected, by his might!
Oh how inscrutable, how Infinite!
Though he observe me, and be ever by;
Yet, ah! Invisibile to mortall Eye.
Can hands of Flesh compell him to restore
VWhat he shall take? or who dare aske wherefore?
The great in Pride, and Power, like Meteors shall
(If he relent not) by his Vengeance fall.
And Oh shall I, a worme, my cause defend;
Or in vaine Argument with God contend?
I would not were I innocent dispute;
But humbly to my Judge present my Suite.
Yet never could my hopes be confident;
Though God himselfe should to my wish consent:
VWho with incessant stormes my peace confounds;
And multiplies my undeserved wounds:
Nor gives me time to breathe; my Stomack fills
With food of bitter tast, and Lothsome pills.
Speake I of strength, his strength the strong obay:
If I of Judgement speake, who shall a Day
Appoint for tryall? should I Justifie
A Vice, my heart would give my tongue the lye.

If

If of perfection boast; I should herein
 My guilt disclose: thought I, I had no Sin;
 My selfe I should not know. Oh bitter strife!
 Whose only Issue is the hate of life!
 Yet judge not by events: in generall
 The good and bad without distinction fall.
 For he th'Appeale of innocence derides;
 And with his Sword the controversie decides:
 He gives the Earth to those that tyrannize:
 And spreads a vaile before the Judges Eyes.
 Or else what were his power? Oh you who see
 My miseries, this truth behold in mee!
 My dayes runne like a Post, and leave behinde
 No tract of joy: as ships before the winde,
 They through this humaine Ocean sayle away:
 And fly like Eagles which pursue their prey.
 If I determine to remove my care;
 Forget my griefe, and comfort my Despaire:
 The feare that he would never purge mee, mocks
 M'imbarqued Hopes, and drives them on the Rocks.
 For if he hold me guilty; if I soile
 My selfe with Sin, I then but vainely toyle.
 Though I should wash my selfe in melting Snow,
 Vntill my hands were whiter; he would throw
 Me downe to Earth: and, ah! so plunge in mire,
 That I should loath to touch my owne attire:
 For he, is not as I: a man, with whom
 I might contend, and to a Tryall come.
 I, in my cause shall find no Advocate;
 Nor Vmpire, to compose our sad debate.
 Oh should he from my shoulders take his Rod;
 Free from the awe and terror of a God?
 Then would I argue in my owne defence;
 And boldly justifie my Innocence.

Chap. 10.

Oh I am sick of life! nor will controule
 My Passion, but in bitterneffe of Soule;
 Thus teare the Aire: what should thy wrack incense
 To punish him who knowes not his offence?
 Ah! do'st thou in oppression take delight?
 Wilt thou thy Servant fold in shades of Night,
 And smile on wicked Counsels? do'st thou see
 With Eyes of Flesh? is Truth conceal'd from thee?
 What are thy Dayes as fraile as ours? or can
 Thy yeares determine like the age of Man?
 That thou should'st my Delinquencies exquire;
 And with Variety of tortures tire?

Cannot

Cannot my knowne Integritie remove
 Thy cruell Plagues? wilt thou remorselesse prove?
 Ah! wilt thou thy owne workmanship confound?
 Shall the same hand that did create, now wound?
 Remember I am built of clay; and must
 Resolve to my originary Dust.
 Thou powr'dst me out like milke into the wombe;
 Like curds condens't, and in that secret roome
 My Limbs proportion'd; cloth'd with flesh and skin;
 With bones, and sinewes, fortifi'd within:
 The Life thou gav'st, thou hast with plentie fed,
 Long cherisht, and through Dangers safely led.
 All this is buryed in thy breast: and yet
 I know thou can'st not thy old Love forget.
 Thou, if I erre observ'st me with sterne eyes:
 Nor will the plea of Ignorance suffice.
 Woe unto me should sinne my Soule infect?
 Who dare not now, though innocent, erect
 My downe-cast lookes: which clouds of shame infold.
 Great God, my growing Miseries behold!
 Thou like a Lion huntest me: wounds on wounds
 Thy hands inflict; thy fury knowes no bounds.
 Against me all thy Plagues embattaild are:
 Subdu'd with changes of internall warre.
 Why didst thou draw me from my Mothers wombe?
 Would I from thence had slipt into my Tombe,
 Before the Eye of man my face had seene;
 And mixt with dust, as I had never beene!
 Oh since I have so short a time to live,
 A little ease to these my torments give:
 Before I goe where all in silence mourne;
 From whose darke shores no travellers returne:
 A Land where Death, confusion, endlesse Night,
 And Horror reigne: where Darkenesse is their Light.

Thus Zophar with acerbity reply'd:
 Think'st thou by talking to be justifi'd?
 Or shall these wild distempers of thy mind,
 This tempest of thy tongue, thus rave, and find
 No opposition? shall we guilty be
 Of thy untruths, in not reproving thee?
 Nor die thy cheekes in Blushes for the scorne
 Thou throw'st on us; till now with patience borne?
 Hast thou not said to God? my heart's upright,
 My Doctrine pure, I blamelesse in thy sight.
 O that he would be pleased to reply:
 And take the vaile from thy Hypocrisie!

Chap. 11.

Chap. 12.

Should

Should he reveale his wisdom to thine eyes:
 How would'it thou thy integritie despise?
 Acknowledging these punishments farre lesse
 Then thy offences? and his grace professe?
 Canst thou into thy Makers Counsels dive?
 Or to the knowledge of his thoughts arrive?
 Higher then highest Heavens; more deepe then Hell;
 Longer then Earth; more broad then Seas that swell
 Above their shores, can man his foot-steps trace?
 Would he the course of Nature change? the face
 Of things invert? and all dissolve againe
 To their old Chaos? who could God restraine?
 He knowes that man is vaine: his eyes detect
 Their secret crimes? and shall not he correct?
 Thus Fooles grow wise; subdue their stubborne soules:
 Though in their pride more rude then Asles soles.
 If thou affect thy cure: reforme thy wayes:
 Let penitence resolve to teares, and raise
 Thy hands to heaven; what Rapine got, restore:
 Nor let infidious Vice approach thy Doore.
 Then thou thy lookes shalt raise from blemish cleare:
 Walke in full strength, and no disafter feare.
 As winter Torrents, rumbling from on high,
 Waste with their speed, and leave their channels dry:
 So shall the sense of former sorrowes runne
 From thy Remembrance. As the mounted Sunne
 Breakes through the Clouds, and throwes his golden Raies
 About the world; shall thy increasing Dayes
 Succeed in Glory. Thou thy selfe shalt rise
 Like that bright Starre, which last forsakes the skies:
 For ever by thy stedfast hopes secur'd;
 Intrenched, and with walles of Brasse immur'd:
 Confirm'd against all Stormes. Soft sleepe shall close
 Thy guarded eyes with undisturb'd repose.
 The Great shall honour; the distressed shall
 Thy grace implore: belov'd, or fear'd of all.
 The sight of thee, shall strike the envious blind:
 The wicked, with anxietie of Mind
 Shall pine away; in sighes consume their breath:
 Prevented in their hopes by sudden Death.

Chap. 12.

To whom thus Iob: You are the only wise;
 And when you die the fame of wisdom dies.
 Though Passion be a foole, though you professe
 Your selves such Sages: yet know I no lesse,
 Nor am to you inferior. What blind Soule
 Could this not see? 'Tis easie to controule,

My

My sad example shewes, how those whose cries
 Even God regards, their scoffing Friends despise.
 He that is wretched, though in life a Saint,
 Becomes a scorne: This is an old Complaint.
 Those who grow old in fluency and ease,
 VVhen they from shore behold him tost on Seas,
 And neere his ruine; his condition flight:
 Pric'd as a Lamp consum'd with his owne light.
 The Tents of Robbers flourish. Earths increase
 Foments their ryot who disturb her peace:
 VVho God contemne, in sinne securely raigne:
 And prosperous Crimes the meed of Vertue gaine.
 Aske thou the Citizens of pathlesse woods;
 VVhat cut the ayre with wings, what swim in floods;
 Brute beasts, and fostering Earth: in generall
 They will confesse the power of God in all.
 Who knowes not that his hands both good and ill
 Dispense? that Fate depends upon his will?
 All that have Life are subject to his sway:
 And at his pleasure prosper, or decay.
 Is not the Eare the Judge of Eloquence?
 Gives not the Pallate to the Tast his sense?
 Sure, knowledge is deriv'd from length of yeares:
 And Wisedomes browes are cloth'd with Silver haire.
 Gods power is as his prudence; equall great:
 In Counsell, and Intelligence, compleat.
 VVho can what he shall ruine, build againe?
 Loose whom he binds? or his strong Arme restraine?
 At his rebuke, the Living waters flye
 To their old Springs, and leave their Channels dry:
 When he commands, in Cataracts they roare;
 And the wild Ocean leaves it selfe no shoare.
 His Wisedome and his Power our thoughts transcend:
 Both the Deceiver and deceiv'd depend
 Vpon his beck: He those who others rule
 Infatuates, and makes the Judge a foole:
 Dissolves the Nerves of Empire, Kings deprives
 Of Sovereignty, their Crownes exchang'd for gyves.
 Impoverisht Nobles into exile leades:
 And on the Carcases of Princes treads.
 Takes from the Orator his eloquence;
 From ancient Sages their discerning sense:
 Subjects the worthy to contempt and wrong:
 The valiant terrifies, disarmes the strong.
 Unvailes the secrets of the silent Night:
 Brings, what the shades of death obscures, to light.

A Nation makes more numerous then the Stars :
 Againe devours with Famine, Plagues, and VVars,
 Now, like a Deluge, they the Earth surround :
 Forthwith, reduc'd into a narrow bound,
 He Fortitude and Counsell takes away
 From their Commanders : who in Deserts stray,
 Grope in the Darke, and to no Seat confine
 Their wandring feet ; but reele as drunke with wine.

Chap. 13.

This by mine Eyes and eares have I convey'd
 Downe to my heart : and in that Closet laid.
 Need I in depth of knowledge yeild to you ?
 Is not as much to my discretion due ?
 Oh that th' All-seeing Judge, who cannot erre,
 VVould heare me plead ; and with a wretch conferre !
 You Corrasives into my wounds distill :
 And ignorant Artifts, with your physick kill.
 Ah ! shame you not to vent such forgeries ?
 Seale up your lips and be in silence wise.
 And since you are by farre more fit to heare,
 Then to instruct ; afford my tongue an eare.
 Oh will yot wickedly for God dispute ?
 And by deceitfull wayes strive to confute ?
 Are you, in favour of his person, bent
 Thus to prejudicate the Innocent ?
 Need's he an Advocate to plead his Cause ?
 To justifie untruth's against his Lawes ?
 Can you on him such falsities obtrude ?
 And as a Mortall the most wise delude ?
 VVill it availe you, when he shall remove.
 Your painted vizors ? will not he reprove,
 And sharply punish ; if in secret you,
 For favour, or reward, Injustice doe ?
 Shall not his Excellence your Soules affright ?
 His Horrors on your heads like Thunder light ?
 Your memories to ashes must decay :
 And your fraile bodies are but built of clay.
 Forbeare to speake, till my Conceptions shall
 Discharge their Birth ; then let what will befall.
 VVhy should I teare my flesh ? cast of the care
 Of future life ? and languish in despaire ?
 Though God should kill me, I my confidence
 On him would fixe ; nor quit my owne defence.
 He shall restore me by his saving might :
 Nor shall the Hypocrite approach his fight.
 Give me your eares, Oh you who were my Friends ;
 VVhile injur'd Innocence it selfe defends,

I am

I am prepar'd, and with my Cause were try'd:
 In full assurance to be justifi'd.
 Begin; who will accuse? should I not speake
 In such a truth, my heart with griefe would breake.
 Just Judge, two lets remove: that free from dread,
 I may before thy high Tribunall plead.
 Oh let these torments from my flesh depart;
 Nor with thy terrors daunt my trembling heart:
 Then charge: so I my life may justifie:
 And to my just complaint doe thou reply.
 What Sinnes are those that so pollute my brest:
 Oh shew how oft I have thy Lawes transgress't?
 Wilt thou thy Servant of thy sight deprive,
 And as an Enemy to Ruine drive?
 Wilt thou a withered leafe to powder grind?
 Toft in the aire by every breath of wind:
 Or with thy Lightning into Ashes turne
 Such worthlesse Stubble? only dry'd to burne.
 Thou hast indited me of bitter Crimes:
 Now punisht, for the faults of former times.
 Lo! my restrained feet thy fetters wound,
 Watcht with a Guard, and rooted in the ground.
 Like rotten fruit I fall: worne like a cloth
 Gnawne into rags by the devouring Moth.
 Ah! few, and full of Sorrow, are the Dayes
 Of Man from Woman sprung: His Life decayes,
 Like that fraile flower which with the Sunnes uprise
 Her bud unfolds; and with the Evening Dies.
 He like an emptie Shadow glides away:
 And all his Life is but a Winters Day.
 Wilt thou thine Eye upon a vapour bend?
 Or with so weake an opposite contend?
 Who can a pure and Chrifall Current bring,
 From such a muddy, and polluted Spring?
 Oh, since his Dayes are numbred; since thou hast
 Prescrib'd him bounds that are not to be past:
 A little with his punishment dispence:
 Till he have serv'd his time, and part from hence.
 A tree, though hewne with axes to the ground,
 Renew's his growth, and springs from his greene wound:
 Although his root waxe old, his fivers dry;
 Although the saplesse bole begin to dye;
 Yet will at sent of Water freshly sprout:
 And like a plant thrust his young Branches out.
 But Man, when once cut downe; when his pale ghost
 Fleets into aire; he is for ever lost.

Chap. 14.

As Meteors vanish, which the Seas exhale;
 As Torrents in the drouth of Summer faile:
 So perisht Man from Death shall never rise;
 But sleepe in silent Shades with seal'd-up Eyes:
 While the Cælestiall Orbes in order roule,
 And turne their flames about the stedfast Pole.
 Oh that thou would'st conceale me in the Grave;
 Immure with marble in that secret Cave,
 Vntill the Tempest of thy wrath were past!
 A time prefix, and thinke of me at last!
 Can man recover his departed Breath?
 I will expect untill my change in Death;
 And answer at thy call: Thou wilt renew
 VVhat thou hast ruin'd, and my feares subdue.
 But now thou tell'st my Steps, mark'st when I erre:
 Nor wilt the vengeance due to Sinne deferre.
 Thou in a Bag hast my Transgressions seal'd:
 And only by their Punishments reveal'd.
 As Mountaines, tost by Earth-quakes, downe are throwne;
 Rocks torne up by the roots: as hardest Stone
 The softly-falling drops of water weare;
 As Inundations all before them beare;
 And leave the Earth abandoned: so shall
 The aspiring hopes of Man to nothing fall.
 Thy wrath preuailes against him every Day;
 Whom with a changed Face thou send'st away:
 Then knowes not if his Sonnes to honour rise;
 Or struggle with their strong necessities.
 But here his wasting Flesh with anguish burnes:
 And his perturbed Soule within him mournes.

Chap. 15.

Iob paus'd: to whom the Themanite replies:
 Can man such follies utter and be wise?
 VVhich bluster from the Tempest of thy mind,
 As if thy breast inclos'd the Easterne wind.
 Wilt thou thy idle rage by Reason prove?
 Or speake those Thoughts which have no power to move?
 Thou from thy rebell Heart hast God exil'd;
 Kept backe thy Prayers his sacred Truth revil'd.
 Thy Lips declare thy owne impiety;
 Accuse of fraud, condemne thee; and not I.
 Art thou the first of Mortals? wert thou made
 Before the Hills their lofty Browes display'd?
 Hath God to thee his Oracles resign'd?
 Is wisdom only to thy Breast confin'd?
 What know'st thou that we know not? as compleat
 In Natures graces; in acquir'd, as great.

There

There are gray heads among us: Counsellors,
 To whom thy Father was a Boy in Yeares.
 Slight thou the Comforts we from God impart?
 VVhat greater Secret lurkes in thy proud heart,
 That hurries thee into these extasies?
 VVhat fury flames in thy disdainfull Eyes?
 VVilt thou a warre against thy Maker wage?
 And wound him with thy tongues blasphemous rage?
 VVas ever humane flesh from blemish cleare?
 Can they be guiltlesse whom fraile women beare?
 He trusteth not his Ministers of Light:
 The radiant Stars shine dimnly in his Sight.
 How perfect then is man? from head to foot
 Defil'd with filth, and rotten at the root.
 VVho poy's'ning sinne with burning thirst devours:
 As parched Earth sucks in the falling showers.
 VVhat I have heard and seene (would'st thou intend
 Thy cure) I would unto thy care commend;
 VVhich oft the wise have in my thoughts reviv'd:
 To them from knowing Ancestors deriv'd;
 VVho God-like over happy Nations reign'd,
 And Vertue by suppressing Vice sustein'd.
 Th'Unjust his Dayes in painefull travell spends:
 The Cruell sodainly to Death descends.
 He starts at every sound that strikes his Eare:
 And punishment anticipates by feare.
 VVho from the heighth of all his Glory shall,
 Like newly-kindled Exhalations, fall:
 Despaires cold breath his springing hopes confounds:
 VVho feesles th'expected sword before it wounds.
 He begs his bread from doore to doore, and knowes
 The Night drawes on that must his Day inclose.
 Horror and anguish shall his soule affright;
 Daunt like a King that drawes his Troops to fight.
 Since he against the Almighty stretcht his hand,
 And like a rebell spurn'd at his Command;
 God shall upon his seven-fold target rush,
 And his stiffe necke beneath his shoulders crush.
 Though Luxury swell in his shining eyes,
 And his fat belly load his yeilding thighs:
 Though he dismantled Cities fortifie,
 From their deserted ruines rais'd on high:
 Yet his congested wealth shall melt like snow;
 VVhose growth shall never to perfection grow.
 Destruction shall surround him: nor shall he
 His Soule from that darke night of Horror free:

God

God with his breath shall all his Branches blaft:
 And scorch with lightning by his vengeance cast.
 Will the deluded trust to vanitie?
 And by the stroake of his owne folly die?
 For he shall be cut downe before his time:
 His spreading Branches wither in their prime.
 Lo, as a storme which with the Sunne ascends,
 From creeping vines their unripe clusters rends;
 And the fat olive, ever Greene with Leaves,
 Together of her hopes and flowers bereaves:
 So shall the great Revenger ruinate
 Him and his Issue, by a dreadfull fate.
 Those fooles who fraud with pietie disguise,
 And by corrupting Bribes to Greatnesse rise;
 Their Glories shall in desolation mourne:
 While hungry flames their lofty structures burne.
 With Mischiefe they conceive; their bellies great
 With swelling Vanitie, bring forth Deceit.

Chap. 16.

Then Iob: How long wilt thou thus vex mine eares!
 You all are miserable Comforters.
 Shall this vaine wind of words, ah! never end?
 Why Eliphas should'st thou afflict thy Friend?
 Were you so lost in griefe, would I thus speake?
 Such bruised hearts with harsh invectives breake?
 Would I accumulate your Miseries
 With Scorne? and draw new Rivers from your Eyes?
 Oh no, my language should your passions calme:
 My words should drop into your wounds like balme.
 But oh my frantick Sorrow finds no ease?
 Complaints nor silence can their pangs appease!
 Thou Lord hast my perplexed Soule deprest;
 Bereft of all the comforts shee possessest:
 My Face thus furrowed with untimely age;
 My pale and meagre lookes professe thy rage.
 Whose Ministers, like cunning foes, surprise;
 Teare with their teeth, transfix me with their eyes;
 Against my peace combine: at once assaile.
 With open mouthes, and impudently raile.
 God hath deliver'd me into their Jaws
 Who hunt for spoile, and make their swords their Lawes.
 Long saild I on smooth Seas, by fore-winds borne:
 Now bulg'd on rocks, and by his Tempests torne.
 He by the Neck hath hal'd, in pieces cut;
 And set me as a marke on every Butt.
 His Archers circle me; my reines they wound,
 And, ruthlesse, shed my gall upon the ground.

Behold!

Behold! he ruines upon ruines heaps:
And on me like a furious Giant leaps.
For thus with sackcloth I invest my Woe:
And dust upon my clouded forehead throw.
My cheeks are gutterd with my fretting teares:
And on my falling Eye-lids Death appeares.
Yet is my heart upright, my prayers sincere;
My guiltlesse Life from your aspersions cleare.
Reveale, oh Earth, the Blood that I have spilt:
Nor heare me, Heaven, if I be soil'd with guilt.
My conscience knowes her owne Integritie:
And that all-seeing Power inthron'd on high.
Yet you traduce me in my Miseries:
But I to God erect my weeping Eyes.
Would I before him might my cause defend;
And argue as a mortall with his friend:
Since I ere long that precipice must tread,
VVhence none returne, that leads unto the Dead.

Chap. 17.

My spirits are infected, and my Tombe
Yawnes to devoure mee; my last Dayes are come.
Yet you with bitter scorne my pangs increase:
Nor, ah! will suffer me to die in peace.
VVhat Advocate will take your cause in hand;
And for you at the high Tribunall stand?
Since God your erring soules deprives of sense;
Nor will exalt you in your owne defence.
His Children shall their dayes in sorrow end,
VVhose tongue with flattery deludes his Friend.
I to the vulgar am become a Jest:
Esteemed as a Minstrell at a Feast.
My sleepleffe eyes their splendor quench in teares:
My tortur'd body to a shadow weares.
This, in the Righteous wonder shall excite:
The Innocent shall hate the Hypocrite.
He in the path prescrib'd shall boldly goe:
And his untainted strength shall stronger grow.
Revoke your wandring Censures, nor despise
The wretched: you who seeme, but are not wise.
My flying houres arrive at their last date:
My thoughts and fortunes buried in my fate.
How soone my shortned Day is chang'd to Night!
Abortive Darknesse veiles my setting Light.
Oh can your counsell his despaire deferre,
VVho now is housed in his Sepulchre?
I, in the shades of death my Bed have made.
Corruption thou my Father art, I said,

And

Chap. 18.

And thou, O Worme, my Mother: by thy Birth
 My Sister; borne, and nourished by Earth.
 Where now are all my hopes? oh never more
 Shall they revive! nor Death her rapes restore!
 But to the graves infernall prison must
 With me descend, and rot in shrouds of Dust.
 To whom thus Bildad: when wilt thou forbear
 To clamor, and afford a patient care?
 Do'st thou as beasts thy ancient friends despise?
 Are we so vile and triviall in thine Eyes?
 Oh miserable Man, by thy owne rage
 In pieces torne: can fury grieve assuage?
 Will God for thee the govern'd Earth forsake?
 His purpose change, and Rocks asunder shake?
 He shall their light extinguish who decline
 From Vertues pathes: their sparkes shall cease to shine.
 The Wicked shall be compassed about
 With Darknesse: and his oylelesse Lamp flye-out.
 His wasted strength unthought-of mischiefs shall
 Intrap; and he by his owne counsels fall.
 His desperate feet their Lord to Ruine lead:
 And on prepared Engines rashly tread.
 The Hunter shall intangle in his Toyle;
 And rav'nous theeves of all his Substance spoile:
 Snares, spread with tempting baits, for him shall lay;
 And dig concealed Pit-fals in his way.
 A thousand horrors shall his Soule affright,
 Encounter; and pursue his guilty flight.
 Destruction shall upon his Steps attend;
 And famines rage into his guts descend:
 Shee shall the Sinewes of his strength devoure;
 And Death's First borne shall crop him in his flower:
 Cut of his confidence; and to the King
 Of Terrors, his accused Conscience, bring.
 Driven from the House, unjustly cal'd his owne;
 By rapine got: which flaming sulphure, throwne
 From Heaven, shall burne: his roote within the ground
 Shall wither, and the axe his branches wound.
 He and his dying memory shall rot;
 His name even by the present Age forgot.
 From light into perpetuall Darknesse hurl'd;
 And, as a Mischiefe, chaft out of the World.
 No Sonne, or Nephew shall supply his place:
 Himselfe the last of his accursed Race.
 Posteritie, as those then living shall
 With wonder tremble at his fearefull fall.

So tragicall and merited a fate
Shall swallow those, who God and Justice hate.

How long, said Job, will you with bitter words

Chap. 19.

Thus wound my Soule: your tongues more sharpe then swords,

Ten times have you aspersions on me throwne:

Your selves, as Strangers, without blushing showne.

If I have sinn'd, my Sinnes with me remaine:

And I alone the punishment sustaine.

It is inhumane crueltie in you

Thus to insult; and his reproach pursue

Whom Gods owne hand hath cast unto the ground:

And in a Labyrinth of Sorrow wound.

Vnheard are my Complaints: my cries the wind

Drives through the aire: my wrongs no Judgement find.

God, with besieging Troopes, prevents my flight:

And folds my paths in shades more darke then night.

Hath stript me of my Glory; my Renowne

Eclips'd: and from my Temples torne my Crowne,

On every side destroy'd; trod under foot:

I, as a plant, am puld up by the Root.

His indignation like a furnace glowes

Who, as a foe at me his lightning throwes.

All his assembled Plagues at once devoure:

And round about my tents incampe their Power.

My Mothers Sonnes desert me: left alone

By my Familiars; by my Friends unknowne.

My Kindred faile me: these alone depend

On fortunes smiles; the wretched finds no friend.

Those of my Family their Master slight:

Grown despicable in my hand-maids sight.

I of my churlish servants am unheard

My sufferings, nor Intreaties, they regard.

My Wife neglects me; though desir'd to take

Some pitie on me, for our Childrens sake.

By idle Boyes, and Idiots vilif'd:

VVho me, and my Calanities deride.

My Intimates farre from my sight remove:

Those, whom I favor'd most, ungratefull prove.

My skin cleaves to my Bones: of this remains

No part entire, but what my teeth containes.

Oh my hard-hearted friends! take some remorse

Of him, whom God hath made a Living Corse.

VVill you with God in my afflictions joyne?

VVil't not suffice that I in Torments pine?

Oh that the words I speake were registred

VVrit in a Booke, for ever to be read.

D

Or

Or that the tenor of my iust complaint
 Were sculpt with Steele on Rocks of Adamant !
 For my Redeemer lives : I know he shall
 Descend to Earth, and man to Judgement call.
 Though wormes deuoure me, though I turne to mold ;
 Yet in my flesh I shall his face behold.
 I from my marble Monument shall rise
 Again entire, and see him with these Eyes :
 Though sterne diseases now consume my Reines ;
 And drinke the blood out of my shrivel'd veines.
 T'were better said : why should we persecute
 Our friend ; whose cause is solid at the Roote ?
 Oh feare the sword ; for punishments succeed
 Our Trespases ; and crueltie must bleed.

Chap. 20.

Thus answer'd the incens'd Nahamathite :
 I had beene silent, but thy words excite
 My strugling thoughts to vindicate the wrong
 Cast on our zeale by thy reproachfull tongue.
 This is a truth which with the world began ;
 Since earth was first inhabited by man :
 Sini's triumph in swift misery concludes ;
 And flattering joy the Hypocrite deludes.
 Although his excellence to Heaueh aspire ;
 Though radiant Beames his shining Browes attire ;
 He, as his dung, shall perish on the ground :
 Nor shall the impression of his Steps be found ;
 But like a troubled Dreame shall take his flight :
 And vanish as a Vision of the Night.
 No mortall Eye shall see his face againe :
 Nor sumptuous roofes their builder entertaine.
 If he have Children, they shall serve the poore :
 And goods by rapine got, enforc't, restore.
 The punishments of Luxury and Lust
 Shall eat his Bones ; nor leave him in the Dust.
 Though vice, like sweet confections, please his tast ;
 Although betweene his tongue and pallate plac'd :
 Though he preserve, and chew it with delight ;
 Nor bridle his licentious appetite :
 Yet shall it in his boyling Stomack turne
 To bitter poyson ; and like wild-fire burne.
 He shall cast up the wealth by him devour'd,
 Like vomit from his yawning Entrailes powr'd :
 The gall of Aspes with thirsty lips suck in ;
 The Vipers deadly teeth shall pierce his skin :
 Nor ever shall those happy Rivers know,
 Which with pure oyle and fragrant honey flow.

The

The Riches purchas'd by his Care and sweat,
 He shall resigne; nor of his Labors eate:
 But restitution to the value make;
 Nor joy in his extorted treasure take.
 Since he the poore forfooke; the weake oppress;
 The Mansion, by another built, possesse:
 His Belly never shall be satisfi'd;
 Nor he with his adored wealth supply'd,
 Of all his Sustenance at once bereft:
 No Heire shall strive to inherit what is left.
 He, in the pride of his full Glory, shall
 To Earth descend; and by the wicked fall.
 About to feed; Jehova's flaming Ire
 Shall blast his hopes, and mixe his food with fire.
 While from the raging sword he vameely flyes,
 A Bow of Steele shall fixe his trembling thighes,
 Darts through his flowing gall shall force their way:
 Eternall terrors shall his Soule dismay.
 Thick darknesse shall infold; a fire unblowne
 Devoure his Race, by their misfortunes knowne.
 Heaven shall reveale his close impieties:
 And Earth, by him defil'd, against him rise.
 His Substance in that Day of wrath shall waste;
 Like sodaine Torrents from steepe Mountaines cast.
 This is the Portion of the Hypocrite:
 Such Horrors shall on the Blasphemer light.

The Huzite sigh'd, and said: my words attend
 Afford this only comfort to your friend.
 Suffer my tongue to speake my thoughts: and then
 Renew your scoffes: doe I complaine to Men?
 Since God such dreadfull Armes against me beares:
 Oh why should I suppress my sighes and teares!
 My sufferings with astonishment survey:
 And on your silent lips your fingers lay.
 For should my Enemy endure the like;
 The Story would my Soule with horror strike.
 Why live the wicked? they by vices thrive;
 Saile on smooth Seas, and at their port arrive:
 Confirme a long succession; and behold
 Their numerous off-spring: in excesse grow old.
 Their Houses on secure foundations stand:
 Nor are they humbled by the Almightyes hand.
 Their lusty Bulls serve not their Kine in vaine:
 Their Calves the Breeders their full time retaine.
 Abroad like flocks their little ones they send:
 Their Children dance, in active Sports contend;

Chap. 21.

Strike the melodious Harpe, shrill Timbrels ring :
 And to the warbling Lute soft Ditties sing.
 Life is to them a long-continued Feast :
 And sleepe is not more calme then Deaths arrest.
 To God they say ; Enjoy thy Heaven alone :
 Be thou to us, as we to thee, unknowne.
 For what is he, that we should him obey ?
 Or fruitlesse vowes before his Altar pay ?
 Yet their Felicitie from him proceeds :
 Nor am I culpable of their misdeeds.
 When are their tapers quencht ? doe they expire,
 Struck by the Thunderer, with Darts of fire ?
 How oft are they like chaffe by whirl-winds tost ?
 Or early Blossomes bitten by the Frost ?
 When are their Vices punish't in their seed ?
 When for their owne offences doe they bleed ?
 How often tread destructions horrid Path ?
 And drinke the dregs of the Revengers wrath ?
 Care they for their deserted Families ;
 When Deaths all-curing hand shall close their eyes ?
 Shall Man his Maker teach, who sits on high ;
 And swayes the worlds inferior Monarchy ?
 Two Men at once behold : the one posselt
 Of his desires, with peace and plenty blest :
 From whose swolne breast a streame of milke distils ;
 Whose bones high feeding with hot marrow fils :
 The other, miserable from his birth :
 A burthen to himsele, and to the Earth.
 Who never could his Hungers rage suffice.
 That in perfection ; This in Sorrow dies.
 Yet Death, more equall, these extreames conformes ;
 And covers their corrupting flesh with wormes.
 I know your Counsels ; can your thoughts detect :
 The forged Crimes you purpose to object.
 Where are, say you, those Palaces that blas'd
 With burnisht Gold, on carved Columns rais'd ?
 Built on the Ruines of the poore ; the soile
 By extortion purchas'd ; and adorn'd with spoile ?
 Be judg'd by travellers : they will confute
 What falsely you suggest, and strike you mute.
 For these, and those, who high in Vice command,
 Against the Thunders rage securely stand :
 And flourish in the Day of wrath, when all
 About them by the stroake of Slaughter fall.
 Who dare against the great in Mischiefe plead ?
 Or turne his Injuries upon his head ?

They

They shall his Corps with funerall Pompe interre :
 And lodge him in a sumptuous Sepulchre.
 The Flowers which in the cirkling valley grow,
 Shall on his Monument their odors throw.
 All that survive shall follow him, and tread
 That common path, b'innumerable led.
 Why vainely then pretend you my reliefe ?
 And with false comforts aggravate my grieve ?

Chap. 22.

Can Man his Maker benefit (replide
 The THEMANITE) as he by wisedomes guide.
 May his owne joyes advance ? can he delight
 From him receive, because his heart's upright ?
 Availes it him that thou from vice art cleare ?
 Makes he thee guilty ? or condemnes for feare ?
 No Iob, thy Sinnes these punishments beget :
 Thy Sinnes which are as infinite as great.
 Thou of their garments oft hast stript the poore ;
 Thy Brothers pledge refusing to restore :
 No water would'it unto the thirsty give ;
 Nor with thy bread the Hungry Soule relieve :
 While mighty men, and those who more possesse
 Then serv'd for Ryot, surfeit at thy feast.
 Sad widowes, by thee risted, weepe in vaine :
 And ruin'd Orphants of thy Rapes complaine.
 For this unthought of snares begirt thee round ;
 And sodaine feares thy troubled Soule confound :
 Darke clouds before thine Eyes their Vapors spread ;
 And thronging Billowes roule above thy head.
 Perhaps these fumes from thy distemper rise :
 Sits not Jehova on the arched Skies ?
 Behold the Stars, which underneath display
 Their sparkling fires ; how farre remov'd are they ?
 What can he at so great a distance know ?
 Can he from thence behold our deeds below ?
 Thicke interposing Mists his eye-sight bound :
 Who free from trouble treads th'Etheriall Round.
 Hast thou observ'd those crooked paths, wherein
 They blindly wander who are slaves to Sin ?
 Snatcht from their hopes by an untimely end :
 Cast downe like Torrents, never to ascend.
 Who said to God ; us to our fortunes leave :
 From thee what benefit doe we receive ?
 Yet he their Houses with abundance stor'd.
 With Showers of Gold : the God their soules ador'd.
 Oh how my Soule, their wicked Counsell hates !
 The Righteous shall behold their tragick fates ;

Joy

Joy at their early-Ruine: then deride
 Their flattered Glory, and now-humbled Pride,
 But we, and ours, shall flourish in his Grace;
 When searching Flames devoure their cursed Race.
 Consult with God; thy troubled mind compose:
 So he shall give a period to thy woes.
 Receive the Lawes his sacred Lips impart:
 And lodge them in the closet of thy heart.
 If thou returne; he will thy fall erect:
 Nor shall contagious Sinne thy Roofe infect.
 Then shalt thou gather shining heaps of Gold;
 As pebles which the purling Streames infold:
 Trod under foot like dust. Thy God shall be
 A Silver shield, a Tower of Gold to thee.
 For thou on him shalt thy affections place:
 And humbly to his Throne exalt thy face.
 Thou at his Altar shalt devoutly pray:
 He shall consent; and thou thy vowes shalt pay.
 He shall thy wishes to fruition raise:
 And shed celestiall Beames upon thy Wayes.
 When Men are from their Noone of Glory throwne;
 And under Sinne and Sorrowes burthen grone:
 Then shalt thou say; Th' Almighty from the grave
 Hath me redeem'd: He will the humble save.
 Those guilty Soules who languish in Dispaire,
 God shall restore; and strenthen at thy Prayer.

Chap. 23.

Then Iob: though my complaints observe no bounds;
 Yet Oh, how farre lesse bitter then my wounds!
 Would his divine Reccess to me were knowne;
 That I at length might plead before his Throne.
 I would such waighty arguments inforce,
 As should convert his Fury to Remorse.
 Then should my longing Soule his answer heare:
 Would be object his power? or daunt with feare?
 Oh no, his Goodnesse rather would impart
 New vigor, and repaire my broken Heart.
 He would the Plea of Innocence admit:
 And me for ever by his Sentence quit.
 But is not to be found: though I should runne
 To those disclosing Portals of the Sunne;
 And walke his way, untill his Horses steepe
 Their fiery fetlocks in the Iberian Deepe:
 Or should I to the opposed Poles repaire;
 Where equall cold congeales the fixed aire:
 And yet his searching Eyes my paths behold
 When he hath try'd me I shall shine like gold:

For

For in his tract my wary feet have stept;
 His undeclined wayes precisely kept:
 Nor ever, have revolted from his Lawes:
 To me more sweet then food to hungry Jawes.
 But he is still the same: (oh who can shun,
 Or change his Fate!) what he decrees is done.
 This truth behold in me: His Misteries
 Are Sacred, and conceal'd from mortall Eyes.
 I therefore tremble at his dreadfull sight:
 Distracted thoughts my troubled Soule affright.
 For oh, his terror melts my heart to teares;
 Dissolves my braine, and harrowes me with feares.
 Who neither would by Death prevent my woes;
 Nor ease my Soule in these her bitter Throes.

Chap. 24.

Why are the punishments by God decreed
 To wicked men, and their rebellious Seed,
 Since times to come are present in his sight,
 Conceal'd from those who in his Lawes delight?
 Some slyly markes remove from bordering Lands;
 Feed on the Flocks they purchase, with strange hands:
 The Orphants only Asses they drive away;
 And make the Widowes morgag'd Oxe their prey:
 Who force the frighted poore to turne aside;
 Whom milder Rocks in their darke Cavernes hide.
 Like Asses in the Desert, they their Toile
 With Day renew; and rise betimes for Spoile.
 The barren Wildernesse presents them food
 To feed themselves, and their adulterate brood.
 Their Sicklers reape the Corne another sowes:
 They drinke the Blood which from stolne clusters flowes.
 The poore, by them disrobed, naked Lie:
 Veild with no other covering but the skie.
 Expos'd to stiffning frosts, and drenching showers,
 Which thicken'd Aire from her blacke bosome powres:
 To Torrents which from cloudy Mountaines spring;
 And to the hanging Cliffs for shelter cling.
 They from their mothers Breasts poore Orphants rend;
 Nor without gages to the needy lend.
 For want of clothes they force them starve with cold:
 From hungry Reapers they their sheaves withhold.
 Those faint for thirst who in their vintage toyle,
 And from the juicie Olive presse pure oyle.
 Oppressed Cities grone; the wounded cry
 To Heaven for Vengeance: yet in peace they die.
 Others, that truth oppose, despise the way
 Of her prescriptions, and in Darknesse stray;

Sterne

Sterne Murtherers, that rise before the light
 To kill the Innocent; and rob at night:
 Vncleane Adulterers, whose longing Eyes
 VVaite for the twy-light; enter in disguise,
 And say, who sees us? Theeves who daily marke
 Those Houses which they plunder in the Darke:
 These Strangers are to light; the Morning Rayes
 By them are hated as their last of Dayes:
 The Agonies of Death are on them, when
 They are but knowne, or spoken of by Men:
 And yet they perish by Jehova's Curse,
 And faile like roaring floods that have no Source.
 Vnlike the generous Vine, which cut, abounds
 With budding Jems; and prospers in her wounds.
 As scorching heat the mountaine snow devours;
 As thirsty Earth drinks up the falling Showres:
 Even so the Graves insatiable Jawes
 Those Rebels swallow, who infringe his Lawes.
 The Wombs that bare, their Burthens shall forget:
 And greedy wormes their flesh with pleasure eate.
 No tongue or Pen shall mention their Renowne:
 But lye like trees by sodaine Stormes cast downe.
 The barren they more miserable make:
 And from the Widow all her Comfort take.
 The Mighty fall in their seditious strife:
 When once they rise, who can secure his life?
 Though they be resolute and confident:
 Yet are Jehova's eyes upon them bent.
 But oh, how short their glory! rais'd to fall:
 Lost in the Ashes of their funerall.
 For they as others die: like Eares of Corne
 By lightning blasted; or with fickle thorne.
 Who doubts these contraries? who will dispute
 Against me? and my Instances confute?

Chap. 25.

SHVETIAN BILDAD made this short reply:
 Dominion, and awefull Majestie,
 To him belong, who crown'd with sacred Rayes,
 The Host of Heaven in perfect concord swayes.
 VVho can his Armies number? infinite,
 And full of Fate! on whom shines not his light?
 Can Mortals righteous in his Eyes appeare?
 Can they be spotlesse whom fraile women beare?
 To him the radiant Sunne is but obscure;
 The Moone still in Eclipse; the Stars impure.
 VVhat then is Man? polluted in his Birth;
 An uncleane Worme that crawles upon the Earth?

Chap. 26.

All tongues, said Iob, of thy perfections speake;
Thou he that renders vigor to the weake:
Thy strength the feeble Arme with Nerves supplies;
Thou by thy Counsell makes the foolish wife:
No secret from thy Knowledge is conceal'd;
Caelestiall Oracles by thee reveal'd.
To whom art thou so prodigall of breath?
Or by what vertue do st thou raise from Death?
Gods Workes, Oh Bildad, we admire no lesse:
His prudence in their Government confesse.
Dead things within the Deepe were form'd by him;
And all that in the curled Ocean swim.
The silent vaults of Death, unknowne to Light;
And Hell it selfe, lye naked to his sight.
He fashion'd those Harmonious Orbs, that roule
In restless Gyres about the Artick Pole.
The massie Earth, supported by his Care,
On nothing hangs in soft and fluent Aire.
He in thicke Clouds the pendant water binds;
Not thaw'd with heat, nor torne with strugling winds:
Before his radiant Throne like Curtaines spred;
Yet at his becke in showres their substance shed.
With constant bounds the raging floods confines;
Till Day his Throne to endlesse Night resignes.
Heavens Columns, when his Stormes and Thunderrake
The troubled Aire, with sodaine Horror shake.
Lo, at his Breath the swelling waves divide;
His awfull Scepter calmes their vanquish't pride.
Whose hand the adorned Firmament displai'd;
Those Serpentine yet constant Motions, made.
These but in part his power and wisdom show;
For Oh how little doe we Mortals know!
Although his Fame resound through all the world;
Like Thunder from aëriall vapors hurl'd.

Chap. 27.

They silenc't, Iob proceeds in his Defence:
As the Lord Lives, who knowes my Innocence;
Yet will not judge: but hath my Soule depriv'd
Of all her Joyes; to Misery long-liv'd:
VWhile these my vitall Spirits shall receive
The food of Aire, and through my Nostrils breath:
No falsehood shall defile my Lips with Lies:
Or with a vaile the face of Truth disguise.
Nor will I wound my cleare Integritie,
By yeilding to your wrongs, but rather die;
Shall I my selfe betray, my Strength refuse,
Desert my Justice, and my truth accuse?

First may I sinke by Torments yet unknowne :
 That those which now I suffer may seeme none.
 Let such as hate me in their Sinnes rejoyce ;
 And surfeit with the pleasant Baites of Vice :
 What hope hath the prevailing Hypocrite,
 When God shall chase his Soule to endlesse Night ?
 Will God relieve him in his Agonies ?
 Or from the Depth of Sorrow heare his Cries ?
 Will he in God delight, his aide implore
 Incessantly, and his great Name adore ?
 Oh be instructed by these Characters
 Of his impression, which my Body beares !
 His more secret Judgements will disclose :
 Which you have seene, yet desperately oppose.
 This is the Portion which the wicked hath ;
 He shall inherit the Almightyes wrath :
 The lawlesse Sword his Childrens blood shall shed ;
 Increast for slaughter ; borne to begge their bread.
 Death shall the Remnant in his Dungeon keepe :
 No Widow at his funerall shall weepe.
 Although he gather Gold like heaps of Dust,
 The fuell of his Luxury and Lust :
 His Cabinets with change of Garments fraught
 By filke-wormes spun, and Phrygian Needles wrought :
 Yet for the Just reserv'd ; who shall divide
 His Treasure, and divest him of his pride.
 Though he his House of polisht Marble build ;
 With Jasper floor'd, and carved Cedar seil'd :
 Yet shall it ruine like the Moth's fraile cell ;
 Or sheds of Reedes, which Summers heat repell.
 He shall lye downe, neglected, as unknowne :
 And when he wakes, see nothing of his owne.
 Terrors, like swallowing Deluges, shall fright :
 Swept from his Bed by Tempests in the Night :
 Like scatter'd Downe by howling Eurus blowne ;
 By rapid Hurl-winds from his Mansion throwne.
 God shall transfix him with his winged Dart :
 Though he avoyd him like the flying Hart :
 Men shall pursue with merited disgrace ;
 His, clap their hands, and from his Country chase.
 There are rich Veines of Gold, and silver Mines ;
 Whose Ore the fire in crucibles refines.
 So dig'd up Ir'on is in the furnace blowne :
 And Brasse extracted from the melting Stone,
 Men through the wounded Earth inforce their way ;
 And shew the under Shades an unknowne Day :

Chap. 28.

VWhile

While from her bowels they her Treasure teare;
And to their avarice subject their feare.
Their they with Subterranean Waters meet;
And Currents, never touch't by humane feet:
These, by their bold endeavors, are made dry;
And from the Industry of Mortals flye,
The Earth with yellow eares her browes attires;
Although her Jawes exhale imbosom'd fires.
Torne Rocks the sparkling Diamond unfold;
The blushing Ruby, and pure graines of Gold.
Those gloomy vaults no wandering foule descries:
Nor are they pierced by the Vultures eyes.
Swift Tygres, which in pathlesse Deserts stray,
Nor solitary Lyons tread that way.
Their restlesse Labors cleave the living Stone:
Cloud-touching Mountaines by their Roots ore'throwne.
New streames through wondering Rocks their tract pursue;
VVhile they the Magazines of Nature view:
VVho swelling Floods with narrow bounds inclose;
And what in Darknesse lurkt, to Light expose.
But where above the Earth, or under ground,
Can VVisedome by the search of Man be found?
Her worth his estimation farre excels:
Conceal'd from sence, nor with the living dwels.
The Seas reply; shee lies not in our Deeps:
Nor in our floods her radiant tresses steeps.
Nor are her rare endowments to be sold
For silver Hills; or Rivers pav'd with gold.
Nor for the glittering sand by Ophir showne;
The blew-ey'd Saphir, or rich Onix stone:
For Rocks of Christall from the Ocean brought:
Nor Jewels by the rarest workeman wrought.
Can blazing Carbuncles with her compare?
Or groves of Corral hardned by the Aire?
The Tophas sent from scorched Meroë?
Or Pearles presented by the Indian Sea?
VVhence comes shee? from what undiscover'd Land?
Or where doth her concealed palace stand?
Since O, invisable to mortall Eye:
Or winged Travellers that trace the skie.
Death and Destruction say; her fame alone
Hath reach'd our Eares; but to our Eyes unknowne.
God onely understands her sacred wayes:
The Temple knowes where shee her Light displayes.
For he at once the Orbe of Earth beholds;
And all that Heav'ns blew Canopie infolds:

To measure out the strugling Winds by weight;
 That else the world would teare in their debate:
 And bridle the wilds Floods; least they their bound
 Againe should passe, and all the Earth furrow'd.
 When he in Clouds the dropping waters hung,
 And through their roaring jawes his Lightning flung;
 Then he beheld her face, her light displaid,
 Prepar'd her paths, and thus to Mortals said:
 The feare of God is wisdom; and to flye
 From Evill, is of vertues the most high.

Chap. 29.

Iob paus'd; forthwith these words his sigh's pursue:
 O that those happy Dayes would now renew;
 When God beneath his shield my safety plac'd!
 When his cleare lamp a sacred Splendor cast
 About my Browes? by whose directing light
 I trod securely through the Shades of Night?
 That now I had what I in youth possesst,
 VVhen he my Mansion with his presence blest!
 VVhen those who from my veines deriv'd their blood,
 Like springing Lawrels round about me stood!
 VVhen Butter wash'd my Steps, when Streames of oyle
 Gusht from the Rocks, and Plenty free from toyle!
 VVhen through the gazing Streets I past in State
 To my Tribunall, in the Cities Gate!
 The blushing Youth their vertuous awe disclose,
 And from their Seats the reverend Elders rose.
 Attentive Princes such a silence kept,
 As if their Soules had in their Bodies slept.
 Th'astonish't Nobles stood like men that were
 Depriv'd of all their Sences but the eare.
 All eares that heard, my equall Justice prais'd:
 All eyes that saw, their Lids with wonder rais'd.
 I from Oppressors did the Poore defend;
 The Fatherlesse, and such as had no friend.
 Those sav'd, whom wicked Power sought to destroy:
 And made the widowes heart to spring with joy.
 I put on Truth: shee cloth'd me with renowne:
 My Justice was to me a precious Crowne.
 Eyes lent I to the blind; feet to the Lame:
 A Father to the Comfortlesse became.
 I search't what from my knowledge was conceal'd:
 And clouded Truth by her owne light reveal'd.
 Oft with my Scepter brake the Lyons jawes
 And snatcht the prey out of his armed pawes.
 Then said; my Dayes shall as the Sand increase:
 And I in my owne nest shall dye in peace.

My

My Root was by the living water spread :
 And Night her dew upon my Branches shed.
 My Glories Crescent to a Circle grew :
 And I my Bow with doubled vigor drew.
 When I but spake, they hung upon my lookes :
 And as an Oracle my Counsell tooke.
 None spake but I; each his owne Judgement feares :
 My words like honey dropt into their eares;
 Which readily with joy they entertaine,
 As Yawning Earth devoures the latter Raine.
 Although I smil'd, none would my thoughts suspect :
 Nor on my Mirth a frowning lookes reflect :
 But trod the path which I their Chiefe propos'd.
 I King-like fate, with armed troopes inclos'd :
 Gave timely Comforts to the Soule that mourn'd;
 Rais'd from the Dust, and teares to Laughter turn'd.

Chap. 30.

O bitter change ! now Boyes my grones deride;
 The wretched object of their scoorne and pride :
 Whose Fathers I unworthy held to keepe,
 With lesse contemned Dogs, my Flocks of sheepe.
 How could their youth to my advantage turne ?
 Or elder age, with weakning vices worne ?
 Who, pale with famine, to the Desert fled;
 On roots of Juniper and Mallowes fed :
 Whom Men from their Societie exclude;
 Detested, and like Theeves with cries pursu'd :
 Conceal'd in hollow Rocks, in gloomy Caves,
 And Clifles deepe vaulted by the fretting waves:
 Among the Bushes they like Asses braide :
 And in the Brakes their Conventicles made.
 The Sonnes of Idiots, of ignoble Birth :
 Contaminate, and viler then the Earth.
 Yet now am I obnoxious to their wrongs :
 A By-word, and the Subject of their song's.
 Who exercise their tongues in my disgrace;
 Abhorre my paths, and spit upon my face.
 They, ever since the inrag'd omnipotent
 Dissolv'd my Sinewes, and my Bow unbent;
 Like head-strong Horses, twixt their teeth have tane
 The masterd Bridle, and contemn'd the reyne.
 Lo, Boyes against me rise, and strow my way
 With Snares; then watch the cruell traps they lay :
 Who now my path's pervert; their hate extend
 To multiply his woes, that hath no friend.
 As Seas against the Shores strong Rampires stretch
 Their battering waves, and force a dreadfull breach :

With

With equall fury they upon me roule ;
 Even to the desolation of my soule.
 Besieging Terrors storme-like roare aloud ;
 Pursue, and chase me like an emptie Cloud.
 O how my soule is powr'd upon the ground !
 Full growne Affliction hath a subject found.
 Torments by Night my wasted marrow boyle :
 My Pulses labour with unequall toyle.
 My soares pollute my garments : Plagues infect
 My poysoned skin, and like a Coat invest.
 O I am Dust and Ashes ! Lord, thou hast
 Downe in the durt the broken-hearted cast.
 Thy eares the incense of my prayers reject :
 No teares nor vowes can alter thy neglect.
 Ah ! hast thou lost thy mercy ! Wilt thou fight
 Against a worme, and in his groanes delight !
 Thou setst me on the winds ; with every blast
 Toft too and fro, while I to nothing wast.
 I see my Death approach : I to the wombe
 Of earth am cal'd, of all the generall Tomb.
 Thou never wilt the Dead to Life restore :
 Though heere in Sorrow they thy grace implore.
 How oft have I for those that suffer'd, wept !
 Afflicted for the poore, when others slept :
 Yet when I lookt for joy, for cheerefull light ;
 Then grieve fell on, and shades more blacke than night.
 My tortur'd Bowels found no hower of rest :
 By troopes of sodaine miseries opprest.
 Unknowne to Day, I mourn'd : my clamors tare
 The eares soft Labyrinth, and cleft the Aire.
 The hissing Dragon, and the screeching Owle,
 Became Companions to my pensive Soule.
 My flesh is cover'd with a vaile of jet :
 And all my Bones consume with burning heat.
 My Harp her mournfull Straines in Sorrow steep's.
 My Organ sighes sad aires, as one that weepes.
 I with my Eyes a Covenant made, that they
 Should not my Soule, nor she their lights betray
 To the deceit of sin : why then should I
 Behold a Virgin with a burning eye ?
 What Judgements are reserv'd, what Vengeance due
 To those, who their intemperate Lusts pursue !
 Destruction and eternall Ruine shall
 From Heaven, like lightning, on the wicked fall.
 Do not his searching Eyes my wayes behold ?
 Are not my steps by him observ'd and told ?

Chap. 31.

If tempting Sinne could ever yet entice
 My feet to wander in the Quest of Vice:
 Let that great Arbiter of Wrong and Right:
 Waigh in his Scales; and cast me if to light.
 If I from vertues path have stept awry;
 Or let my heart be govern'd by mine eye:
 If I, oh Justice, have thy Rites profan'd;
 If bribes or guiltlesse blood my hands have stain'd:
 Then let another reape what I have sowne;
 Nor let my Race be to the Living knowne.
 If ever woman could to sinne allure;
 If I have waited at my Neighbours doore:
 Let my laicivious wife with others grin'd;
 And by her lust repay my guilt in kind.
 This were a hainous crime; so foule a fact,
 As would due vengeance from the Judge exact:
 A waisting fire, which violently burnes;
 And all to povertie and ruine turnes.
 If I by Power my Servants should oppresse;
 Nor would their crying Grievances redresse:
 What should I doe, or say, when God shall come
 To judge the world, that might divert his Doome?
 Both made he in the wombe, of equall worth:
 Though to unequall Destiny brought forth.
 If from the poore I did their hopes detaine;
 Or made the widowes Eyes expect in vaine:
 If I alone have at my Table fed;
 Or from the fatherlesse withheld my bread:
 Nor fosterd from my youth, their wants supplide;
 To him a father, and to her a guide:
 If I have seene the naked starve for cold;
 While Avarice my Charitie controlld:
 If their cloth'd Loines have not my bounty blest;
 Warme with the fleeces which my flocks divest:
 If I my armes have rais'd to crush the weake;
 The Judge prepar'd, the witnesse taught to speake:
 Be all their ligaments at once unbound;
 And their disjoynted bones to powder grownd.
 Divine Revenge my Soule from sinne deterr'd:
 For I the anger of th' Almighty fear'd.
 I never Idolized Gold embrac'd:
 Nor said; In thee my Confidence is plac'd.
 Nor on decitfull Riches fixt my heart;
 Together scrap'd by no omitted Art.
 If when I saw the early Sunne ascend,
 Or the new Moone her silver hornes extend;

I bowing kist my hand, those Lights ador'd
 As Deities, and their releife implor'd.
 The Sinne had beene flagitious; and had cry'd
 To him for vengeance whom my Deed's defi'd.
 Have I with joy beheld my ruin'd foe?
 Have I exulted in his overthrow?
 Or in the tempest of my passion burst
 Into offences, and his Issue curst?
 Though my Domesticks said; oh let us teare
 His hated flesh, nor after death forbear.
 Who made the Stones their bed, or sigh'd for food,
 If knowne? my house to strangers open stood,
 Suppose I were corrupt, and foule within:
 Yet to what end should I disguise my Sinne?
 Need I so much contempt or censure dread;
 As not to speake my thoughts, or hide my head?
 Where shall I meet with an indifferent Eare?
 Oh that the Sovereigne Judge my Cause would heare,
 Peruse the Adversaries evidence;
 Try, and determine, my suppos'd offence!
 I on my shoulders their complaints would beare:
 And as a Diadem their Slanders weare.
 More like a Prince then a Delinquent, would
 Approach his presence; and my life unfold.
 If the usurped Fields against me cry;
 Their raviht Furrowes weepe: if ever I
 Have forced from them their unpaid for Graine;
 Their Husbandmen, and ancient Owners flaine:
 For wheat, let thistles from their clods ascend;
 For barley, cockle. Iobs complaints here end.

Chap. 32.

Nor would his Friends proceed in their replies;
 Since he appear'd so pure in his owne Eyes.
 When Elihu Barachels sonne, who drew
 His Birth from Aram, much incensed grew:
 Not only against Iob, that durst defend
 His Innocency, and with God contend;
 But with his three austere Companions; since
 They would condemne before they could convince.
 When he perceiv'd the rest no answer made,
 But like dumb Statues fate; the Buzite said:
 Till now I durst not venture to unfold
 My labouring thoughts, to you that are so old.
 For gray Experience is with wisdom fraught;
 And sacred knowledge by the aged taught.
 Yet oh, how darke is mans presuming sence,
 Not lightned with celestiall Influence!

The

The great in Honor are not alwayes wise:
 Nor Judgement under silver Tresses lies.
 Since so; at length vouchsafe to heare a youth,
 And his opinion, in the search of Truth.
 For I your words have weigh'd, your reasons heard;
 The Instances by each of you inferr'd:
 And yet in all the heare of your dispute,
 Not one could answer Iob; much lesse confute.
 Know therefore, least too rashly you conclude;
 It is not Man, but God that hath subdu'd.
 Against me Iob did not his speech direct:
 No more will I your Arguments object.
 You all were at his Confidence amaz'd;
 And silently upon each other gaz'd:
 VVhen I your answers had expected long,
 Nor could discern the motion of a tongue;
 I said; behold I now will act my part,
 And utter the Conceptions of my heart.
 My Soule is rapt with fury; and my brest
 Containes a flame, that will not be suppress't.
 My Bowels boyle like wine that hath no vent;
 Ready to breake the swelling Continent.
 Words therefore must my toiling thoughts relieve;
 And to restrained Truth in largement give.
 No personall Respects my thoughts shall move;
 Nor will I Man with flattering titles smooth.
 Should I so prostitute my servile Breath;
 My Maker soone would cut me off by Death.

And now, O Iob, what I shall utter heare:
 As I my lips, so open thou thine eare.
 I sacred knowledge clearly will impart;
 Drawne from the fountaine of a single heart.
 God made us both, with breath of Life inspir'd;
 In shrouds of fraile Mortalitie attyr'd:
 Then since we shall with equall Armes contend;
 Arise, and if thou canst, thy cause defend.
 Behold, according to thy wish I stand
 In steed of God; though made of slime and Sand.
 I will not with sterne Menaces affright:
 Nor shall my hand on thee like Thunder-light.
 For I with griefe, O Iob, have heard thee vaunt;
 And breake into this passionate Complaint:
 My Heart is uncorrupt, my Innocence
 Without a Staine, my life free from offence:
 Yet he occasion seekes to overthrow,
 And trample on me as his mortall foe:

F

VVho,

Chap. 33.

Who, leaft I should escape, in fetters binds;
 Observes my steps, and makes the faults he finds.
 How rash is thy bold charge? God is compleat
 In his owne Effence; much than man more great:
 And yet dar'st thou contend? his patience grieve?
 Will He a reason for his Actions give?
 Oft he to Mortals speaks: yet will not they
 The Counsell of his Oracles obey.
 Sometimes by Dreames in silence of the Night;
 Sometimes by Visions he informes their sight:
 When sleepe his Poppy on their Temples sheds;
 Or they lye musing on their restlesse beds.
 The cause of their afflictions then reveales;
 And on their Hearts his reprehension seales:
 That he may man prevent, his pride repell;
 Save from the sword, and greedy jawes of Hell.
 For this, diseased on his bed he groanes;
 While unrelenting Torments gnaw his bones:
 The fight of Food his emptie stomach fills;
 And Dainties to his taste are lothsome Pils:
 By waisting Hecticks of his flesh bereft;
 Bones late unseene, alone apparant left:
 His Soule sits mourning at the gates of Death;
 While anguish strives to suffocate his breath.
 But if a Prophet, or Interpreter,
 One of a thousand, with the sicke conferre:
 Before his eyes, his ugly finnes detect;
 And to a better life his Steps direct:
 Then Mercy thus will cry; Release the bound
 From Sinne and Hell: I have a Ransome found.
 Then shall his bones the flesh of Babes indue:
 His youth and beauty like the spring renew.
 He shall his God implore; his glorious Face
 VVith joy behold, and flourish in his grace.
 For God will his Integrity regard:
 His vertue with a Bounteous hand reward.
 His Eyes the secrets of all hearts survey.
 VVhen the contrite and bleeding Soule shall say;
 How have I Justice forc'd! the poore undone!
 Sinne heapt on Sinne! to my owne Ruine run!
 Then God shall raise him from the shades of Night:
 And he shall live to see th'etheriall Light.
 Thus oft to man that Power which wounds and heales,
 The way to Joy by Misery Reveales:
 That he may longer with the living dwell;
 Snatcht from th'extended jawes of Death and Hell.

O thou of men most wretched! heare me speake:
 Nor in thy frantick passion silence breake.
 If thou thy selfe canst cleare, at large reply:
 For I thy life would gladly iustifie.
 If not; my words with wisdom shall informe
 Thy erring Soule, and mitigate this Storme.

Chap. 34.

Then Elihu his speech directs to those
 Who in a Ring the Disputants inclose.
 You that are wise, said he, my Doctrine heare:
 You who have knowing Soules, afford an Eare.
 For sence is by that Organ understood;
 Even as the taste distinguisheth of Food.
 By Equitie let us our Judgements guide:
 And this long controverted Cause decide.
 Iob cries; I guiltlesse fall, to God appeale:
 Yet will not he the clouded truth reveale.
 Shall I with lyes betray my Innocence?
 My wound is mortall: O, for what offence!
 VWho of himselfe but he so vainely thinks?
 Who contumacy like cold water drinks.
 He is in shackles by the wicked led;
 And walkes the way which his Associates tread.
 VWhat bootes it man (sayes he) to take delight
 In God! and live as alwayes in his sight!
 O heare me, you who high in knowledge sit:
 Is it with God that he should Sinne commit?
 No, each according to his Merit shall
 Receive his hire: to Justice stand, or fall.
 O can Compassion in Destruction joy?
 Or will the righteous Judge the just destroy?
 Shall he the world by mans direction sway;
 VWhom Heaven and Powers Angelicall obey?
 In his disposure is the Orbe of Earth;
 The Throne of Kings, and all of humane Birth.
 O, if he should the heart of man survey;
 Reduce, and take the breath he gave, away:
 All Living in a moment would expire;
 And swiftly to there former dust retire.
 Then Iob, if thou hast reason; if a mind
 Not partiall; let my words acceptance find.
 Shall he who Justice hates, rule by his lust?
 Or will't thou him condemne who is most just?
 Shall Subjects taxe their Kings? their Princes blame?
 And with detractions poys'nous breath defame?
 Much lesse upbraid his just Dominion,
 To whom both Lords and vassals are all one.

Who Rich and Poore alike regards; since they
 By him were form'd from the same lump of clay.
 Pale Death shall in an instant quench their light;
 Whole Nations ravish, in the dead of Night,
 Sweep from the Earth: the mightie in Command
 Shall from their Thrones be snatcht without a hand.
 He all beholds with eyes that never close:
 Observes their Steps, and their Intentions knowes,
 No muffling Clouds, nor Shades infernall, can
 From his inquiry hide offending Man.
 Nor shall the Punishment, which guilt pursues,
 Exceed the Crime; lest he should God accuse.
 He shall for sinnes unknowne the mighty breake;
 And to their empty thrones advance the weake:
 The Misteries of Night reveale to Day;
 And in their falls their secret faults display.
 Nor his exemplary revenge deferre;
 Presented on the Worlds great Theatre:
 Since they revolt from God, with open jawes
 Blaspheme his Justice, and despise his Lawes.
 So that the cries of their oppressions rend
 The suffering Aire, and to his eares ascend.
 Who can disturbe the peace which he bestowes?
 VVhat tumult waken their secure repose?
 VVhat Nation, or what one of Mortall Race,
 Shall God behold, if he withdraw his Face?
 That Hypocrites no more may tyrannize:
 Nor in their snares the credulous surprize.
 Say thou; I will not with my God contend;
 But beare his Chastisements, nor more offend.
 My Ignorance informe, if I have lent
 An Eare to vice, lest I my sinnes augment,
 VVill he with thy Arbitrement comply?
 VVhither thou should'st consent, or should'st deny,
 His censure is the same. Shall I transgresse
 In not reprov'g? what thou know'st, professe.
 And you my Auditors, by God indu'd
 VVith sacred wisdome, will I hope conclude,
 That Job on Justice hath aspersions flung;
 And spoken indiscreetly with his tongue.
 O Father, give his Miseries no end;
 VVhile he shall his impietie defend.
 They to their sinnes rebellion adde, who jest
 At their Instructors, and with God contest.

Chap. 35.

These Arguments thus urg'd; the zealous youth
 Proceeds, and aid: Art thou inform'd by truth,

That

That dar'st preferre thine owne integritie;
 As if more just then he who sits on high?
 And say; *o* I am innocent in vaine:
 Have to no end preserv'd my life from staine.
 Now give me leave to answer thee, and those,
 Who Gods all-guiding Providence oppose.
 O Iob from Heaven to Earth erect thine eyes;
 Behold the vaste extension of the skies:
 The sayling Clouds by Exhalations fed;
 How farre are these advanc'd above thy head?
 Can thy accumulated vices reach
 Yet higher? and his Happinesse impeach?
 What can thy Righteousnesse to him bequeath?
 Can God a Benefit from Man receive?
 Although thy Sinne a Mortall may destroy;
 Thy Justice succour, and confirme his joy.
 Those whom too-powerfull Insolence oppresse;
 Weepe-out their eyes, and howle in their distresse:
 None cry; where is my God! who all our wrongs
 Will vindicate, and turne our sighes to Songs:
 Enobles with an Intellectuall Soule;
 More rationall then beast, more wise then fowle,
 None shall the others sufferings regard:
 The eares of Pittie by their vices barr'd.
 For God will not relieve th'unpenitent:
 Nor to the prayer's of wicked Soules consent:
 Much lesse to his, who sayes; I never more
 Shall see his face, nor he my Joyes restore.
 Let no such desperate thoughts thy soule infect;
 But calmly suffer, and his grace expect.
 In both to blame: Though thou his wrath incense;
 Thy punishment is lesse then thy offence.
 Judge you how undiscreetly Iob complains:
 And by extolling his owne Justice staines.

Chap. 36.

A little longer suffer me, while I
 Proceed in this Divine Apology:
 And from a far-remov'd Originall
 His Judgements vindicate, who made us all.
 No Fucus, nor vaine supplement of Art,
 Shall falsifie the Language of my Heart.
 He who is perfect, and abhors untruth,
 With heavenly Influence inspires my youth.
 For the Omnipotent is onely wise:
 Nor will the great in Power the weake despise.
 His Hands the poore from violence defend;
 While Sin-defiled Soules to Hell descend:

Beholds

Beholds the just, with Eyes that ever wake:
 With Princes ranck't, whose thrones no Tempests shake.
 Or if their vices cast them to the ground,
 If in the fetters of affliction bound:
 He to their trembling Consciences displays
 Their former lives, and errors of their ways.
 Then opens wide the porches of their eares,
 And their long vailed eyes from darknesse clears:
 That they themselves may see, instructions heare,
 Returne from Sin, and their Creator feare.
 They shall their happy Dayes in pleasure spend:
 And full of yeares in peace their progresse end.
 But if they disobey, the Sword shall shed
 Their guilty blood, and mix them with the Dead.
 For the Deluder hastens his owne fall:
 Nor will in trouble on the Almighty call,
 Who on the Beds of sinne supinely lye,
 They in the Summer of their age shall die.
 God will the penitent to Grace restore:
 Taught by affliction to offend no more.
 So from these fearefull straights would thee have led,
 Inlarg'd thy passage, and with marrow fed:
 But thou, through wicked Counsels, hast rebell'd,
 And therefore justly by his Judgements held.
 O feare his wrath! should'st thou be swept away;
 Not Mines of Treasure could thy Ransome pay.
 Cares he for wealth? Though Gold on Earth command;
 No Gold, or force, can free thee from his hand.
 Let not thy desperat soule desire that Night,
 Which from the living takes the last of Light:
 Nor by the guide of sorrow blindly erre,
 And Death before due Chastisements preferre.
 Lo! he his truth exalts: who so compleat,
 As he in Power! whose Knowledge is so great!
 Who can to him prescribe a Path? or say,
 Thy Judgements from the tract of Justice stray?
 O rather praise the workes his hands have wrought;
 By all beheld: with Admiration fraught.
 His Glory but in part to man appeares:
 Who knowes him, or the number of his yeares?
 He the congealed vapors melts againe;
 Extenuated into drops of Raine:
 Which on the thirstie Earth in showers distill;
 And all that life possesse with plenty fill.
 VVho can the extension of his Clouds explore?
 Or tell how they in their collisions roare?

Guilt with the flashes of their horrid light:
 Yet darken all below with their owne Night:
 Judgement and bountie each from hence proceeds;
 With these his Creatures punisheth and feeds:
 With these the Beautie of the Day immures;
 And all the Ornaments of Heaven obscures:
 Forthwith aeriall Tumults wound the Eare;
 Whose heat and cold the Clouds asunder teare.

O how they terrifie my panting heart!
 Ready to breake my fivers, and depart.
 Hearke, how his thunder from their entrailes breakes!
 The voyce of God when he in fury speakes:
 Which roles in globes of pitch below the skies,
 To Earths extent his winged lightning flies;
 Pursu'de by hideous fragors: though before
 The flames descend, they in their breaches roare.
 His farre-resounding voyce reports his ire:
 His Indignation flowes in streames of fire.
 O who can apprehend his excellence,
 Whose wonders passe the reach of humane sense!
 He gives the winters Snow her aërie birth:
 And bids her virgin fleeces cloth the Earth,
 Now he her face renew's with fruitfull showres:
 Now Cataracts upon her bosome powres;
 Whose falling spouts the Hands of Labour tie.
 VVhen Swaines for shelter to their houses flye;
 Yet on their former toyle reflect their care:
 Then salvage Beasts to their darke dennes repaire.
 Loud Tempests from the Cloudie South breake forth;
 And cold out of the Cloud-repelling North.
 The fields with rigid frost grow stiffe and gray:
 The rivers solid, and forget their way.
 Sad clouds with frequent teares themselves impaire;
 And those that shone with lightning, fleet to ayre:
 At his obey'd decree retorne againe;
 T'afflict the Earth, or comfort it with raine.
 Thus Judgement and sweet Mercy, which depend
 Upon his beck, to men in Clouds descend.
 This heare, O Job, with silence fixed, stand:
 Review the wonders of his mighty Hand.
 Know'st thou how God collects the must' red Clouds?
 How in their darknesse he his lightning shrouds?
 How by him ballanc'd in the weightlesse Aire?
 Canst thou the wisdom of his workes declare?
 Or know'st thou how thy Garments warmer grow,
 VVhen dropping Southerne gales begin to blow?

Chap. 37.

Chap. 38.

VVert

Wer't thou then present, when his hands displaid
 The firmament; of liquid Chryftall made?
 If so; instruct what we to God should say;
 Who in so darke a night have lost our way.
 What can we urge that is to him unknowne?
 Or who contend and not be overthrowne?
 Who on the Sunne can gaze with constant eyes,
 When purging winds from vapors cleare the skies,
 And Northerne gales his shining face unfold?
 Much lesse the Majestie of God behold.
 O how inscrutable! his equitie
 Twins with his Power. Will he the Just destroy?
 For this to be ador'd: yet cannot find
 Among the Sonnes of men a prudent mind.

Chap. 38.

Then from a Globe of curling Clouds, which brake
 Into a radiant flame, Jehova spake:
 What Mortall thus through ignorance profanes
 My darkned counsels? of his God complains?
 Come, buckle on thy Armor: let us end
 This controversie; since thou wilt needs contend.
 Tell, if thou canst; where wert thou when I made
 The food-full Earth, and her foundation laid?
 Who those exact dimensions did designe?
 Who on her superficies stretch'd his Line?
 Or fixt as Centre to the world? upon
 What Basis built? who laid the Corner Stone?
 Where wert thou when the Stars my prayes fung?
 When Heaven with shouts of joyfull Angels rung?
 Or who shut up the seas with Dorcs; when they,
 As from the tortur'd womb, inforc'd their way?
 By me invested with a veile of Clouds;
 And swaddled, as new-borne, in fable shrouds.
 For these a receptacle I design'd:
 And with inviolable Barres confin'd.
 Then said: thus farre your Empire shall extend;
 Nor shall your prouder waves these bounds transcend.
 Hast thou appointed where the Moone should rise,
 And with her purple light adorne the skies?
 Scor'd out the bounded Suns obliquer wayes;
 That he on all might spread his equall rayes?
 And by the cleare extension of his Light,
 Chase from the Earth the impious Sonnes of Night?
 Whose Beames the various formes of things display,
 Like multitudes of Figures wrought in Clay:
 By which the Beautie of the Earth appears,
 The divers-colour'd Mantle which she weares:

Concea'd

Conceal'd offenders by their lustre found;
 Attached, and in Deaths darke prison bound.
 Say, hast thou div'd into the Deep's below?
 And trod those bottome sands where fountaines flow?
 Or boldly broken-up the Seales of Hell,
 And seene the Shadowes which in Darknesse dwell?
 Tell if thou canst, how farre the Earth extends?
 Hast thou discover'd her remotest ends?
 Beheld the Chambers of the springing Light?
 Or travel'd through the Regions of the Night?
 To their abodes canst thou reveale the way?
 And their alternate rule to men display?
 Wer't thou then borne? hast thou these secrets knowne
 Through length of time? art thou so aged growne?
 Hast thou survey'd the Magazines of Snow?
 Seene where the melting drops to haile-stones grow?
 With these I punish: these the weapons are,
 By me prepar'd against the Day of warre.
 Why breakes the Lightning from the troubled skies,
 While Easterne winds in horrid Tempests rise?
 Who Deluges from Heaven in Torrents powres?
 Or gives a passage to the roaring Showres?
 That they on Deserts un-inhabited
 By Mortals, may their fruitfull moysture shed?
 Hence vegetives receive their fragrant birth:
 And cloth the naked Bosome of the Earth.
 What, hath the Raine a Father? tell me who
 Begot the shining Drops of Morning Dew?
 Whose wombe produc'd the glasse Ice? who bred
 The hoary frosts that fall on winters head?
 The waters then in Chrystall are conceal'd:
 And the smooth visage of the Sea congeal'd.
 Canst thou the pleasant influence restrain,
 Of Pleiades, which bathes the Spring with raine?
 Or boisterous Orions chaines unbind,
 Who drawes along the bitter Easterne wind?
 In Summer, scorching Mazaroth display?
 Or teach Arcturus, and his Sonnes, their way?
 Canst thou the Motions of the Heavens direct?
 Or make their vertue on the Earth reflect?
 Will the condensed Clouds, at thy command,
 Descend in Shoures upon the thirsty Land?
 Or in their roaring strife asunder part,
 And at thy Foes their fearefull Lightning dart?
 With wisdom who renownes the Nobler parts?
 Who understanding gives to humane Hearts?

Chap. 39.

Whose wisedome clears the Saphirs of the skies?
 Or who the swelling Clouds in Bladders ties?
 To mollifie the stubborne clods with raine;
 And scattered Dust incorporate againe.
 Wilt thou for the old Lyon hunt? or fill
 His hungry whelps? and for the killer kill?
 When couch'd in dreadfull Dens; when closely they
 Lurke in the Covert to surprise their prey?
 VWho feeds the Ravens when their young-ones cry.
 To God for food and through the Deserts flye?
 Know'st thou when Salvage goates doe teeme among
 The craggy rocks? when Hinds produce their young?
 Can'st thou their Recknings keepe? the time compute
 VWhen their swolne Bellies shall inlarge their fruit?
 VWithout a Midwife these their Throwes sustaine;
 And bowing, bring their Issue forth with paine.
 They at full udders sucke, grow strong with come:
 Depart, and never to their Dams returne.
 VWho sent forth the wild Ass to live at large?
 VWhom neither Haltar binds nor Burthens charge:
 Inhabiting the barren VVildernesse,
 And rocky Caves, remov'd from mans accesse.
 He from the many-peopl'd Citie flies;
 Contemnes their labors, and the Drivers cries:
 The Mountaines are his walkes; who wandring feeds
 On slowly-springing hearbs, and ranker weeds.
 VWill the fierce Vnicorne thy voyce obey,
 Stand at the Crib, and feed upon the hay?
 Or to the servile yoake his freedome yeild;
 Plough-up the Glebe, and harrow the rough field?
 Wilt thou upon his ready strength relye?
 VWill he sustaine thee with his Industry?
 Bring home thy Harvest? to thy will submit?
 Put of his fiercenesse, and receive the Bit?
 The Peacock, not at thy Command, assumes
 His glorious traine: Nor Estrige her rare plumes.
 She drops her Egges upon the naked Land;
 And wraps them in a bed of hatching Sand:
 Exposed to the wandering Traveller;
 And Feet of Beasts, which those wild Deserts reare.
 Shee as a Step-mother betrayes her owne;
 Left without care, and presently unknowne:
 By God depriv'd of that Intelligence
 VWhich Nature gives; of all most voide of Sense.
 Her feet the nimble Rider leave behind;
 And when shee spreads her sayles, out-strip the wind.

Hast

Hast thou with Strength indu'd the generous Horse?
 His necke with Thunder arm'd, his breast with Force?
 Him canst thou as a Grasshopper affright?
 Who from his Nostrils throwes a dreadfull light;
 Exults in his owne courage; proudly bounds;
 With trampling hooves the sounding Centre wounds:
 Breakes through the ordred Ranks with eyes that burne;
 Nor from the Battle-Axe, or Sword, will turne.
 The ratling Quiver, nor the glittering Speare,
 Or dazling Shield, can daunt his heart with feare.
 Through rage and fierceness he devoures the ground:
 Nor in his fury heares the Trumpet sound.
 Farre of the Battaille smels; like Thunder neighes:
 Loud shouts and dying groanes his courage raise.
 Do's the wild Haggard towre into the skie,
 And to the South by thy direction flye?
 Or Eagle in her gyres the Clouds imbrace,
 And on the highest cliffe her Aëry place?
 Shee dwels among the Rocks; on every side
 With broken Mountaines strongly fortifi'd:
 From thence what ever can be seene surveyes;
 And stooping, on the slaughterd Quarry preys:
 From wounds her Eglets suck the reaking blood;
 And all-devasting Warre provides her food.
 Since such my power, wilt thou with me contend?
 Instruct thy Maker? and thy fault defend?
 Now answer thou that darst thy God up-braid.
 Then humbled Iob, transfixt with sorrow, said:
 Can one so vile to such a truth reply?
 Too long my griefe hath rav'd: no more will I
 Pursue a folly, and my Sinne extend:
 But curbe my tongue, so ready to offend.

Once more Jehova from that radiant Throne
 Of Clouds thus spake: O Iob, thy armes put on:
 If thou hast will or courage left, prepare
 T'encounter me in this Gigantick warre.
 Wilt thou my Judgements disanull? defame
 My equall Rule, to cleare thy selfe of blame?
 Is thy weake Arme as strong as Gods? canst thou
 In thunder speake? the Sea with Tempests plow?
 Come deck thy selfe with Beauties Excellence;
 With Majestie; and Sun-like Rayes dispense:
 The fury of thy wrath like lightning fling
 On bold offenders: Pride to ruine bring.
 Those with the surfeits of excesse destroy,
 Who in their uncontrouled vices joy:

Hide them together in the Caves of Night;
 There bind them, never to behold the Light:
 Then will I say that thou thy selfe can'st save
 From wasting Age, Destruction, and the Grave.
 With thee, I made the mighty Elephant;
 VVho Oxe-like feeds on every herbe and plant.
 His mighty strength lyes in his able Loynes:
 And where the flexure of his Navell joynes.
 His stretcht-out tayle presents a Mountaine Pine;
 The Sinewes of his Stones like Cords combine.
 His Bones the hammer'd Steele in strength surpasse:
 His sides are fortifi'd with Ribs of Brasse.
 Of Gods great workes the chiefe: lo, he who made
 This knowing Beast, hath arm'd him with a blade.
 He feed's on lofty Hills, nor lives by prey:
 About their gentle Prince his Subjects play.
 His limbs he coucheth in the cooler shades:
 Oft, when Heavens burning Eye the fields invades,
 To Marishes resorts; obscur'd with Reedes,
 And hoary Willows, which the moysture feeds.
 The chiding Currents at his entry rise;
 VVho quivering Jordan swallowes with his Eyes.
 Can the bold Hunter take him in a Toyle?
 Or by the Trunck produce him as his Spoyle?
 Can'st thou with a weake Angle strike the Whale?
 Catch with a hooke, or with a noose inthrall?
 Drag by a slender Line unto the Shore?
 His huge Jaw with a twig or Bulrush bore?
 VVill he his pittifull complaints renew?
 For freedome with afflicted Language sue?
 Become thy willing Vassall? canst thou still
 Subject him to the Service of thy Will?
 And like a Sparrow, fetter'd in a String,
 The plaid-with Monster to the Virgins bring?
 Shall thy Companions feast upon his spoile?
 Or wilt thou to the Merchant sell his Oyle?
 Can'st thou with Fisgigs pierce him to the quicke?
 Or in his skull thy barbed Trident sticke?
 Then hasten to the charge. Yet Souldier feare:
 Thinke of the Battaile, and in time forbear.
 Vaine are their hopes who seeke by force or slight
 To vanquish him, who conquers with his sight.
 VVhat Mortall dare with such a foe contend?
 Much lesse his hand against his Maker bend?
 Can gifts my grace ingage? when all below
 The lofty Sunne is mine, what can I owe?

Chap. 41.

Chap. 40.

This

This wonder of the Deepe, his mightie force,
 And goodly forme, shall furnish our discourse.
 Who can deuest him of his waves? bestride
 His monstrous Backe? and with a Bridle ride?
 His Heads huge Dores unlocke? whose jawes with great
 And dreadfull teeth in treble rankes are set.
 Arm'd with refulgent Shields, together join'd,
 And seal'd-up to resist the ruffling wind;
 The neather by the upper fortifi'd:
 No force their Combination can divide.
 His sneezings set on fire the foaming Brine:
 His round Eyes like the Mornings Eye-lids shine.
 Infernall Lightning sallies from his Throat:
 Ejected Sparkes upon the Billowes float.
 A cloud of Smoake from his wide Nostrils flies;
 As Vapors from a boyling Furnace rise.
 He burning Coles exhales, and vomits flames:
 His strength the Empire of the Ocean claimes.
 Loud Tempests, roaring flouds, and what affright
 The trembling Sailer, turne to his delight.
 The flakes of his tough flesh so firmly bound.
 As not to be divorced by a wound.
 His Heart a solid Rocke, to feare unknowne:
 And harder than the Grinders nether Stone.
 The sword his armed sides in vaine assailes:
 No Dart nor Lance can penetrate his Scales.
 Who Brasse as rotten wood, and Steele, no more
 Regards then Reeds, that bristle on the Shore.
 Dreads he the twanging of the Archers String?
 Or singing Stones from the Phœnician sling?
 Darts he esteemes as Straw, asunder torne:
 The shaking of the Javelin laughes to scorne.
 He ragged Stones beneath his Belly spreads;
 To his repose as soft as downye Beds.
 The Seas before him like a Caldron boyle:
 And in the fervour of their Motion foyle.
 A Light, stroke from the floods, detects his way;
 Who covers their aspiring heads with gray.
 Of all whom ample Earths round shoulders beare,
 None equall this: created without feare.
 What ever is exalted, he disdaines:
 And as a King among the Mightie raignes.
 O Father, I acknowledge (Job repli'd)
 Thy all effecting Power. O who can hide
 His thoughts from thee! who can reverse, or shun
 Thy just Decree! what thou would'st doe, is done.

I heard thee say ; Dare brutish Man profane
 My darkned Counsels? and of God complaine?
 Great Judge, I in thy Mirror see my shame :
 Those Lips that justifi'd, my guilt proclaime.
 Our knowledge is but ignorance, and wee
 The Sonnes of Folly, if compar'd with thee.
 Thy wayes, and sacred Mysteries, transcend
 Their Apprehensions, who in Death must end.
 O to my Prayers afford a gracious Eare !
 Instruct thy Servant, and his Darknesse cleare !
 I, of thy Excellence, have oft beene told :
 But now my ravish't eyes thy Face behold.
 Who therefore in this weeping Palinod
 Abhorre my selfe, that have displeas'd my God:
 In Dust and Ashes mourne, Nor will my feares
 Forsake me, till I cleanse my Soule with teares.

VVhen contrite Job had this submission made ;
 The Lord to Eliphas of Theman said :
 Against thee, and thy two Associates,
 My Anger burnes, and hastens to your fates :
 Since you, unlike my Servant Iob, have err'd ;
 And Victory before the Truth preferr'd.
 Seven spotlesse Rams, seven Bulls that never bare
 The yoke, select ; with these to Iob repaire :
 Their bleeding Limbs upon my Altar lay,
 His ready Charitie for you shall pray,
 And reconcile my wrath : Else merited
 Revenge should forthwith send you to the Dead ;
 VVho have my Rule and providence profan'd :
 Nor, like my Servant Iob, the truth maintain'd.
 Then Bildad, Eliphas, and Zophar, came
 To their old Friend : The feasted Altars flame.
 For whom that injur'd Saint devoutly pray'd :
 And with the Incens'd their attonement made.
 Even in that pious Duty, the most High
 Beheld his Patience with a tender Eye :
 From envious Satans tyranny releas't ;
 Dry'd-up his teares, and with abundance blest.
 His Brothers and his Sisters, all the traine
 That follow'd his Prosperitie, againe
 Present their visits ; at his table feed :
 Bemone, and Comfort, Joyes his grieve succeed.
 With Gold and Silver they increase his Store :
 And gave the precious Earerings which they wore.
 So that Jehova blest his latter Dayes
 More then the first : His Losse with Interest payes.

His Drowes of Affes, Camels, heards of Neat,
And flockes of Sheepe, grew shortly twice as great.
Blest with Seven sonnes : three Daughters ; who for faire
Might with the Beauties of the Earth compare.
One call'd Jemima, of the rising Light :
A second, for her sweetnesse, Cassia hight :
The youngest Kerenhappa ; of the powre
And rayes of beauty. Rich in Natures Dowre ;
As in their Fathers Love : who gave them shares
Among his Sonnes, and joyn'd them with his heires.
Iob seven-score yeares his Miseries surviv'd :
His Childrens Children saw ; those who deriv'd
From them their birth, even to the fourth descent :
And in Tranquilitie his old-Age spent.
Then full of Dayes, and deathlesse Honour, gave
His Soule to God : his Body to the Grave.

His Doves of Affes, Camels, herds of Neat,
 And flocks of sheepe, grew shortly twice as great.
 Blest with sevenfoldness: three Daughters; who for faire
 Might with the Beauries of the East compare.
 One call'd Jermina, of the rising light;
 A second, for her sweetest, Callia night;
 The youngest Kerethpa; of the power
 And rays of beauty. Rich in Names Dore;
 As in their Fathers Love: who gave them Names
 Among his Sonnes, and joy'd them with his heirs.
 Job seven-score yeeres his Misfortunes lived:
 His Childrens Children too; those who deriv'd
 From them their birth, even to the fourth descent;
 And in Tranquillitie his old Age spent.
 Then full of Dayes, and deathlesse Honour, gave
 His Soule to God: his Body to the Grave.

A
PARAPHRASE

VPON THE
PSALMES OF DAVID.

By G. S.

Set to new Tunes for private Devotion:
And a thorow Base, for Voice,
or Instrument.

BY
HENRY LAWES Gentleman of His
Majesties Chappell Royall.

A
PARAPHRASE
UPON THE
PSALMS OF DAVID.

By G. S.

Set to new Tunes for private Devotion:
And a chorist's Part, for Voice,
or Instrument.

BY
HENRY LAW, Gentleman of His
Majesty's Chappell Royal.

To the King.

OVR graver Muse from her long Dreame awakes,
Peneian Groves, and Cirrha's Caves forsakes :
Inspir'd vvith Zeale, she climbs th' Æthereall Hills
Of Solyma, where bleeding Balme distils ;
VVhere Trees of Life unfading Youth assure,
And Living VVaters all Diseases cure :
VVhere the Svveet Singer, in coelestiall Laies,
Sung to his solemne Harp Iehovah's Praise.
From that falne Temple, on her vvings she beares
Those Heavenly Raptures to your sacred Eares :
Not that her bare and humble Feet aspire
To mount the Threshold of th' harmonious Quire ;
But that at once she might Oblations bring
To God ; and Tribute to a god-like King.
And since no narrow Verse such Mysteries,
Deepe Sense, and high Expressions could comprise ;
Her labouring VVings a larger compasse flie,
And Poesie resolves vvith Poesie :
Lest she, vvho in the Orient clearly rose,
Should in your Western World obscurely close.

A
PARAPHRASE
UPON THE
PSALMS OF DAVID.

By G. S.

Set to new Tunes for private Devotion:
And a short Ballad for Voice
or Instrument.

BY
HENRY LAWES Gentleman of His
Majesties Chappell Royall.

To the King.

O V^R graver Muse from her long Dreame awakes,
Peneian Groves, and Cirrha's Caves forsakes :
Inspir'd vvith Zeale, she climbs th' Æthereall Hills
Of Solyma, where bleeding Balme distils ;
VVhere Trees of Life unfading Youth assure,
And Living VVaters all Diseases cure :
VVhere the Svveet Singer, in cœlestiall Laies,
Sung to his solemne Harp Ichovah's Praise.
From that false Temple, on her vvings she beares
Those Heavenly Raptures to your sacred Eares :
Not that her bare and humble Feet aspire
To mount the Threshold of th' harmonious Quire ;
But that at once she might Oblations bring
To God ; and Tribute to a god-like King.
And since no narrow Verse such Mysteries,
Deepe Sense, and high Expressions could comprise ;
Her labouring VVings a larger compasse flie,
And Poesie resolves vvith Poesie :
Lest she, vvho in the Orient clearly rose,
Should in your Western World obscurely close.

To the King.

O Vn-grav'd Muse from her long Dream-awakes,
Peneian Groves and Cirrhæa's Caves forsakes:
Inspir'd with Zeal, she climbs th' Æthereall Hills
Of Solyma, where bleeding Balm distils;
VVhere Trees of Life un fading Youth assure,
And Living Waters all Diseases cure:
VVhere the Sweet Singer, in celestiall Lanes,
Sung to his solemn Harp Jehovah's Praise.
From that same Temple, on her wings she bears
Those Heavenly Rapures to your sacred Ears:
Not that her bare and humble Feet aspire
To mount the Threshold of th' harmonious Quire;
But that at once the might Oblations bring
To God, and Tribute to a god-like King.
And since no narrow Vests such Mysteries
Deepe Sense, and high Expressions could comprise;
Her labouring Wings a larger compass shie,
And Poetic resolves with Poetic;
Lest she, who in the Orient cleary role,
Should in your Western World obscurely close.

To the Queene.

O You, vvho like a fruitfull Vine,
To this our Royall Cedar joyne:
Since it vvere impious to divide,
In such a Present, Hearts so ty'd;
Vrania your chaste eares invites
To these her more sublime Delights.
Then, with your zealous Lover, daigne
To enter Davids numerous Fane.
Pure Thoughts his Sacrifices are;
Sabæan Incense, fervent Prayer;
This holy Fire fell from the Skies;
The holy VVater from his eyes.
O should You with your Voice infuse
Perfection, and create a Muse!
Though meane our Verse, such Excellence
At once would ravish Soule and Sense:
Delight in Heavenly Dwellers move;
And, since they cannot envy, Love:
VVhen they from this our Earthly Spheare
Their owne Coelestiall Musick heare.

To my Noble Friend Mr. George Sandys
upon his excellent Paraphrase
on the PSALMES.

HAd I no Blushes left, but were of Those,
Who Praise in Verse, what they Despise in Prose;
Had I this Vice from Vanity or Youth;
Yet such a Subject would have taught me Truth:
Hence it were Banisht, where of Flattery
There is nor Use, nor Possibility.
Else thou hadst cause to feare, lest some might Raise
An Argument against thee from my Praise.
I therefore know, Thou canst expect from me
But what I give, Historicke Poetry.
Friendship for more could not a Pardon win;
Nor thinke I Numbers make a Lie no Sinne.
And need I say more then my Thoughts indite,
Nothing vvere easier, then not to write.
Which now were hard; for wheresoere I Raise
My thoughts, thy severall Paines extort my Praise.
First, that which doth the Pyramids display;
And in a worke much lastinger then they,
And more a wonder, scornes at large to shew,
What were Indifferent if True or No:
Or from its lofty Flight, stoope to declare
What All men might have known, had All bin There.
But by thy learned Industry and Art,
To Those, who never from their Studies part,
Doth each Lands Laws, Beliefe, Beginning show;
Which of the Natives but the Curious know:
Teaching the frailty of all Humane things;
How soone great Kingdoms fall, much sooner Kings:
Prepares our Soules, that Chance cannot direct
A Machin at us, more then we expect.
We know, That Towne is but with Fishers Fraught,
Where Theseus Govern'd, and where Plato Taught:
That Spring of Knowledge, to which Italy
Owes all her Arts, and her Civility,

His Travels
wherein he re-
lates the Hi-
story of the
Pyramides.

Athens.

Greece.

That

Another.

S Vch is the Vertue thou Writest, that who reads Thine
Can never be content to suffer Mine:
Such is the Verse I Write, that reading Mine,
I hardly can beleve I have read Thine:
And wonder, that their Excellence once knowne,
I nor correct, nor yet conceale mine owne.
Yet though I Danger feare, then Censure lesse,
Nor apprehend a Breach, like to a Presse:
Thy Merits, now the second time, inflame
To sacrifice the Remnant of my Shame.
Nor yet (as first) Alone, but joynd with Those
Who make the loftiest Verse, seeme humblest Prose.
Thus did our Master, to his Praise, desire
That Babes should with Philosophers conspire:
And Infants their Hosanna's should unite
With the so Famous Arcopagite.
Perhaps my Stile too, is for Praise most fit,
Those shew their Iudgment least, who shew their wit:
And are suspected, least their subtiler Aime
Be rather to attaine, then to give Fame.
Perhaps whilst I my Earth doe interpose
Betwixt thy Sunne and Them, I may aid those
Who have but feeble Eyes and weaker Sight,
To beare thy Beames, and to support thy Light.
So thy Eclipse, by neighbouring Darkenesse made,
Vere no injurious, but a usefull Shade:
How ere I finish heere, my Muse her Daies
Ends in expressing thy deserved Praise:
VWhose fate in this seemes fortunately cast,
To have so just an Action for her Last.
And since there are, who have been taught, that Death
Inspireth Prophecie, expelling Breath,
I hope, when these foretell, what happie Gains
Posteritie shall reape from these thy Paines:
Nor yet from these alone, but how thy Pen,
Earth-like, shall yearly give new Gifts to Men:
And

And Thou fresh Praise, and we fresh Good receive
(For he who Thus can write can never Leave)
How Time in them shall never force a Breach;
But they shall alwayes Live and alwaies Teach:
That the sole likelihood which these present,
Will from the more rais'd Soules command Assent;
And the so taught, will not Beliefe refuse,
To the last Accents of a Dying Muse.

Falkland

To my much honoured Friend

Mr. George Sandys.

IT is, Sir, a Confest Intrusion here,
That I before your Labours doe appeare:
VVhich no loud Herald need, that may proclaime,
Or seeke acceptance, but the Authors fame.
Much lesse that should This Happy Worke commend,
VVhose Subject is its Licence, and doth send
It to the World to be Receiv'd and Read,
Farre as the glorious Beames of Truth are spread.
Nor let it be imagin'd, that I looke
Only with Customes Eye upon your Booke;
Or in this service that 'twas my intent
T'exclude your Person from your Argument.
I shall professe, much of the Love I owe
Doth from the Root of our Extraction grow,
To which though I can little contribute;
Yet with a Naturall joy, I must impute
To our Tribes honour, what by You is done,
VVorthy the Title of a Prelates Sonne.
And scarcely have Two Brothers farther borne
A Fathers Name, or with more Value worne
Their Owne, then Two of you: whose Pens, and Feet
Have made the distant Points of Heav'n to meet:
Hee by exact discoveries of the West,
Your Selfe by painfull Travels in the East.

St. Edwards
Sandys view of
Religion in
the Wellerne
parts.

Some

Some more like you would powerfully Confute
Th'Opposers of Priests Manage by the Eruition
And (since 'tis knowne, for all their Strait-vow'd life,
They Like the Sexe in any stile but Wife)
Cause them to change their Cloister for that State,
Which Keeps men Chast by Vowes legitimate.
Nor shame to Father their Relations,
Or under Nephewes Names disguise their Sons.
This Child of yours, borne without spurious blot,
And Fairely Midwived as it was begot,
Doth so much of the Parents goodnesse Weare,
You may be proud to owne it for your Heire
Whose Choice acquites you from the Common Sin
Of such, who finish worse, then they Begin.
You mend upon your selfe, and your Last Straine
Does of your First the start in judgement gaine
Since, what in Curious Travell was begun,
You here conclude in a Devotion Good
Where in delightfull Raptures we desire,
As in a Map, Sions Chorography
Lay'd out in so direct, and smooth a Line,
Men need not goe about through Palestine.
Who seeke Christ here, will the Streight Rode preferre,
As neerer much then by the Sepulchre.

For not a Limbe growes here, but is a Path
Which in Gods City the blest Centre hath,
And doth so sweetly on each Passion strike,
The most phantastick taste will somewhat Like
To the Vanquish't Soule Iob still from hence
Speaks in th' Example of his Patience,
The Mortifi'd may heare the Wise King Preach,
When his Repentance made Him fit to Teach
Here are choice Hymnes and Carolls for the Glad,
And melancholy Dirges for the sad,
Last, David (as he could his Art transforre)
Speaks like Himselfe by an Interpreter
Your Muse, rekindled hath the Prophets Fire,
And Tun'd the Strings of his neglected Lyre.

Making

Making the Note and Ditty so agree,
They now become a perfect Harmony.

I must confesse, I have long wisht to see
The Psalmes reduc'd to this Conformitie
Grieving the Songs of Sion should be sung
In Phrase not differing from a Barbarous Tongue.
As if, by Custome warranted, we may
Sing that to God, we would be loth to Say.
Farre be it from my purpose to upbraid
Their honest meaning, who first offer made
That Booke in Meter to compile, which you
Have mended in the Forme, and Built anew.
And It was well, considering the Time
Which scarcely could distinguish Verse and Rhime,
But now the Language, like the Church, hath won
More Luster since the Reformation;
None can condemne the Wish, or Labour spent
Good Matter in Good Words to represent.

Yet in this jealous Age some such there be
So (without cause) afraid of Noveltie;
They would by no meanes (had they power to chose)
An Old Ill Custome, for a Better loose.
Men who a Rustick Plainesse so affect,
They thinke God served best by their neglect
Holding the Cause would be Prophan'd by it,
Vvere they at Charge of Learning or of Wit.
And therefore bluntly, what comes next, they bring
Course and ill study'd Stuffle for Offering;
Which, liketh Old Tabernacles Covering, are
Made up of Badgers skins and of Goats haire.
But These are Paradoxes they must use
Their Sloth and bolder Ignorance to excuse.
Who would not laugh at one will Naked goe,
Cause in Old hangings Truth is pictur'd so
Though Plainesse be reputed Honours note,
They Mantles adde to beautifie the Coat,
So that a Curious (unaffected) dresse
Addes much unto the Bodies comelineesse.

And

In Vice and Barbarisme supinely rowles;
Their Fortunes not more slavish then their Souls.
Those Churches, which from the first Hereticks wan
All the first Fields, or led (at least) the Van;
In whom those Notes, so much required, be;
Agreement, Miracles, Antiquity:
Which can a Never-broke Succession show
From the Apostles down; (Here bragg'd of so:)
So best confute Her most Immodest claime,
Who scarce a Part, yet to be All doth aime;
Lie now distrest, betweene two Enemy-Powers,
Whom the West damnes, & whom the East devoures.
What State then Theirs can more Vnhappy be,
Threatned with Hell, and sure of Poverty.
The small Beginning of the Turkish Kings,
And their large Growth, shew us that different Things
May meet in One Third; what most Disagree,
May have some Likenesse: For in this we see,
A Mustard-seed may be resembled well
To the Two Kingdomes, both of Heaven and Hell!
Their Strength, & wants this work hath both unwound;
To teach how these t'increase, and that confound:
Relates their Tenets; scorning to dispute
With Errors, which to tell, is to confute: (Teach,
Shews how even there, where Christ vouchsaf't to
Their Dervices dare an Impostor Preach.
For whilst vvith private Quarrels vve Decaid,
We vvay for them, and Their Religion made:
And can but Wishes novv to Heaven preferre,
May They gaine Christ, or We his Sepulchre.
Next Ovid calls me; vvich though I admire,
For Equalling the Authors quickning Fire,
And his pure Phrase: yet More; remembering It
Was by a Mind so much distracted Writ:
Bus'nesse and Warre, Ill Midvvives to produce
The Happy Off-spring of so sweet a Muse:
Whilst every unknowne Face did Danger Threat;
For every Native there was twice a Gete.

Easterne
Churches.

Of Doctrine,
Of Persons,
As Antioch.

Turks.

Priests.

Ovids Meta-
morphosis.

More;

om mentar.

Virg.
Aen. lib. 1.

Panegyrick.

More; when (return'd) thy Work review'd, expos'd
What Pith before the hiding Bark inclos'd:
And with it that Essay, which lets us see
Well by the Foot, what Hercules would be.
All fitly offer'd to his Princely Hands;
By whose Protectiō Learning chiefly stands: (Swords;
Whose Vertue moves more Pens, then his Power
And Theme to those, and Edge to these affords.
Who could not be displeas'd, that his great Fame,
So Pure a Muse, so loudly should proclaime:
With his Queenes praise in the same Model cast;
Which shall not lesse, then all their Annalls, last.
Yet, though we wonder at thy Charming Voice;
Perfection still was wanting in thy Choice:
And of a Soule, vvhich so much Povver posselt,
That Choice is hardly Good, vvhich is not Best.
But though Thy Muse vvere Ethnically Chast,
When most Fault could be found; yet novv Thou hast
Diverted to a Purer Path thy Quill;
And chang'd Parnassus Mount to Sions Hill:
So that blest David might almost Desire
To heare his Harp thus Echo'd by thy Lyre.
Such Eloquence, that though it were abus'd,
Could not but be (though not Allow'd) excus'd.
Ioin'd to a Work so choice, that though Ill-done,
So Pious an Attempt Praise could not shun.
How strangely doth it darkest Texts disclose,
In Verses of such sweetnesse; that even Those,
From whō the unknown Tongue conceales the Sense,
Even in the Sound, must finde an Eloquence.
For though the most bewitching Musick could
Move men, no more than Rocks; thy Language would.
Those who make wit their Curse, who spend their
Their Time, and Art, in looser Verse, to gain (Brain
Damnation, and a Mistres; till they see
How Constant that is, how Inconstant she;
May from this great Example learne, to sway
The Parts th'are Blest-with, some more Blessed way.
Fate can against Thee but two Foes advance;

Sharpe-sighted Envy, and Blind Ignorance:
 The first (by Nature like a shadow, neare
 To all great Acts) I rather Hate then Feare:
 For them, (since whatsoever most they Raise
 In Private, That they most in Throngs Dispraise;
 And know the Ill they Act Condemn'd within)
 Who envies Thee, may no man envy Him.
 The last I Feare not much, but Pity more.
 For though they cannot the least Faule explore;
 Yet, if they might the high Tribunall Clime,
 To Them thy Excellence would be thy Crime;
 For Eloquence with things Prophane they joine;
 Nor count it fit to Mixe with what's Divine;
 Like Art and Paintings laid upon a Face,
 Of it selfe sweet; which more Deformethen Grace.
 Yet, as the Church with Ornaments is Fraught,
 Why may not That be too, which There is Taught?
 And sure that Vessell of Election, Paul,
 Who Iudais'd with Iewes, was All to All:
 So, to Gaine some, would be (at least) Content,
 Some for the Curious should be Eloquent:
 For since the Way to Heaven is Rugged, who
 Would have the Way to that Way be so too?
 Or thinks it fit, we should not leave obtaine,
 To learne with Pleasure, what we Act with Paine?
 Since then Some stop, unlesse their Path be Even,
 Nor will be led by Solœcismes to Heaven;
 And (through a Habit scarce to be controll'd)
 Refuse a Cordial, when not brought in Gold;
 Much like to them to that Disease Inur'd,
 Which can be no way, but by Musick cur'd:
 I loy in Hope, that no small Piety
 Will in their Colder Hearts be Warm'd by Thee,
 For as none could more Harmony dispense,
 So neither could thy flowing Eloquence
 So well in any Task be us'd, as this:
 To Sound His Praises forth, whose Gift it is.

*Aut non ceruicem illam
 Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem dare per amorem*

FALKLAND.

Virg.
 Georg. 2.

**An Ode to my worthy Kinsman Mr.
George Sandys upon his excellent Para-
phrase on the *Psalmes*.**

O Breath againe! that holy Lay
Did convey,
Vnto my soule so sweet a Fire,
I desire,
That all my Senses charm'd to Eare,
Should fix there.
O might this sacred Anthem last,
Till Time's past:
Vntill we warble forth a higher,
In the Quire
Of Angels, till the Spheares keepe time,
To your Rime,
Amphion did a Citie raise,
By his Lays:
The Stones did dance into a Wall,
At his call,
But your divinely-tuned Aire,
Doth repaire
Ev'n Man himselfe, whose stony Heart,
By this Art,
Rebuildeth of its owne accord,
To the Lord,
A Temple breathing holy Songs,
In strange Tongues.
You fit both Davids Lyre, and Notes,
To our Throats.
See, the greene Willow now not weares,
Of their Teares
The sadly silent Trophyes, we
From the Tree,
Take downe the Hebrew Harps, and reach,
In our speech,
What ever we doe hate, what feare,
What loye deare.

Now in faint Accents praising God,

For his Rod :

Since that his punishing a Child,

Must be stil'd

A Blessing. But our thankfull Layes,

Doe his Praise

Sound in the loudest Key, when e're

He drawes neare

In Mercy, not affrighting Power ;

In that Houre,

New Life approacheth : Then our loy

Doth employ

Each Facultie, and Tune each Aire

To a Prayre.

But by and by our Sins doe cause

A sad Pause.

Our Hands lift-up, and cast-downe Eyes,

Our faint Cryes,

Doe in their sadly-pleasing Tones

Speake our Mones.

In stead of Harps we strike our Brests ;

All the Rests

Attend this Musicke, are a Teare,

Which Sighes beare,

In their soft Language, up on high,

To the Skie ;

Whence God, delighted with our Griefe,

Sends Reliefe.

Thus unto You we owe the Ioyes,

The Sweet Noife

Of our ravisht Soules ; we borrow

Hence our Sorrow ;

Repentant Sorrow, which doth glad,

Not make sad.

We weepe in your Lines, we rejoyce

In your Voyce :

Whose pleasing Language fanns the Fire

Of Desire,

Which

Which flames in Zeale, and calmly fashions
All our Passions.

Which you so sweetly have exprest,
Some have guest,
We Hallelu-jahs shall rehearse,
In your Verse.

Then be secure, your well-tun'd Breath
Shall now out-live the Date of Death;
And when Fate pleases, you shall have
Still-Musick in the silent Grave:
You from Above shall heare each day
One Dirge dispatcht unto your Clay;
These your owne Anthemes shall become
Your lasting Epicedium.

Dudly Digger.

To the Reader.

THE Paraphrase upon the Psalmes, though here
ranck't according to the Chronology, was first
writ and published, and therefore these verses doe in
time precede those that are fixt in the Front of the
Volume.

A Whole pleasing Language fanns the Fire
In your Voice:
We weep in your Lines, we rejoyce
Not make sad.
Repentant Sorrow, which doth glad,
Hence our Sorrow;

Which



A

PARAPHRASE Vpon the first BOOKE OF THE PSALMES OF DAVID.

PSALME. I.

That man is truly blest, who never strays By false ad-

CANT.

vice, nor walks in Sinners wayes; Nor sits infected with their

BASS.

scornefull pride; VVho God contemne, and Pietie deride.

But wholly fixeth his sincere delight
On heavenly Lawes; those studies day and night.

He shall be like a Tree that spreads his root
By living streames, producing timely fruit:

His lease shall never fall: the Lord shall blesse
All his indeavours with desir'd successe.

Men

Men lost in Sinne unlike rewards shall find,
 Disperst like chaffe before the furious wind:
 Their guilt shall not that horrid Day indure,
 Nor they approach th' Assemblies of the Pure:
 For God approves those wayes the Righteous tread;
 But sinfull Paths to sure destruction leade.

PSALME. II.

CANT.



Ow are the Gentiles all on fire! Why rage they with vaine

BASS.



menacings; Earths haughtie Potentates and Kings, 'Gainst



God against his Christ conspire: Breake we, say they, their



fervile bands, And cast their cords from our free hands.



But God from his coelestiall Throne
 Shall laugh, and their attempts deride;
 Then high incenst, thus checke their pride;
 (His Wrath in their confusion showne)
 Loe, I my King have crown'd, and will
 Inthrone on Sions sacred Hill.

That great Decree I shall declare:

For thus I heard Iehovah say;

Thou art my Sonne begot this day:

Request, and I will grant thy praier;


Subject

Subject all Nations to thy Throne;
And make the Sea-bound Earth thine owne.

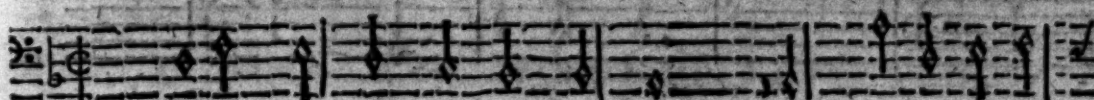
Thou shalt an Iron Scepter sway,
Like earthen vessels breake their bones.
Be wise, O you who sit on Thrones;
And Iudges grave advice obey:
With joyfull Feare O serve the Lord;
With trembling Joy embrace his Word.

In due of Homage kisse the Sonne,
Lest He his wrathfull lookes display;
And so you perish in the way,
His anger newly but begunne:
Then blessed onely are the Just,
Who on th' Anointed fixe their trust.

PSALME III.

M  CANT.

Y God, how are my foes increast! What multitudes a-

 BASS.

gainst me rise! Who say, Give we his Soule no rest; Whom



God forsakes, and Men despise.



But thou art my Support, my Tower,
My Safetie, my choise Ornament.
Before thy Throne my Prayers I powre,
Heard from thy Sions high ascent.
No feares affright my soft repose;
Thou my Night-watch, my Guard by day:
Not Myriads of armed Foes,

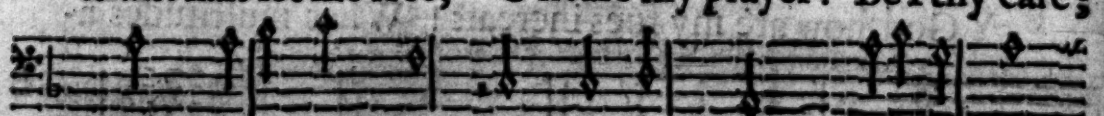
Nor Treasons secret hands dismay.
 Arise; & vindicate my Cause!
 My Foes, whom wicked Hate provoke,
 Thou, Lord, hast smit their cancred jawes,
 And all their teeth asunder broke.
 Thou Lord, the onely Hope of those,
 Who thee with holy Zeale adore;
 Whose all-protecting Armes inclose
 Their Safetie, who thy Aid implore.

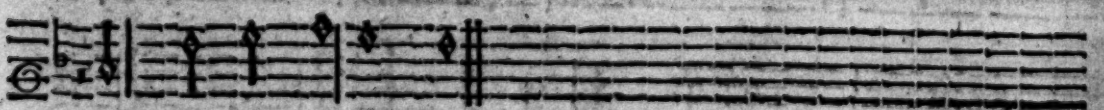
PSALME IV.

CANT. **T** 

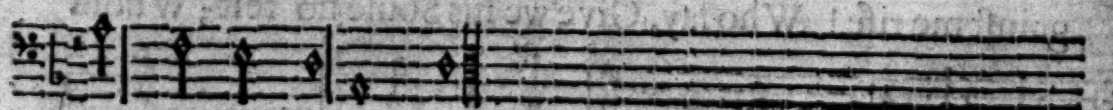
Hou Guardian of my truth and me, That from these
 BASS. 



straits hast set me free, O heare my prayer! Be I thy care;




For mercie lives in thee.



You sonnes of men, how long will you
 Eclipse my glory, and pursue
 Lov'd vanities,
 Delight in lies,
 To Man, to God untrue?

Know, God my innocence hath blest,
 And will with soveraigntie invest:
 His gentle eare
 Prepar'd to heare
 My never vaine request.

Sinne not, but feare; surcease, and try
 Your hearts, as on your beds you lie:

Pure

The Psalmes of David

5

Pure gifts present
With pure intent,
And place your hopes on high.

But earthly Mindes false wealth admire,
And toyle with uncontrol'd desire.
With cleare aspect
Thy beames reflect,
And heavenly thoughts inspire.

O let my joy, exempt from feares,
Their joyes transcend, when Autumne beares
His pleasant wines
On clustred vines,
And graine-replenish eares.

Now shall the peacefull hand of Sleep
In heavenly Deaw my senses steep;
Whom thy large wings,
O King of Kings,
In shades of safety keep.

PSALME V.

T

CANT.

O heare me, Lord, be thou inclin'd, My thoughts O

BASS.

ponder in thy minde: And let my cryes acceptance finde.

Thou hear'st my morning Sacrifice: To thee, before the

Day-star rise, My prayers ascend, with stedfast eyes.

Thou

Thou lov'st no vice; none dwells with thee;
Nor glorious Fooles thy Beautie see;
All finne-defil'd detested bee.

Liars shall sinke beneath thy hate;
Who thirst for blood, and weave deceit,
Thy Rage shall swiftly ruinate.

I to thy Temple will repayre,
Since infinite thy Mercies are;
And thee adore with Feare and Praier.

My God, conduct me by thy Grace;
For many have my Soule in chafe.
Set thy strait Paths before my face.

Falſe are their tongues, their hearts are hollow,
Like gaping Sepulchres they swallow;
Fawne, and betray even those they follow.

With vengeance girt these Rebels round;
In their owne counsels them confound;
Since their Transgressions thus abound.

Joy they with an exalted voice,
That trust in thee, who guard'st thy Choice:
Let those who love thy Name rejoyce.

Thy blessings shall in showers descend;
Thy favour as a shield defend
All those, who Righteousnesse intend.

PSALME VI.

As the 3.

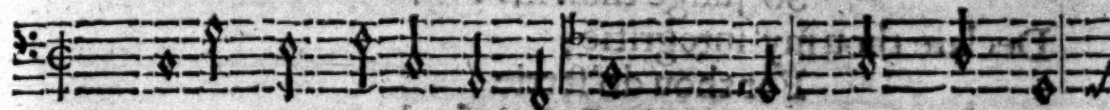
Lord, thy deserved Wrath assuage;
Nor punish in thy burning Ire;
Let Mercie mitigate thy Rage,
Before my fainting life expire.
O heale! my bones with anguish ake;
My penſive heart with sorrow worne.
How long wilt thou my ſoule forſake!
O pitie, and at length returne!
O let thy Mercies comfort me,
And thy afflicted Servant ſave!
Who will in death remember thee?
Or praise thee in the ſilent Grave?

Vext

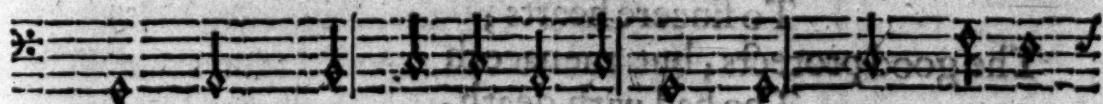
Vext by insulting enemies,
 My groanes disturbe the peacefull Night;
 My bed washt with my streaming eyes:
 Through griefe growne old, and dim of sight.
 All you of wicked life depart;
 The Lord my God hath heard my cry:
 He will recure my wounded heart,
 And turne my teares to rides of joy.
 Who hate me, let dishonour wound,
 Let feare their guiltie soules affright;
 With shanie their haughtie lookes confound,
 And let them vanish from my sight.

PSALME VII.

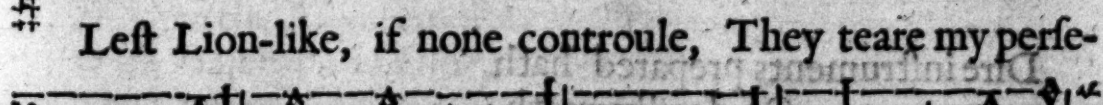
O  **CANT.**
 Thou that art my Confidence, And strong Defence;

 **BASS:**


 From those who my sad fall intend, Great God, defend.






 Left Lion-like, if none controule, They teare my perfe-



cuted Soule.



If I am guiltie; if there be
 Deceit in me;
 If ill I ever to my friend
 Did but intend;

Or

Or rather have not succour'd those,
Who were my undeserved foes :

Let them my stained Soule pursue,
With hate subdue ;
Let their proud feet in Triumph tread
Upon my head :
My life out of her mansion thrust,
And lay my Honour in the dust.

Against my dreadfull Enemies,
Great God, arise.
Just Judge, thy sleeping Wrath awake,
And vengeance take :
Then all shall Thee adore alone.
O King of Kings ascend thy Throne !

Part. 2.

Judge thou my foes ; as I am free,
So judge thou me :
Declare thou my integritie ;
For thou do'st trie
The heart and reines : the Just defend ;
The malice of the Wicked end.

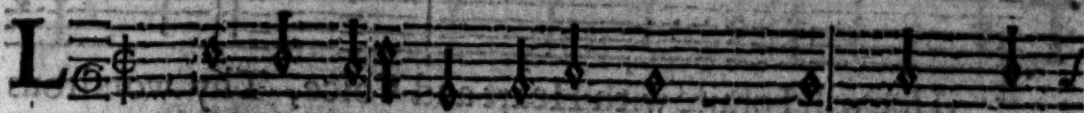
God is my shield ; he helpe imparts
To sincere hearts ;
The good protects ; but menaceth
The bad with death ;
Nor will, unlesse they change, relent :
He whets his sword, his bow is bent.

Dire instruments prepared hath
Of deadly wrath :
And will at those, who persecute,
swift arrowes shoot :
Who wicked thoughts conceiv'd ; now great
With Mischiefe, travell ; hatch Deceit.

Who digg'd a pit, first fell therein,
Caught by his sinne ;
On his owne head his outrage shall
Like ruines fall.

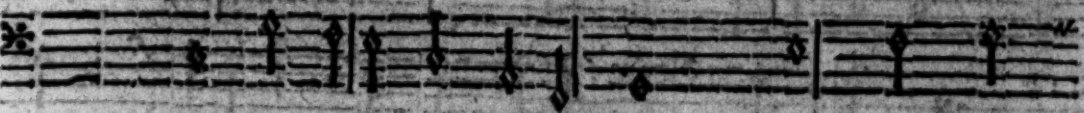
But I, O thou eternall King,
VWill of thy Truth and Justice sing.

PSALME.VIII.

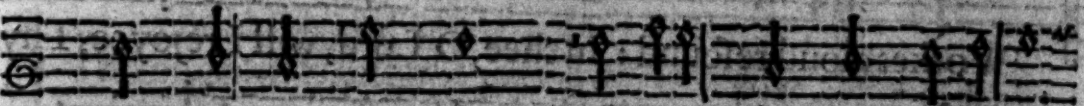


CANT.

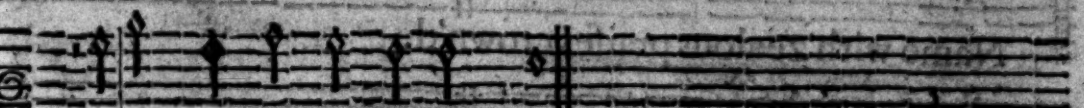
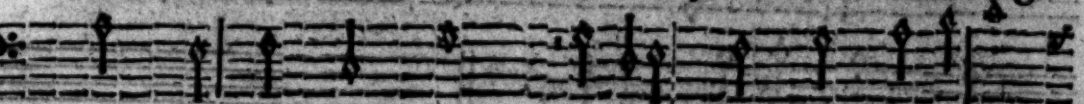
Ord, how illustrious is thy Name ! VVhose Power both



BASS.



Heav'n & Earth proclame! Thy Glory thou hast set on high



Above the Marble-arched Skie.



The wonders of thy Power thou hast
In mouthes of babes and sucklings plac't:
That so thou might'st thy foes confound,
And who in malice most abound.
When I pure Heaven, thy fabricke see,
The Moone and Starres dispos'd by thee,
O what is Man, or his fraile Race,
That thou shouldst such a Shadow grace!
Next to thy Angels most renown'd;
With Majestie and Glory crown'd:
The King of all thy Creatures made;
That all beneath his feet hast laid:
All that on Dales or Mountaines feed,
That shady Woods or Deserts breed;
What in the aerie Region glide,
Or through the rowling Ocean slide.
Lord, how illustrious is thy Name!
Whose Power both Heaven and Earth proclame.

PSALME.VIII.

Lord, my intling I see withstand
And draw me from Deaths greedy jaws;
That I may in the Royall Gate
Of Sions Daughter raise my Voice;
Thy ample Praises celebrate,

And

PSALME IX.

CANT. **T** Hee will I praise with Heart and Voice, Thy wondrous
BASS. Workes aloud resound : In thee, O Lord, will I rejoyce; Thy
 Name with zealous praises crown'd.

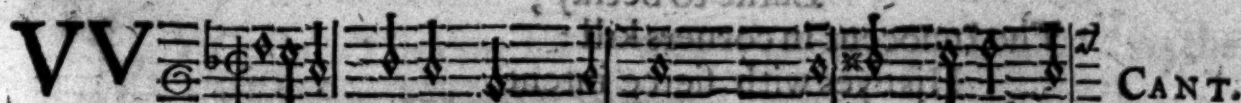
My Foes fell by inglorious flight,
 Before thy terrible Aspect :
 Thy powerfull Hands support my Right ;
 Thou Judgement justly dost direct.
 The proud are false, the Heathen lie ;
 Oblivion shall their names intombe:
 Destruction, O thou Enemy,
 Hath now receiv'd a finall doome.
 Thou Townes and Cities hast destroy'd ;
 Their memorie with them decays :
 But God for ever shall abide,
 And high his Throne of Justice raise.
 A righteous Scepter shall extend ;
 And Judgement distribute to all :
 He will oppressed Soules defend,
 That in the time of Trouble call.
 Who know thy Name in thee will trust ;
 Thou never wilt forsake thine Owne.
 Praise Sions King, O praise the Just,
 And make his noble Actions knowne.
 Bloud scapes not his revenging hand,
 He vindicates the Poore mans Cause.
 Lord, my insulting Foes withstand,
 And draw me from Deaths greedy Jawes ;
 That I may in the Royall Gate
 Of Sions Daughter raise my Voice ;
 Thy ample Praises celebrate,

Part. 2.

And

And in thy saving health rejoyce,
 They (false into the Pit they made)
 Are caught in Nets themselves prepar'd:
 The Lord his Judgements hath displayd:
 The Wicked in their workes insnar'd:
 The Wicked downe to Hell shall sinke,
 And all that doe the Lord disdain:
 But God will on the Needy thinke,
 Nor shall the Poore expect in vaine.
 Lord, let not Man prevaile;
 Th' Insulting Heathen judge:
 Let trembling Feare their heart surprize,
 That they may know they are but Men.

PSALME X.



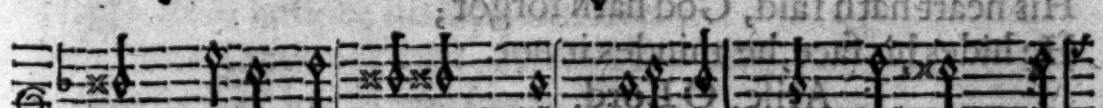
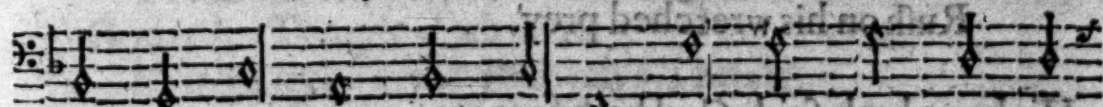
CANT.

With draw not, O my God, my guid: In time of trouble

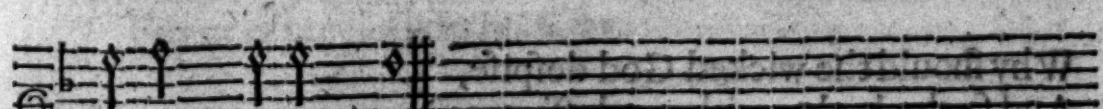
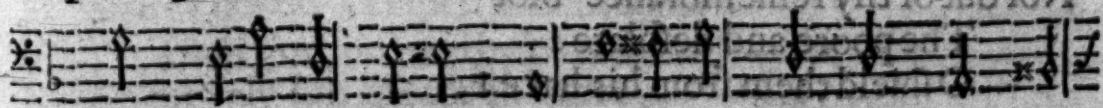


BASS.

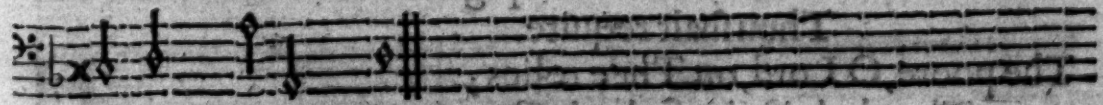
dost thou hide Thy cheerfull face? Who want thy Grace, The



poore pursue with cruell pride: O be they by their owne In-



ventions overthrowne.



The wicked boast of their successe;

The covetous profanely blesse,

By thee, O Lord,

So much abhorr'd.

Their pride will not thy power confesse ;
Nor have thy favour sought,
Or had of thee a thought.

They in oppression take delight ;
Thy Judgements farre above their fight :
Their enemies
Scoffe and despise :

Who say in heart, No opposite
Can us remove, nor shall
Our greatnesse ever fall.

Their mouths detested curses fill ;
Fraud, mischief, ever prone to ill :

In secret they
Lurke to betray ;
The Innocent in corners kill :
His eyes with fierce intent
Upon the poore are bent.

Part. 2.

He like a Lion in his den,
Awaits to catch oppressed men,
Who unaware
Light in his snare.
His couched limbs contracts, that then
with all his strength he may
Rush on his wretched prey.

His heart hath said, God hath forgot ;
He hides his face, he mindes it not.
Arise, O Lord,
Draw thy just sword ;
Nor out of thy remembrance blot
The poore and desolate :
O shield them from his hate !

Why should the wicked God despise,
And say he looks with carelesse eyes ?
Their well seene spight
Thou shalt requite.

The poore, O Lord, on Thee relies ;
Thou help'st the fatherlesse,
Whom cruell men oppresse.

Asunder breake the armes of those,
VWho ill affect, and good oppose :

Their

Their crimes explore,
Untill no more
Lurke in their bosomes to disclose:
Eternall King, thy Hand
Hath chac'd them from thy Land.

Lord, thou hast heard thy Servants prayer;
Thou wilt their humble hearts prepare:

Thy gracious Eare
Inclin'd to heare.
The Fatherlesse, and worne with care
Judge thou; that Mortalls may
No more with outrage sway.

PSALME XI.

MY God, on Thee my hopes relie: As the 9.
VVhy say they to my troubled Soule,
Arise, up to your Mountaine flie;
Flie quickly, like a chaced Foule?
For loe, the wicked bend their bowes,
Their arrowes fitt with secret Art;
That closely they may shoot at those,
VVho are upright and pure in heart.
If their foundation be destroy'd,
VVhat can the Righteous build upon?
God in his Temple doth abide;
Heaven is the great Jehovah's Throne.
His Eyes behold, his Eye-lids trie
The Sonnes of men; allows the best:
But such as joy in crueltie
The Lord doth from his Soule detest.
Snares, horrid Tempest, Brimstone, Fire
(Their portion) on their heads shall light:
Th'intirely Just affects th'intire;
For ever precious in his fight.

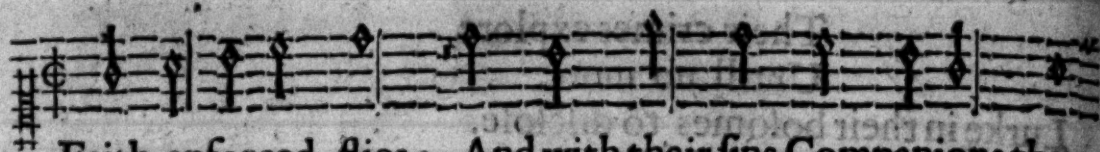
PSALME XII.



Elpe Lord, for Godly men decay; From Mortalls



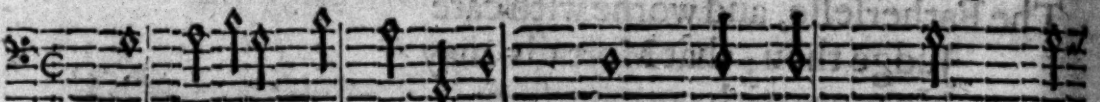
Faith



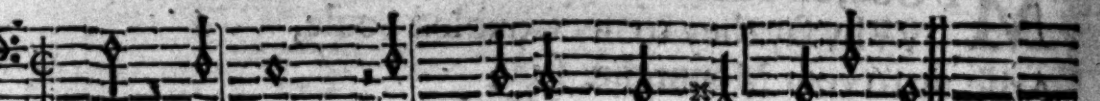
Faith, enforced, flies : And with their fins Companions they,



Talke of affected Vanities : Their flattering Tongues a-



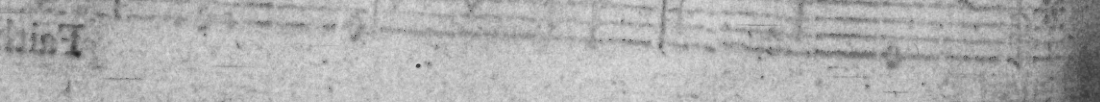
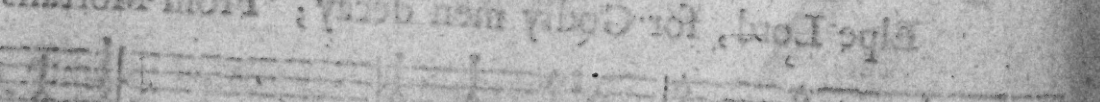
bound with Lies ; Their double Hearts bent to betray.



God shall those flattering Lips confound,
 And Tongues which swell with proud Disdaine ;
 Whose boastings arrogantly sound ;
 Our Tongues the conquest shall obtaine ;
 They are our owne, who shall restraine ?
 Or to our Wills prescribe a bound ?

But for th' Oppression of the Poore,
 And VVretches sighes which pierce the Skies,
 VVho pitie at his Throne implore,
 The Lord hath said, I will arise,
 And from their Foes, who them despise,
 Deliver all that me adore.

Gods VVord is pure ; as pure as Gold
 In melting Furnace seven times try'd :
 His Armes for ever shall infold
 All those, who in his truth abide.
 The wicked range on every side,
 VVhen vitious men the Scepter hold.



PSALME. XIII.

H Cant.

Ow long ! Lord, let me not For ever be forgot ! How

Bass.

long my God, wilt thou Contract thy clouded brow ! How

long in mind perplext Shall I be daily vext !

How long shall he controll,
Who persecutes my soule !
Consider, heare my cries ;
Illuminate mine eyes ;
Lest with exhausted breath
I ever sleepe in Death ;
Lest my insulting Foe
Boast in my overthrow ;
And those who would destroy,
In my subversion joy.
But I, Thou ever Just,
Will in thy Mercie trust ;
And in thy saving Grace
My constant Comfort place :
My Songs shall sing thy Praise,
That hast prolong'd my Dayes.

Since God doth with the Just abide :
For Foore mens Conscience they decide,
Vvho him for their Protection take.

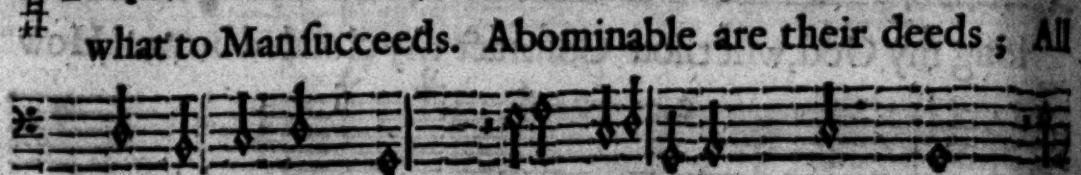
O that unto thy Irael
Salvation might from Zion spring !

PSALME XIII.

CANT.



BASS.



what to Man succeeds. Abominable are their deeds ; All
Ill affect, from Good depart.

Jehovah Mans rebellious Race
Beheld from his celestiaall Throne ;
To see if there were any one
That understood, or sought his Face.

All from forsaken Truth are flowne ;
Corrupt in Bodie, such in Soule,
Defil'd within, without as foule ;
None Goodindeavours, no, not One.

Are all, that worke Iniquitie,
By Ignorance so blindly led ;
My People they devoure like Bread ;
Nor call on him who sits on high.

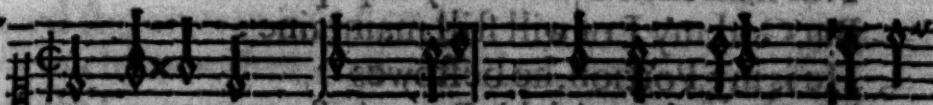
Their Consciences with terroure quake ;
Since God doth with the Just abide :
For Poore mens Counsels they deride,
VWho him for their Protection take.

O that unto thy Israel
Salvation might from Sion Spring !

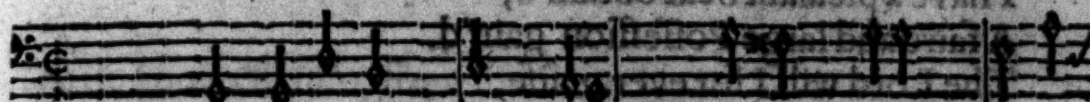
VWhen

When God shall us from Bondage bring,
No joy shall Jacobs joy excell.

PSALME. XV.

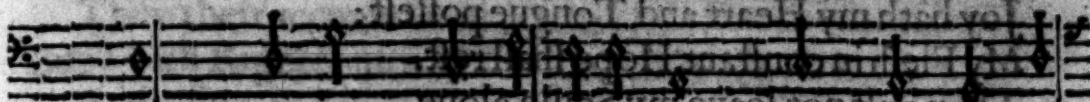
VV  CANT.

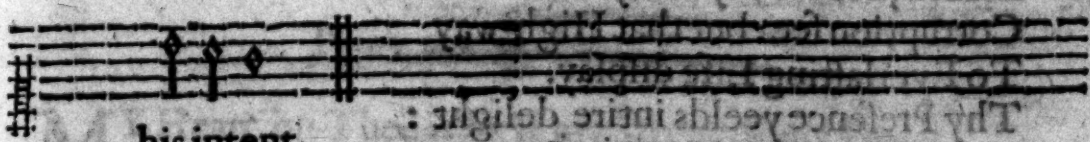
Ho shall in thy Tent abide ? On thy Holy Hill re-

 BASS.

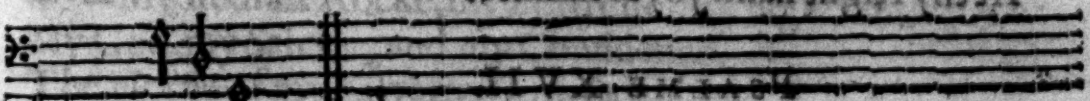
 CANT.

side ? He that's Just and Innocent, Tells the truth of

 BASS.

 CANT.

his intent;

 BASS.

Slanders none with venom'd Tongue;
Feares to doe his Neighbour wrong;
Fosters not base Infamies;
Vice beholds with scornfull Eyes;
Honours those who feare the Lord;
Keepes; though to his losse, his Word;
Takes no Bribes for wicked ends,
Nor to Use his Money lends:
Who by these directions guide
Their pure steps, shall never slide.

PSALME XVI.

PReserve me, my undoubted Aid :
To whom, thou, O my Soule, hast said,
Thou art my God; no good in me,
Nor Merit can extend to Thee;
But to thy blessed Saints that dwell

As the 3.

As the 8.

On Earth, whose Graces most excell:
 Those ravish me with pure delight,
 Their sorrowes shall be infinite,
 Who other Gods with gifts adore;
 Their bloudie Offerings I abhorre;
 Nor shall their Names my Lips profane.
 But God my Lot will still maintaine:
 He is my Portion, he bestowes
 The Cup, that with his Bountie flowes.
 I have a pleasant Seat obtain'd,
 A faire and large Possession gain'd.
 The Lord will I for ever praise,
 Whose Counsels have inform'd my VVayes:
 And my inflamed Zeale excite
 To serve him in the silent Night.
 He is my Object; by his Hand
 Confirm'd, immoveable I stand.
 Joy hath my Heart and Tongue possesse:
 My Flesh in constant Hope shall rest.
 Thou wilt not leave my Soule alone
 In Hell; nor let thy Holy One
 Corruption see: but that High-way
 To Everlasting Life display.
 Thy Presence yeelds intire delight:
 At thy Right hand Joyes infinite.

PSALME XVII.

As the 31.

Lord, grant my just Request; O heare my crie,
 And Pray'rs that lips untoucht with guile, unfold:
 My Cause before thy High Tribunal try,
 And let thine Eyes my Righteousnesse behold.

Thou prov'ft my Heart even in the Nights recess,
 Like mettall try'ft me, yet no Dross hast found:
 I am resolv'd, my Tongue shall not transgresse,
 But on thy Word will all my Actions ground.

So shall I from the Paths of Tyrants flee,
 O, lest I slip, direct my Steps by Thine!
 I Thee invoke; for thou wilt heare my Crie:
 Thine Eare to my afflicted Voice incline.

O shew thy wondrous Love! Thou from their Foes
 Preservest all that on thy Aye depend,
 Lord, as the Apple of the Eye inclose,
 And over me thy shadie Wings extend.

For

For Impious men, and such as deadly hate Part 2.
 My guiltlesse Soule, have compast me about;

Whofwell with Pride, inclos'd with their owne fat,
 And words of contumely thunder out.

Our traced steps intrap as in a Toile;
 Low-couched on the Earth with flaming Eyes;
 Like famisht Lions eager of their Spoile,
 Or Lions Whelpes; close lurking to surprife.

Arise ! prevent him, from his Glory hurl'd;
 My penfive Soule, from the Devourer save:
 From Men which are thy scourge, Men of the World,
 VVho in this Life alone their Portion have.

Fill'd with thy secret Treasure, to their Race!
 They their accumulated Riches leave:
 But I with Righteousnesse shall see thy Face;
 And rising, in thy Image, joy receive.

PSALME XVIII.

MY Heart on Thee is fix'd, my Strength, my Power, As the 72.
 My stedfast Rocke, my Fortresse, my high Tower,

My God, my Safetie, and my Confidence,
 The Horne of my Salvation, my Defence.

My Songs shall thy deserved Praise resound:
 For at my Prayers thou wilt my Foes confound.

Sorrowes of Death on everie side assail'd,
 And dreadfull floods of Impious Men prevail'd:

Sorrowes of Hell my compast Soule dismayd;
 And to intrap me, deadly Snares were layd.

In this Distresse I cry'd, and call'd upon
 The Lord, who heard me from his Holy Throne.

He trembling Earth in his fierce Anger strooke;
 Th'unfixed roots of aerie Mountaines shooke;

Smoke from his Nostrils flew; devouring Fire
 Brake from his Mouth; Coles kindled by his Ire.

In his Descent bow'd Heaven with Earth did meet;
 And gloomy Darkenesse roll'd beneath his Feet,

A Golden-winged Cherubin bestrid,
 And on the swiftly flying Tempest rid.

He Darknesse made his secret Cabinet;
 Thicke Fogs, and dropping Clouds about him fet:

The Beames of his bright Presence these expell;
Part 2.

VVhence showres of burning Coles and Hailestones fell.
 From troubled Skies loud claps of Thunder brake;
 In Haile and darting Flames th' Almighty spake:
 VVhose Arrowes my amazed Foes subdue;
 And at their scatred Troups his Lightning threw.
 The Ocean could not his deepe Botome hide;
 The Worlds conceal'd Foundations were descri'd
 At thy rebuke, Jehovah; at the blast
 Even of the breath which through thy nostrils past.
 He with extended armes his Servant saves,
 And drew me sinking from th' enraged waves:
 From my proud foes by his assistance freed,
 VVho swolne with hate, no lesse in strength exceed.
 VVithout his aid, I in that stormie Day
 Of my affliction, had become their prey:
 VVho from those straits of danger by his Might
 Enlarg'd my Soule; for I was his delight.
 Part 3. The Lord according to my innocence,
 And Justice, did his saving grace dispence.
 The narrow Path by him prescrib'd, I tooke;
 Nor like the wicked, my Great God forooke.
 For all his Judgements were before mine eyes;
 I with his statutes daily did advise,
 And ever walkt before him, void of guile:
 No act or purpose did my soule defile.
 For this he recompenc'd my righteousnessse
 And crown'd my innocence with faire successe.
 The Mercifull shall flourish in thy Grace;
 Thy Righteousnesse the Righteous shall embrace:
 Thou to the Pure thy purity wilt show;
 And the perverse shall thy averfenesse know.
 For thou wilt thy afflicted People save;
 The proud cast down, downe to the greedy grave.
 Thou Lord wilt make my taper to shine bright,
 And cleare my darkenesse with celestially Light.
 Through Thee I have against an Host prevail'd;
 And by thy aid a loftie Bulwarke scal'd.
 Part 4. Gods path is perfect, all his words are just;
 A shield to those that in his promise trust.
 What God is there in Heaven or Earth but ours!
 What Rocke but He against assailing Powers!
 He breath'd new strength and courage in the day
 Of Battell, and securely cleer'd my way.
 He makes my feet outstrip the nimble Hinde,
 Up to the Mountaines, where I safetie finde.
 'Tis he that teacheth my weake hands to fight:

A Bow of Steele is broken by their might;
 Thou didst thy ample Shield before me set;
 Thy Arme upheld, thy Favour made me great;
 The passage of my steps on every side,
 Thou hast enlarged, lest my feet should slide,
 I followed, overtooke; nor made retreat,
 Untill victorious in my Foes defeat;
 So charg'd with wounds, that they no longer stood,
 But at my feet lay bathed in their blood.
 Thou arm'st me with prevailing Fortitude,
 And all that rose against me hast subdu'd:
 Their stubborne necks subjected to my Will,
 That I their blood, who hate my Soule, might spill.
 They cry'd aloud; but found no succour neere:
 To thee, Jehovah; but thou would'st not heare.
 I pounded them like dust, which Whirle-winds raise:
 Trod under-foot as dirt in beaten wayes.
 From Popular Furie thou hast set me free;
 Among the Heathen hast exalted me;
 Whom unknowne Nations serve: as soone obey
 As heare of me; and yeeld unto my sway.
 The Stranger-borne, beset with horror, fled;
 And in their close Retreats betray their dread.
 O praise the living Lord, the Rocke whereon
 I build; the God of my Salvation!
 'Tis he who rights my wrongs; the People bends
 To my Subjection; from my Foe defends.
 Thou raisest me above their proud controule;
 And from the violent Man hast freed my Soule.
 The Heathen shall admire my Thankfulnessse:
 My Songs shall thy immortall Praise expresse.
 A great and manifold Deliverance
 God gives his King: his mercie doth advance
 In his Anointed; and will showre his grace
 Eternally on David and his Race.

PSALME. XIX.

Gods glory the vast Heavens proclame;
 The Firmament, his mightie Frame,
 Day unto Day, and Night to Night
 The wonders of his Workes recite.
 To these nor speech nor words belong,
 Yet understood without a Tongue.
 The Globe of Earth they compasse round;
 Through all the world disperse their sound,

As the 8.

There

Part 2.

There is the Sunnes Pavillion set ;
 Who from his Rosie Cabiner
 Like a fresh Bride-groome shewes his face ;
 And as a Giant runnes his race.
 He riseth in the dawning East,
 And glides obliquely to the West :
 The World with his bright Raies repleat ;
 All Creatures cherisht by his heat.
 Gods Lawes are perfect, and restore
 The Soule to life, even dead before.
 His Testimonies, firmly true,
 With Wisedome simple men indue.
 The Lords Commandments are upright,
 And Feast the Soule with sweet delight.
 His Precepts are all Puritie,
 Such as illuminate the Eye,
 The feare of God, foil'd with no staine,
 Shall everlastingly remaine.
 Jehovah's Judgements are Divine ;
 With Judgement hee doth Justice joine:
 Which men should more then Gold desire,
 Then heapes of Gold refin'd by Fire :
 More sweet then Honey of the Hive,
 Or Cels where Bees their Treasure live.
 Thy Servant is inform'd from thence :
 They, their Observers recompense.
 Who knowes what his Offences be ?
 From secret sinnes O cleanse thou me !
 And from presumptuous Crimes restraine ;
 Nor let them in thy Servant reigne :
 So shall I live in Innocence,
 Not spotted with that great Offence.
 My Fortresse, my Deliverer ;
 O let the Prayers my Lips preferre,
 And Thoughts which from my heart arise,
 be acceptable in thine Eyes.

PSALME XX.

As the 7.

THe Lord in thy Adversitie
 Regard thy crie ;
 Great Jacobs God with Safetie arme,
 And shield from harme :
 Helpe from his Sanctuarie send,
 And out of Sion thee defend.

Thy

Thy Odors, which pure flames consume,
 Be his Perfume.
 May he accept thy Sacrifice,
 Fir'd from the Shies.
 For ever thy indeavours blesse,
 And crowne thy Counsels with success.
 We will of thy Deliverance sing,
 Triumphant King;
 Our Ensignes in that prayd-for Day
 VVith Joy display;
 Even in the Name of God. O fill
 May he thy just Desires fulfill!
 Now know I his Anointed He
 VVill heare, and free;
 VVith saving Hand and Mightie Power,
 From his high Tower.
 These trust in Horse; in Chariots those;
 Our trust we in our God repose.

Their wounded limbs with anguish bend,
 To Death descend:
 But we in fervour of the fight
 Have stood upright.
 O save us, Lord; thy Suppliants heare;
 And in our aid, Great King, appeare.

PSALME XXI.

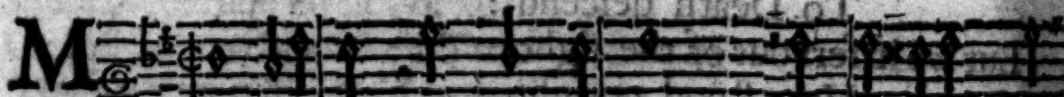
Lord, in thy Salvation,
 In the Strength which thou hast showne,
 Greatly shall the King rejoyce.
 How will Joy exalt his Voyce!
 Thou hast granted his request;
 Of his Hearts desire possessest;
 Blest with Blessings manifold,
 Crown'd with sparkling Gemmes and Gold;
 Praid-for Life thou granted hast;
 Length of Dayes which never waste;
 By thy Safe-guard glorious made;
 VVith high Majestie array'd;
 Of resistlesse Power possessest;
 By thy favours ever blest.
 Lo! his Joyes are infinite;
 Joy reflected from thy fight:

As the 15.

For the King in God did trust,
 Through the Mercie of the Just,
 He shall ever fixed stand,
 For thy Hand, thy owne right Hand,
 Shall thy Enemies destroy,
 Who would in thy ruine joy.
 When thy Anger shall awake,
 Them a flaming Furnace make.
 God shall swallow in his Ire,
 And devoure them all with fire.
 From the Earth destroy their Fruit;
 Never let their Seed take root.
 Mischievous was their intent;
 All their Thoughts against me bent;
 Thoughts which nothing could performe.
 Let thy Arrowes, like a Storme,
 Put them to inglorious flight;
 On their daunted faces light.
 Lord, aloft thy Triumphs raise,
 While we sing thy Power and Praise.

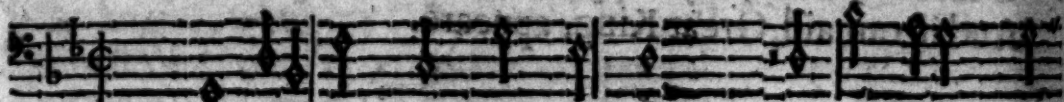
PSALME XXII.

CANT.

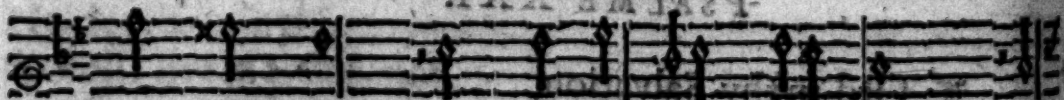


Y God! O why hast thou forsooke! Why, O so far, with

BASS.



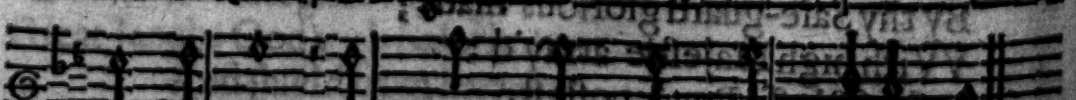
As the



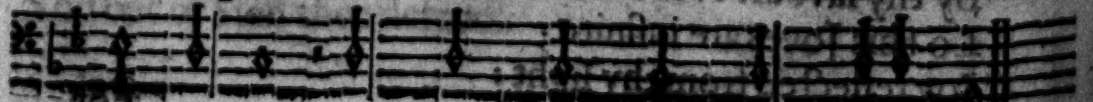
drawne thine Aid! Nor when I roared, pitty tooke! My



God, by day to Thee I pray'd, And when Nights Curtaines



were displaid: Yet wouldst not Thou vouchsafe a looke.



Ye

Yet thou art holy ; thron'd on high ;
The Israelites thy Praise resound,
Our Fathers did on thee relye ;
Their Faith with wreaths of Conquest crown'd :
They fought, and thy Deliverance found ;
They trusted, and thy Truth did trie.

But I, a worme, no man, am made
The scorne of men ; despis'd by all :
Who shake their Heads, make mouths, upbraid.
Let God, say they, redeeme from thrall,
On whom thy Hopes so vainely call :
Now let him his Beloved aid.

Thou drew'st me from the wombe ; by Thee
Confirmed at my Mothers breast :
When borne, Thou took'st the charge of me ;
Even from my Birth, my God profest.
O succour me with feare distressed !
Thou canst alone thy Servant free.

Incens'd Bulls about me stare ;
Strong Bulls of Bashan girt me round :
Who their inflamed mouths prepare,
Like ravenous Lions, to confound.
I'm spilt like water on the ground ;
And all my Bones disjointed are.

My Heart like Wax within me thawes ;
My vigour as a Pot-sheerd dry'd :
My thirstie Tongue cleaves to my jawes ;
In dust of Death thou do'st me hide :
Dogs compasse me on every side ;
And multitudes, who hate thy Lawes.

My hands and Feet transfix'd are ;
Bones, to be told, with anguish waste ;
This scene with joy, my robes they share ;
Lots on my seamlesse garment cast :
My Strength, to my redemption haste !
Nor o be deafe to my sad prayer !

Let not the Sword thy Servant wound ;
My Dearling from the Dog protect :
From Lions that in rage abound ;
From Unicorne's guard thy Elect.

I then my Brethren will direct;
Among the Saints thy Praise resound.

Part 3.

O praise him you who feare the Lord;
You Sons of Jacob, God adore:
Let Israels Seed his praise record;
For from their cryes who helpe implore,
His Face he hides not, nor the Poore
In their Affliction hath abhor'd.

I in the great Assembly shall
Declare his Works, which words exceed;
And pay my Vowes before them all.
The Meeke abundantly shall feed;
The Faithfull praise their Helpe at need,
Nor by the stroke of Death shall fall.

All who behold the Suns Vp-rise,
Shall God professe, and serve alone:
And all the Heathen Families
Shall cast themselves before his Throne;
Because the Kingdome is his owne:
For over all his Empire lies.

Who in prosperity abound,
Nor undeserved Honours gaine;
VWho poorely creepe upon the ground,
And scarce their needy lives susteine;
Shall eat, and to his easie reigne
Submit, with joyes eternall crown'd.

Their sanctifi'd Posteritie
Shall ever celebrate his Name;
Adopted Sons of the most High:
They shall his Righteousnesse proclame,
And Works of everlasting fame,
To their believing Progeny.

PSALME XXIII.

As the 8.

TH E Lord my Shepheard, me his Sheepe
Will from consuming Famine keepe.
He fosters me in fragrant Meads,
By softly-sliding waters leads;
My Soule refresht with pleasant juice:
And lest they should his Name traduce,

Then

Then when I wander in the Maze
 Of tempting Sinne, informes my wayes.
 No terrour can my courage quaile,
 Though shaded in Deaths gloomy vale;
 By thy Protection fortifi'd:
 Thy Staffe my Stay, thy Rod my Guide.
 My Table thou hast furnished;
 Powr'd pretious Odors on my head:
 My Mazer flowes with pleasant Wine,
 VVhile all my Foes with envy pine.
 Thy Mercy and Beneficence
 Shall ever joyne in my Defence;
 Who in thy House will sacrifice,
 Till aged Time close up mine eyes.

PSALME XXIV.

As the 8.

THE round and many-peopled Earth,
 What from her wombe extract their birth,
 And whom her foodfull brest sustaines,
 Are his, who high in glory raignes.
 The Land in moving Seas hath plac'd,
 By ever-toiling Floods imbrac'd.
 Who shall upon his Mountaine rest?
 Who in his Sanctuary feast?
 Even he, whose hands are innocent;
 His heart unsoil'd with foule intent;
 Whom swoln Ambition, Avarice,
 Nor tempting Pleasures can intice:
 VVho only their infection feares;
 And never fraudulently sweares:
 The Lord his Saviour him shall blesse,
 And cloth him with his Righteousnesse.
 Such are of Jacobs faithfull Race,
 Who seeke him, and shall find his Face.
 You lofty Gates, your Leaves display;
 You everlasting Doores, give way;
 The King of Glory comes. O sing
 His Praise! Who is this glorious King?
 The Lord in Strength, in Power compleat;
 The Lord in battaile more then great.
 You lofty Gates, your Leaves display;
 You everlasting Doores give way;
 The King of Glory comes. O sing
 His praise! Who is this glorious King?
 The Lord of Hosts, of Victory;
 Is King of glory; thron'd on high.

PSALME. XXV.

As the 2.

ON Thee with Confidence I call,
 To thee my troubled Soule erect:
 Lord, let not Same my looke deject,
 Nor Malice triumph in my fall.
 Thy Servants save; but those confound,
 Who Innocence with slander wound.

In thy disclosed paths direct;
 Thy Truth, that leading Starre, display:
 O my Redeemer! every day
 My dangers thy reliefe expect.
 Thinke of thy Mercies showne of old;
 Thy Mercies more then can be told.

The finnes of my unbridled Youth,
 Nor fraile Transgressions call to minde:
 Let those that seeke, thy Mercie finde,
 Even for the honour of thy Truth.
 God, ever just and good, the way
 Of life will shew to such as stray.

The Meeke in righteoufnesse shall guide;
 To such his heavenly Will expresse:
 Which shall with Truth and Mercie blesse
 All such as in his Lawes abide.
 My finnes, so numerous and great
 O for thy honour, Lord, forget!

Part. 2.

VWhat's he who feares The ever-Blest?
 To him shall he his Paths disclose:
 His Soule refresht with calme repose,
 The Land by his faire Race possesse:
 To him his Counsels shall impart,
 And seale his Covenants in his heart.

On thee with fixed Eyes I wait:
 My feet inlarge thou from their snares.
 O pittie me so worne with cares;
 Despised, poore, and desolate!
 The troubles of my mind increase;
 Lord, from their galling yoke release!

Behold

Behold thou my affliction,
 The toile and straits, wherein I live:
 My finnes, so infinite, forgive.
 Behold my Foes, how potent growne !
 How are they multipl'd of late,
 VVho hate me with a deadly hate !
 Deliver, o ! from shame protect;
 Since from my Faith I never swerve:
 Let Innocence and Truth preserve,
 VVho constantly thy ayd expect.
 Redeeme thy chosen Israel,
 And sorrow from his brest expell.

PSALME XXVI.

Lord, judge my cause: thy piercing Eye
 Beholds my Soules integritie.
 How can I fall;
 VVhen I, and all
 My hopes on thee relie ?

As the 4.

Examine, try my reines and heart;
 Thou, Mercies Source, my object art :
 Nor from thy Truth
 Have I in Youth,
 Or will in Age depart.

Men sold to sinne offend my sight;
 I hate the two-tongu'd Hypocrite:
 Those who devise
 Malicious lies,
 And in their crimes delight.

But will, with hands immaculate,
 And offerings, at thy Altar wait :
 Thy Praise disperse
 In gratefull verse,
 Thy Noble Acts relate.

Thy House, in my esteeme, excels:
 The Mansion where thy Glory dwels,
 My life o close
 Not up with those,
 VVhose sinne thy Grace expels !

VVho

PSALME. XXV.

As the 2.

ON Thee with Confidence I call,
 To thee my troubled Soule erect:
 Lord, let not Same my looke deject,
 Nor Malice triumph in my fall.
 Thy Servants save; but those confound,
 Who Innocence with slander wound.

In thy disclosed paths direct;
 Thy Truth, that leading Starre, display:
 O my Redeemer! every day
 My dangers thy reliefe expect.
 Thinke of thy Mercies showne of old;
 Thy Mercies more then can be told.

The finnes of my unbridled Youth,
 Nor fraile Transgressions call to minde:
 Let those that seeke, thy Mercie finde,
 Even for the honour of thy Truth.
 God, ever just and good, the way
 Of life will shew to such as stray.

The Meeke in righteousness shall guide;
 To such his heavenly Will expresse:
 Which shall with Truth and Mercie blesse
 All such as in his Lawes abide.
 My finnes, so numerous and great
 O for thy honour, Lord, forget!

Part. 2.

VWhat's he who feares The ever-Blest?
 To him shall he his Paths disclose:
 His Soule refresh't with calme repose;
 The Land by his faire Race possesse:
 To him his Counsels shall impart,
 And seale his Covenants in his heart.

On thee with fixed Eyes I wait:
 My feet inlarge thou from their snares,
 O pittie me so worne with cares;
 Despised, poore, and desolate!
 The troubles of my mind increase;
 Lord, from their galling yoke release!

Behold

Behold thou my affliction,
The toile and straits, wherein I live:
My finnes, so infinite, forgive.
Behold my Foes, how potent growne !
How are they multipl'd of late,
VVho hate me with a deadly hate !

Deliver, O ! from shame ptoted ;
Since from my Faith I never fyerve:
Let Innocence and Truth preserve,
VVho constantly thy ayd expect.
Redeeme thy chosen Israel,
And sorrow from his brest expell.

PSALME XXVI.

Lord, judge my cause: thy piercing Eye
Beholds my Soules integritie.
How can I fall;
VVhen I, and all
My hopes on thee relie ?

As the 4.

Examine, try my reines and heart;
Thou, Mercies Source, my object art:
Nor from thy Truth
Have I in Youth,
Or will in Age depart.

Men sold to sinne offend my sight;
I hate the two-tongu'd Hypocrite:
Those who devise
Malicious lies,
And in their crimes delight.

But will, with hands immaculate,
And offerings, at thy Altar wait:
Thy Praise disperse
In gratefull verse;
Thy Noble Acts relate.

Thy House, in my esteeme, excels;
The Mansion where thy Glory dwels,
My life O close
Not up with those,
VVhose sinne thy Grace expels !

VVho

VWho guiltlesse bloud with pleasure spill:
 Subverting bribes their right-hands fill;
 Bold in offence.
 But Innocence
 And Truth shall guard me still.

Redeeme; O with thy Grace sustaine!
 My feet now stand upon the plaine.
 Thy Justice I
 VWill magnifie,
 VWith those who feare thy Name.

PSALME XXVII.

As the 10.

GOD is my Saviour, my cleare light:
 VWho then can my repose affright?
 Or what appeare
 Worth such a feare,
 My life protected by his Might?
 Vaine hatred, vaine their power,
 That would my life devoure.

These fell, when they against me fought:
 The Wicked suffer'd what they sought.
 Though troops of foes
 At once inclose,
 Of feare I would not lodge a thought:
 Should Armies compasse me;
 So confident in thee.

One thing I have, and shall request;
 That I may in thy Mansion rest,
 Till Death surprize
 My closing eyes:
 That they may on thy beauty feast;
 That in thy Temple still
 I may enquire thy Will.

When stormes arise on every side,
 He will in his Pavillion hide:
 How ever great,
 In that retreat
 I shall conceal'd and safe abide.
 He, to resist their shooke,
 Hath fixt me on a Rocke.

Now

Now is my head advanc'd, renown'd
Above my foes, who gird me round;
That in my Tent

I may present
My sacrifice with Trumpets sound:
There I thy praise will sing,
Set to a well-tun'd string.

O heare thou my afflicted cry;
Extend thy pittie, and reply.

VWhen thus the Lord
In sweet accord;
Seeke thou my Face with searching Eye.
Directed by thy Grace,
Lord, I will seeke thy Face.

Thy Face O therefore never hide!
Nor in thine anger turne aside.

From him that hath
Serv'd thee with faith.

Forfake me not, my ancient Guide;
So oft in dangers knowne:
O leave me not alone.

Although my Parents should forfake;
Yet, Lord, thou wouldst to Harbour take.

O lest I stray
Teach me thy Way,
And in thy Precepts perfect make:

Because my enemies
Watch like so many Spies.

Expose me not to their desire;
For lying witnesses conspire,

Who in their breath
Beare Wrath and Death.

My Soule had sunke beneath their ire,
But that I did relye
On thy benignity.

In hope to see (within the Land
Of those that live) thy saving hand.

He shall impart
Strength to thy heart.

Wait on the Lord, undanted stand;

His heavenly Will attend,
VWho timely aide will send.

Part 2.

PSALME XXVIII.

As the 5.

MY God, my Rocke, regard my Crie;
Left I unheard, like those that die,
In shades of darke Oblivion lie.

To my ascending Griefe give care,
VVhen I my hands devoutly reare
Before thy Mercie-seat with feare.

VVith wicked men mix not my Fate;
Nor drag me with the Reprobate,
VVho speake of Peace, but foster hate.

Such as their workes, their dire intent,
And practices to circumvent;
Such be their dreadfull punishment.

Since they will not thy Choice renowne,
But hate whom thou intend' st to crowne;
O build not up, but pull them downe!

He heares ! his Name be magnifi'd !
My Strength, secur'd on everie side,
Since all my hope on him rely'd.

These Seas of Joy my teares devoure.
My Songs shall celebrate thy Power,
O thou that art to thine a Tower.

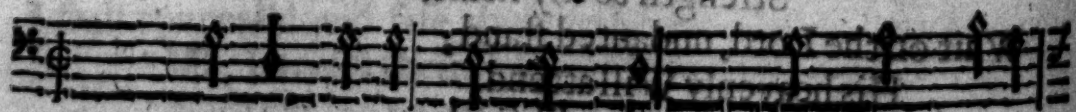
O thou my strong Deliverance,
Thy People, thine Inheritance,
Blesse, feed, preserve, and still advance.

PSALME XXIX.

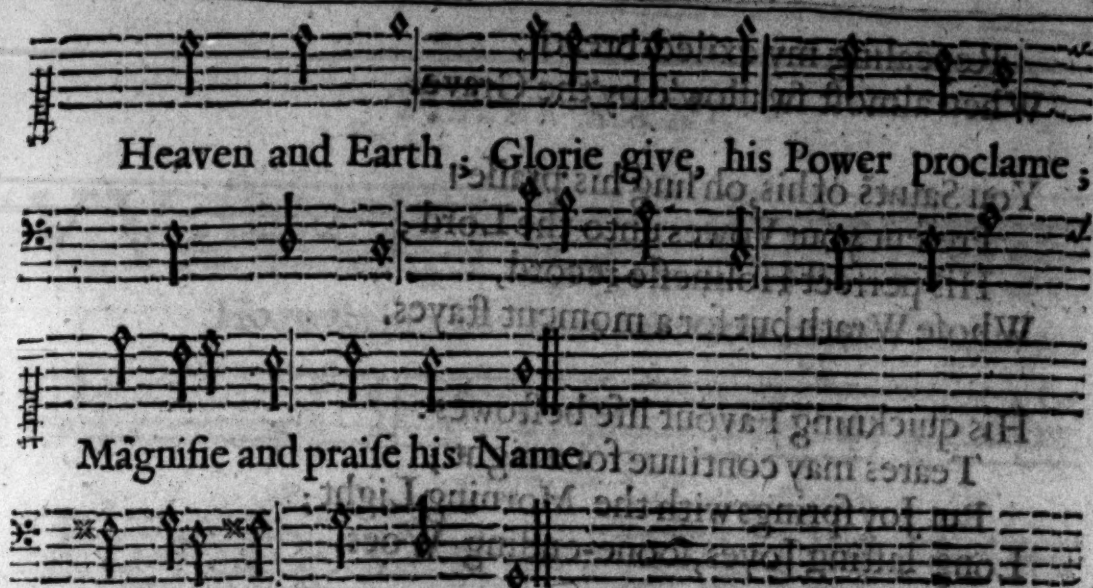
Y



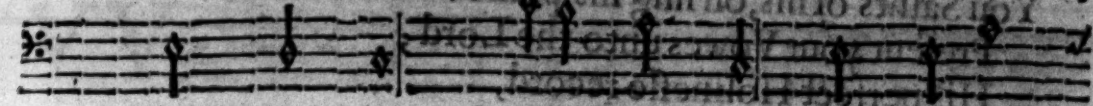
On that are of Princely Birth, Praise the Lord of



Heaven



Heaven and Earth; Glorie give, his Power proclame;



Magnifie and praise his Name



VVorship; in the Beautie blesse,
 Beautie of his Holinesse.
 From a darke and showring Cloud,
 On the floods that roare aloud,
 Harke! his Voice with terrour breakes:
 God, our God in Thunder speakes.
 Powerfull in his Voice on high,
 Full of Power and Majestie.
 Loftie Cedars overthrowne,
 Cedars of steepe Libanon,
 Calfe-like skipping on the ground.
 Libanon and Sirion bound,
 Like a youthfull Unicorne,
 Lab'ring Clouds with Lightning torne,
 At his Voice the Desert shakes;
 Kadish, thy vast Desert quakes.
 Trembling Hindes then calve for feare,
 Shadie Forrests bare appeare.
 His renowne by everie tongue
 Through his Holy Temple sung.
 He the raging Floods refraines,
 He a King for ever raignes.
 God his People shall increase,
 Arme with Strength, and blesse with Peace.

PSALME XXX.

MY Verse shall in thy praises flow,
 Lord, thou hast rais'd my head on high.
 Nor suffered the proud Enemy
 To triumph in my overthrow.

As the 14.

I cry'd aloud; thy Arme did save;
 Thou drew'st me from the shades of Death,
 M Repealing

Repealing my exiled breath,
When almost swallow'd by the Grave.

You Saints of his, oh sing his praise!
Present your Vowes unto the Lord;
His perfect Holinesse record,
Whose Wrath but for a moment stayes.

His quickning Favour life bestowes:
Teares may continue for a night;
But Joy springs with the Morning Light;
Long-lasting Joyes, soone-ending Woes.

Part. 2.

In my Prosperitie I said,
My feet shall ever fixt abide:
I, by thy favour fortify'd,
Am like a stedfast Mountaine made.

But when thou hid'st thy cheerfull Face;
How infinite my Troubles grew!
My cries then with my griefe renew,
VVhich thus implor'd thy saving Grace:

VVhat profit can my bloud afford,
VVhen I shall to the Grave descend?
Can senselesse Dust thy Praise extend?
Can Death thy living Truth record?

To my Complaints attentive be;
Thy Mercie in my aid advance:
O perfect my Deliverance,
That have no other Hope but Thee!

Thou, Lord, hast made th' Afflicted glad;
My Sorrow into Dauncing turn'd:
The Sack-cloth torne wherein I mourn'd,
And me in Tyrian Purple clad:

That so my Glorie might proclame
Thy Favours in a joyfull Verse;
Unceasingly thy Praise rehearse,
And magnifie thy sacred Name;

PSAL.

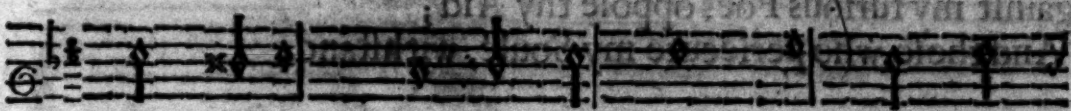
PSALME XXXI.



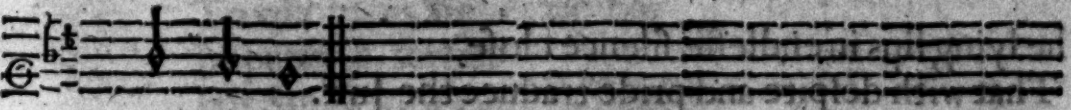
Ho trusts in Thee, O let not shame deject! Thou ever



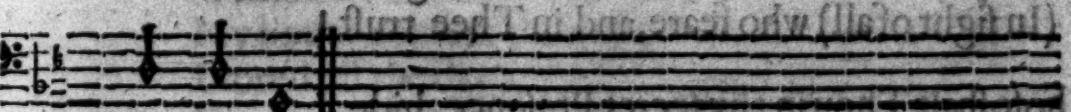
Iust, my chased Soule secure : Lord, lend a willing care, with



speed protect : Bee thou my Rocke ; with thy strong



Arme invulnerable.



My Rocke, my Fortresse, for thy Honour aid,

And my ingaged feet from Danger guide :

Pull from their subtill Snares in secret laid,

O thou my onely Strength so often try'd.

To thy safe Hands my Spirit I commend,

O my Redeemer, O thou God of Truth.

Who Lies invent, or unto Idols bend,

I have abhorr'd, but lov'd Thee from my Youth.

I will rejoyce, and in thy Mercie boast,

That in his trouble wouldst thy Servant know :

Deliver, when in expectation lost ;

Nor yeeld him to the Triumph of his Foe.

Part. 2. Now helpe the Comfortlesse : my Sight decayes,
 My Spirits faint, my Flesh consumes, with care :
 My Life is spent with griefe, in sighes my Dayes ;
 My Strength through Sin dissolves, my Bones impare,

To all my Foes I am become a scorne ;
 Nor least to those, who seem'd in love most neare :
 By all my late familiar friends forlorne,
 VVho when they meet me, turne aside for feare.

Forgot like those, who in the Grave abide,
 And, as a broken vessell, past repaire :
 Traduc'd by many, (feare on every side)
 VVho counsell take, and would my life insnare,

But, Lord, my Hopes are on thee fixt : I said,
 Thou art my God ; my Dayes are in thy Hand :
 Against my furious Foes oppose thy Aid ;
 And those, who persecute my Soule, withstand.

O let thy Face upon thy Servant shine ;
 Save for thy Mercies sake ; from Shame defend.
 Shame cover those who keepe no Lawes of thine ;
 And undeplored to the Grave descend.

Part. 3. The lying lips in endlesse silence close,
 That with despite and pride traduce the Just.
 VVhat Joy hast thou reserv'd ! what wrought for those,
 (In sight of all) who feare, and in Thee trust !

Those shalt Thou in thy secret Presence hide
 From their Oppressors violence and wrongs ;
 They in thy close Pavilion shall abide,
 Secured from the strife of envious Tongues.

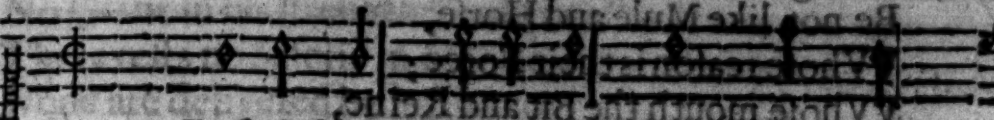
Blest he ! who in a walled Citie hath
 To me his wonderfull Affection showne.
 I rashly sayd, I am the food of VVrath ;
 Cut off ; for ever from his Presence throwne.

Yet thou, O ever blessed, heardst my Prayer,
 VVhen to thy Mercie I addrest my Cry.
 O love the living Lord, all you that are
 His chosen Saints, and on his Aid relie :

For he the Faithfull ever will preserve ;
 And render to the Proud their full deserts.

Couragious be all you, who hope, and serve
The Lord of life, who will confirm your hearts.

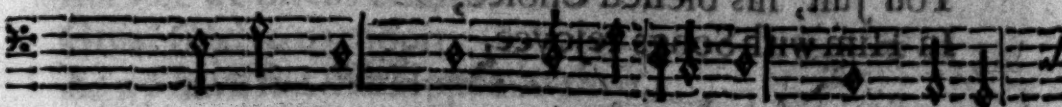
PSALME XXXII.

B  **CANT.**

Left, & thrice blest is he, Whose Sinnes re-

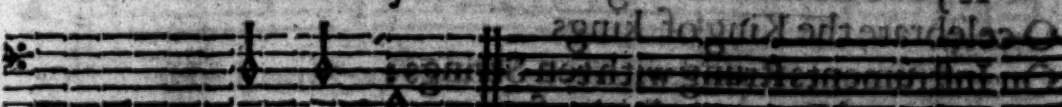
 **BASS.**

mitted be; And whose Impieties God covers





from his Eyes.



To whom his Sinnes are not
Imputed, as forgot:
His Soule with guile untan'd,
While silent I remain'd,
My bones consum'd away;
I rored all the day:
For on me day and night
Thy Hand did heavie light.
My moisture dri'd throughout,
Like to a Summers drought.
I then my Sinnes confest,
How farre I had transgressed,
When all I had reveal'd,
Thy Hand my Pardon seal'd.
For this, who Godly are
Shall seeke to Thee by Prayer;
Seeke, when thou mayst be found;
In Deluges undrown'd.
Thou art my safe Retreat,
My Shield, when dangers threat;
Shalt my Deliverance
With Songs of Joy advance.

The

M 3

I will

I will instruct, and show
 The way which thou shouldst goe;
 The way to Pietie;
 And guide thee with mine eye.
 Be not like Mule and Horse,
 Whose reason is their Force;
 Whose mouth the Bit and Reine,
 Lest they rebell, reſtraine.
 Innumerable Woes
 The Wicked ſhall incloſe:
 But thoſe who God affect,
 His Mercy ſhall protect.
 O you, who are upright,
 In God your God delight:
 You Juſt, his bleſſed Choice,
 In Him with Songs rejoyce.

PSALME XXXIII.

As the 8.

TO God, you Juſt, your Voices raiſe;
 It you beſeemes to ſing his Praise.
 O celebrate the King of kings
 On Inſtruments ſtrung with ten Strings:
 To Harp and Lute new Diries ſing;
 Sing loud with ſkilfull fingering.
 His Words are crown'd by their event;
 And all his Works are permanent.
 Juſtice and Judgement he affects:
 His Bountie upon all reflects.
 His Word the arched Heavens did frame;
 His Breath, the Starres eternall Flame.
 He the collected Seas confines,
 And folds the Deepe in Magazines.
 The Lord, O all you Nations, feare;
 All whom the Earths round ſhoulders beare.
 He ſpake, 'twas done as ſoone as ſaid;
 At his Commandment ſtedfaſt made.
 The People counſell take in vaine;
 Their Projects no ſucceſſe obtaine.
 The Counſels of the Lord are ſure;
 His Purpoſes no Change indure.
 Bleſt they, whoſe God Jehovah is;
 The Nation ſet apart for his.
 The Lord looks from the lofty Skies;
 On carefull Mortals caſts his Eyes:
 The Lord looks from his Residence;

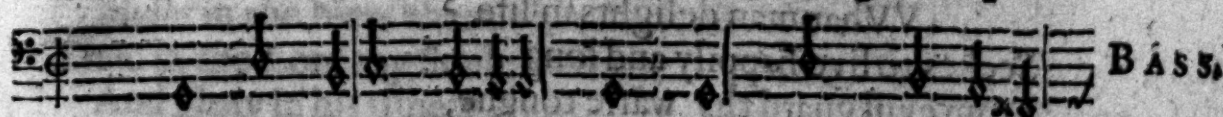
The

The Sonnes of men behold from thence.
 He fashioned their hearts alone :
 To him their Thoughts and deeds are knowne,
 No King is saved by an Host ;
 No Giant in his strength should boast :
 There rests no Safetie in a Horse ;
 None are delivered by his force.
 Gods eyes are ever on the Just,
 Who feare, and in his Mercie trust ;
 To free their Soules from swallowing Earth,
 And keepe alive in time of Dearth.
 Our fervent Soules on God attend,
 Our helpe, who onely can defend :
 In whom our Hearts exult for joy ;
 Because we on his Name relie.
 Great God to us propitious be,
 As we have fixt our Hopes on thee.

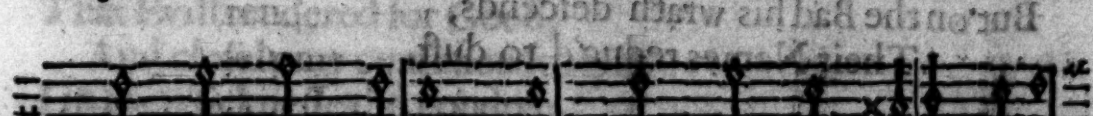
PSALME XXXIV.



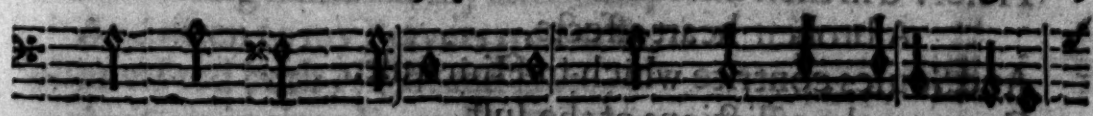
He Lord I will for ever bleſſe ; My Tongue his praifes



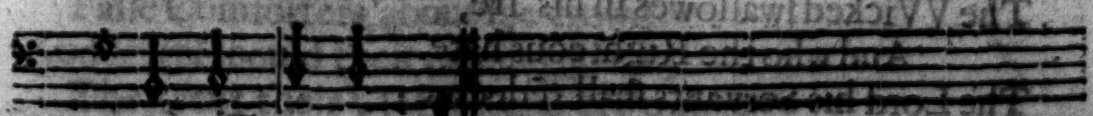
ſhall profeſſe , In him my Soule ſhall boaſt : The Meeke, ſhall



heare the ſame, and joy : His Name, with me, ſo magnifie ;



Extoll the Lord of Hoſt.



Thole

My

My prayers ascending pierc't his care;
Who snatcht me from those stormes of feare.

The meeke who God expect,
Who flow to him like living Brookes,
Shame never shall diffaine their looks,
nor with foule guilt infect.

This VVretch in his adversitie
(Then men shall say) to God did crie,
Whose Mercie him secur'd.
The Angels of Jehovah those,
Who feare him, with their Tents inclose,
By Strength divine immur'd,

How good our God, O taste and see!
Who trust in him thrice happie be;
You Saints, & feare him still:
Such feele no want; the Lions rore
For hunger; but who God implore,
He shall with Plentie fill.

Part. 2.

Come children, with attention heare,
I will instruct you in his feare.

VVhat man delights in life?
Seekes to live happily and long?
From evill guard thy warie tongue,
Thy lips from fraud and strife.

Doe good, and wicked deeds eschew;
Seeke sacred Peace, her steps pursue.

Gods Eyes are on the Just;
Their cries his open Eare attends:
But on the Bad his wrath descends,
Their Names reduc'd to dust.

He heares the Righteous, and their crie;
Preserv'd in their adversitie:

A broken heart affects,
And Soules contrite which in Him trust.
Great are the afflictions of the Iust;
But He in all protects:

Keepes every bone of theirs intire.
The VVicked swallowes in his Ire,
And who the Righteous hate.
The Lord his Servants shall redeeme;

Those

Those ever deare in his esteeme,
Who on his promise wait.

Psalm XXXV.

Lord, plead my cause against my foes;
With such as fight against me, fight:
Arise, thy ample Shield oppose,
And with thy Sword defend my right.
Adresse thy Speare, those in their way
Encounter, who my Soule invade:
To her, O let thy Spirit say,
I am thy God, and saving Aide:
Let those, who my disgrace contrive,
Hang downe their heads, for flight design'd:
Who seeke my fall, let Angels drive
Like Chaffe before the blustering Wind.
Obscure and slippery be their path,
Let winged Troups pursue their foile;
Since they for me with causelesse wrath
Have dig'd a pit, and pich't a Toile.
Let sodaine ruine them destroy,
Mesht in the Nets themselves had laid:
Then in the Lord my Soule shall joy,
And glory in his timely Aide:
My Bones shall say, O who like thee,
That arm'st the Weake against the Strong!
That do'st the Poore and Needy free
From outrage, and too powerfull wrong!
False witnesses against me stood,
Who unknowne accusations brought:
That Evill rendered for Good,
And closely my confusion sought.
I in their sicknesse did condole,
Vnfainedly in Sack-cloth mourn'd,
VVith fasting humbled my sad Soule,
And often to my Prayers return'd:
Him visited both Night and Day,
As if an ancient Friend or Brother:
In Blacke upon the Earth I lay,
And wept as for my dying Mother.
Yet these rejoyced in my woe;
False Comforters, about me crowd:
And least I should their cunning know,
They rent their Clothes, and cry'd aloud.

As the 3.

Part. 2.

Like

N

Part 3.

Like Hypocrites at Feasts; they jecre;
 Whose gnashing teeth their hate professed
 O Lord, how long wilt thou forbear,
 And onely looke on my distresse?
 O save from those, who smile, and kill;
 My Dearling from the Lions jaws:
 I in the great Assembly will
 Then praise thy Name with full applaus.
 Let not my causelesse Enemies
 Rejoyce in my afflicted state
 Nor winke at me with scornfull eyes,
 Who swell with undeserved hate.
 Of Peace they speake not; rather they
 The peaceable with fraud pursue:
 Who wry their mouths at me, and say,
 Ha, Ha! our eyes thy ruine view.
 This seene, O stand no longer mute;
 Nor, Lord, desert my Innocence.
 Awake, arise: O prosecute
 My Cause, and plead in my Defence.
 With Justice judge: nor let them say
 In triumph; VVe our wish possess:
 Nor in their mirthfull hearts, Ha, Ha!
 VV'have swallow'd him in his distresse.
 VVrath and confusion sease on those,
 VVho in my tribulation joy:
 Let them who glory in my woes,
 Be cloth'd with shame and infamy.
 Let those eternally rejoyce,
 VVho favour and assist my right
 For ever with exalted voyce
 The goodnesse of our God recite.
 And say, O magnifie his Name,
 VVho glories in his servants peace.
 My tongue his Justice shall proclaime,
 Nor ever in his praises cease.

PSALME XXXVI.

As the 34.

WHEN I the bold Transgressor see,
 My thoughts thus whisper unto me,
 He never feard the Lord:
 He smooths himselfe in his owne eyes,
 Till his secure impieties
 Become of all abhor'd.

Their

Their words are vaine, and full of guile;
 They Wisdome from their hearts exile;
 Forfaken Vertue hate:
 Who mischief on their beds contrive;
 Through by-ways to bad ends arrive,
 And vices propagate.

Thy Mercy, Lord, is thron'd on high;
 And thy approv'd Fidelity
 The loftie Skie transcends:
 Thy Justice like a Mountaine steepe;
 Thy Judgements an unfathom'd Deepe;
 Who man and beast defends.

O Lord, how precious is thy Grace!
 The sonnes of men, their comfort place,
 Beneath thy shady wings:
 They with thy Household dainties shall
 Be fully satisf'd, and all
 Drinke of thy pleasant Springs.

For O! from thee the Fountaine flowes,
 Which endlesse Life on thine bestowes;
 Inlightned with thy Light:
 On such as know thee showre thy Grace;
 O let thy Justice those embrace,
 Who are in heart upright.

Let not the feet of Pride defeat;
 Nor such as are in mischief great
 My guiltlesse Soule surprize:
 The workers of iniquity
 Are false like Meteors from the skie:
 Cast downe, no more to rise.

PSALME XXXVII.

VEx not thy selfe at the impiety
 Of wicked men, nor their fraile height envy.
 For they shall soone be mow'd, like Summers Hay;
 And as the verdure of the Herbe decay.
 Trust thou in God; doe good, and long in peace
 Possesse the Land; refresh't by her increase.
 Be He thy sole delight; He shall inspire
 Thy raised thoughts, and grant thy hearts desire
 Relye, and to his care thy wayes commend,
 Who will produce them to a happy end.

As the r.

He shall thy Justice, like the Light display,
 And make thy Judgement as the Height of Day.
 Rest on the Lord, and patiently attend
 His Heavenly Will: nor let it thee offend,
 Because the wicked in their courses thrive;
 And prosperously at their desires arrive.
 Abstaine from anger, heady wrath eschew:
 Nor fret thou, lest ill Deeds ill Thoughts pursue.
 God will cut off the Bad, the Faithfull blesse;
 VWho shall the ever-fruitfull Land possesse.

Part. 2. After a while th' Vnjust shall cease to be;
 Thou shalt his place consider, but not see.
 The Meeke in heart shall reape the Lands increase,
 And solace in the multitude of peace.
 Against the Godly wicked Men conspire;
 Gnash their malicious teeth, and some with ire,
 But God shall laugh at their impiety;
 Because he knowes their Day of Doome is nigh.
 They draw their bloody Swords, their Bowes are bent,
 To kill the needy, Poore, and Innocent.
 But their proud hearts shall perish by the stroke
 Of their owne Steele, their Bowes asunder broke.
 That little which the Righteous hath, excels
 Th' abundant wealth, wherein the Wicked dwells.
 For God the armes of violent Men will breake:
 But shield the Righteous, and support the Weake.
 His eyes behold the sufferings of the Poore:
 Their firme possessions ever shall endure.
 They in the time of danger shall not dread;
 But shall in Famin's rage be fill'd with Bread.
 When vitious men shall speedily decay:
 And those who slight Jehovah, melt away
 As fat of Lambs, which sacred Fires consume;
 And forthwith vanish like the rising fume.

Part. 3. The Wicked borrow, never to restore:
 The Just are gracious and relieve the Poore.
 Whom God shall blesse, they shall the Land enjoy:
 Whom God shall curse, them vengeance shall destroy.
 The steps of Righteous men the Lord directs;
 For He, even He their ordred paths affects.
 Although they fall; yet fall to rise againe:
 For his, His Care and powerfull Hand sustaine.
 I have beene young, am old; yet never saw
 The Just abandoned; nor those, who draw
 From him their birth, with beggery oppress.
 He lends in mercy, and his Seed are blest.

Doe good, shun evill, and remaine unmov'd;
 For righteous Soules are of the Lord belov'd:
 His undeserted Saints protecting still,
 Their Plants up-rooting, who transgresse his Will.
 Just men inherit shall the promis'd Land;
 And dwell therein, while Mountaines stedfast stand.
 The Righteous Soule of sacred Judgement speaks,
 And from his lips a spring of wisdom breaks.
 Gods Law is in his Heart; his Light, his Guide;
 Nor shall his Feet in slippery places slide.
 Men seeke his blood; but God defends: nor shall
 He by the sentence of the Wicked fall.
 Wait on the Lord, nor his straight paths transgresse;
 And evermore this pregnant Soile possesse.
 But those who in iniquity delight,
 Shall be cut off, and perish in thy sight.
 The Wicked I have seene in wealth to flow,
 Exceed in power, and like a Laurell grow:
 Yet vanish hence, as he had never beene;
 I sought him, but he was not to be seene.
 Observe the perfect, and the pure of heart;
 They die in peace, and happily depart.
 But the Vngodly are at once cut downe,
 And perish without pittie, or renowne.
 The Lord is the salvation of the Just;
 Their strength in trouble, since in him they trust:
 Will those assist, who on his aide depend;
 Deliver, and from impious Foes defend.

Part. 4.

PSALME XXXVIII.

NOT in thy wrath against me rise;
 Nor in thy fury, Lord, chastise:

As the 4.

Thy Arrowes wound,

Naile to the Ground,

Thy hand upon me lies.

No Limb from paine and anguish free;

Because I have incens'd thee:

Nor rest can take,

My bones so ake;

Such sinne abounds in me.

Like Billowes they my head transcend;

Beneath their heavy load I bend:

My Ulcers swell,

Corrupt, and smell;

Of Folly the sad end.

Perplex

My time is made short, as a Span; O Lord, I pray not, I pray not
As nothing is the Age of man.

Man nothing is but Vanitie, Is thine alone
Though thron'd on high, Hast to my fall
Walks like a Shadow, and in vaine
Turmoiles with paine:

He heaps up wealth with wretched care,
Yet knowes not who shall prove his Heire.

CANT.

Part. 2.

Lord! what expect I? thou the Scope
Of all my Hope:

Him from his loath'd Transgressions free,
Who trusts in Thee:

Nor O subject me to the Rule,
And proud derision of a Foole!

With silence, since thy Will was such,
I suffered much:

O now forbear! lest instant Death
Force my faint breath.

VVhen thou dost with thy Rod chastise
Offending man, his courage dies:

His Beauty wasted, like a cloth
Gnawne by the Moth:

Himselfe a short-lif'd vanitie,
And borne to die.

Lord, to my Prayers incline thine Eare;
And thy afflicted Servant heare.

Nor these salt rivers of mine Eyes,
My God, despise:

A Stranger, as my Fathers were,
I sojourne here.

O let me gather strength, before
I passe away, and be no more.

PSALME XL.

As the 2.

FOR God I patiently did looke,
He to my cries inclin'd his Eare:

And when invironed with feare,
From that Abyffe of horror tooke:

Drew from the Mud, and on a Rocke
Establisht, to indure the shocke.

Then

Then did into my mouth convey
Songs of his Praise, unsung before,
Many shall see, with feare adore;
And trusting in th' Almighty, say:
Who on the Lord depend, are blest;
Who Liers, and the Proud detest.

Many, and full of wonder, are
The Works, O Lord, which Thou hast wrought;
What Thou to raise our joyes hast thought,
O who in order can declare!
'Twere lost endeavour to expresse
Their number, that are numberlesse.

Thou Gifts, nor Offerings dost desire;
But pierced hast thy Servants eare:
To Thee Oblations are not deare,
Nor Sacrifice consum'd with fire.
Then said I; Lo, I come: thus it
Is of me in Thy Volume writ.

Thy Lawes are written in my Heart:
My Joy Thy Pleasure to fulfill.
I in the great Assembly still
Thy Righteousnesse to all impart:
My lips are unrestrict'd by me,
Which, Lord, is onely knowne to Thee,

Thy Justice I have not conceal'd
Within the closure of my brest:
But Thy Fidelity profest;
And saving health at large reveal'd:
Amidst the Congregation
Thy constant Truth and Mercy shounc.

Withdraw not, Lord, thy long'd for Aide;
With Truth and Mercy still inclose:
For O! innumerable woes
On every side my Soule invade:
So changed with Iniquities,
That they even blind my fearefull eyes.

In number they my haire exceed;
My fainting heart pants in my brest:
Be pleas'd to succour the Distrest;
And Lord deliver me with speed.

Perplex in mind I pine away,
 And mourning wast the tedious day;
 My Flesh no more
 Then all one Sore;
 All parts at once decay.

Much broken; all my strength o'rethrowne;
 Through anguish of my Soule I groane.

Lord, thou dost see
 My thoughts and mee;
 My Sighs to thee are knowne.

My sad Heart pants, my nerves relent,
 My Sight growes dim; and to augment

My miseries,
 All my Allie
 And Friends themselves absent.

Part. 2.

Who seeke my life, their Snares extend;
 Their wicked thoughts on Mischiefe bend:

Calumniate,
 And lye in wait
 To bring me to my end.

But I as deafe to them appeare,
 As mute, as if I tonguelesse were:

My passion rul'd,
 Like one that could
 At all not speake nor heare.

Because my hopes on thee relye:
 My God, I said, O heare my cry;

Left they should boast,
 Who hate me most,
 And in my ruine joy.

For O! I droop, with struggling spent:
 My thoughts are on my sorrowes bent.

My sinnes excesse
 I will confesse;
 In showres of teares repent.

My foes are full of strength and pride;
 Who causelesse hate, are multipl'd:

Who good with ill
 Repay; would kill,
 Because I just abide.

Depart

Depart not, Lord; O pittie take
Nor me in my extremes forsake

Salvation

Is thine alone; no Vanitie

Hast to my feet thou make

PSALME XXXIX.

I said, I will my wayes observe, Lest I should swerve:

CANT.

Part 2.

BAS.

With Bit and Reines my Tongue keepe in, Too prone to

Sinne. Nor to their talismie replie, Who glorie

in Impietie.

I, like a Statue, silent stood,
Dumbe even to goodenes

My Sorrowes boyling in my brest

Exil'd my rest

But when my Heart incenst with wrong

Grew hot, I gave my Griefe a tongue.

Of those few dayes I have to spend,

And my last End,

Informe me, Lord; that I may so

My Frailty know.

My

My time is made short, as a Span;
As nothing is the Age of man.

Man nothing is but Vanitie,
Though thron'd on high;
Walks like a Shadow, and in vaine
Turmoiles with paine:

He heaps up wealth with wretched care,
Yet knowes not who shall prove his Heire.

CANT.

Part. 2.

Lord! what expect I? thou the Scope
Of all my Hope:

Him from his loath'd Transgressions free,
Who trusts in Thee:

Nor O subject me to the Rule,
And proud derision of a Foole!

With silence, since thy Will was such,
I suffered much:

O now forbear! lest instant Death
Force my faint breath.

VWhen thou dost with thy Rod chastise
Offending man, his courage dies:

His Beauty wasted, like a cloth
Gnawne by the Moth:

Himselfe a short-lif'd vanitie,
And borne to die.

Lord, to my Prayers incline thine Eare;
And thy afflicted Servant heare.

Nor these salt rivers of mine Eyes,
My God, despise:

A Stranger, as my Fathers were,
I sojourne here.

O let me gather strength, before
I passe away, and be no more.

PSALME XL.

As the 2.

FOR God I patiently did looke;
He to my cries inclin'd his Eare:
And when invironed with feare,

From that Abyffe of horror tooke:
Drew from the Mud, and on a Rocke
Establist, to indure the shocke.

Then

Then did into my mouth convey
Songs of his Praise, unsung before.
Many shall see, with feare adore;
And trusting in th' Almighty, say:
Who on the Lord depend, are blest;
Who Liers, and the Proud detest.

Many, and full of wonder, are
The Works, O Lord, which Thou hast wrought:
What Thou to raise our joyes hast thought,
O who in order can declare!
'Twere lost endeavour to expresse
Their number, that are numberlesse.

Thou Gifts, nor Offerings dost desire;
But pierced hast thy Servants eare:
To Thee Oblations are not deare,
Nor Sacrifice consum'd with fire.
Then said I; Lo, I come: thus it
Is of me in Thy Volume writ.

Thy Lawes are written in my Heart:
My Joy Thy Pleasure to fulfill.
I in the great Assembly still
Thy Righteousnesse to all impart:
My lips are unrestrict'd by me,
Which, Lord, is onely knowne to Thee.

Thy Justice I have not conceal'd
Within the closure of my brest:
But Thy Fideliry profest;
And saving health at large reveal'd:
Amidst the Congregation
Thy constant Truth and Mercy showne.

Withdraw not, Lord, thy long'd for Aide;
With Truth and Mercy still inclose:
For O! innumerable woes
On every side my Soule invade:
So changed with Iniquities,
That they even blind my fearefull eyes.

In number they my haire exceed;
My fainting heart pants in my brest:
Be pleas'd to succour the Distrest;
And Lord deliver me with speed.

O

Let

Part. 2.

Let Shame at once confound them all,
That seeke my Soule, and plot my fall.

Be they repulst with Infamy,
Who persecute with deadly hate:
Deservedly left desolate,
Who Ha, Ha! in derision cry.
Let all who seeke thy Helpe, rejoyce,
And praise Thee with a cheerfull Voice.

Let them, who thy Salvation love,
Still say; The Lord be magnifi'd!
Though I be poore, and cast aside;
Yet he regards me from above.
My Safety, my Deliverer,
No longer thy reliefe deferre.

PSALME XLI.

As the 7.

WH o duly shall the Poore regard,
Hath his Reward:

The Lord in time of Trouble, shall
Prevent his fall:

He shall among the Living rest,
And with the Earths increase be blest.

Lord, render him not up to those,
VWho are his Foes:

VWhen he in sorrow languisheth,
Neere unto Death;

Let him by Thee be comforted,
And in his Sicknesse make his bed.

I said, O Lord, thy Mercy show,
And Health bestow:

For O! my Soule the lothsome staines
Of Sin retaines.

My Foes have said, VWhen shall he die,
And yet out-live his Memory?

If any visit, they devise
Deceitfull Lies:

Their hollow Hearts with Mischiefe load,
Divulg'd abroad:

Who hate me, whisper, and contrive,
How they may swallow me alive.

Behold,

Behold, say they, this Punishment
From Heaven is sent:
He, from the bed whereon he lies,
Shall never rise.
Yea, even my Friend, my Confident,
My Guest, his heele against me bent.

But, Lord, thy Mercy I implore;
My Health restore:
O raise me! that forthwith I may
Their Hate repay.
In this thy Love thou dost expresse,
That none triumph in my distresse.

For thou art of my Innocence
The strong Defence.
I shall, inlightned by thy Grace,
Behold thy Face.
Jehovah, Israels God, be blest;
VWhile Day and Night the World invest.

Amen. Amen.

O 2 A P A R A

A
PARAPHRASE
 VPON THE
SECOND BOOKE
 OF THE
PSALMES OF DAVID.

PSALME XLII.

As the 34.

LORD! as the Hart, imboist with heat,
 Braies after the coole Rivulet:
 So sighs my Soule for thee.
 My Soule thirsts for the living God:
 VVhen shall I enter his Abode,
 And there his Beautie see!

Tearcs are my Food both night and day;
 While, Where's thy God; they daily say.
 My Soule in plaints I shed;
 When I remember, how in throngs
 We fill'd thy House with Praise and Songs;
 How I their Dances led.

My Soule, why art thou so deprest!
 VVhy O thus troubled in my brest!
 With Griefe so overthrowne!
 VVith constant Hope on God await:
 I yet his Name shall celebrate,
 For Mercy timely showne.

My fainting Heart within me pants:
 My God, consider my Complaints;
 My Songs shall praise thee still:
 Even from the Vale where Jordan flowes;
 VVhere Hermon his high Fore-head showes,
 From Mtsars humble Hill.

Part. 2. Deepes unto Deepes intraged call,

When

When thy darke Spouts of waters fall,
And dreadfull Tempest raves:
For all thy Flouds upon me burst,
And billowes after billowes thrust
To swallow in their Graves.

But yet by Day the Lord will charge
His ready Mercy to enlarge
My Soule, surpris'd with cares:
He gives my Songs their Argument;
God of my life, I will present
By night to thee my prayers.

And say; My God, my Rocke, O why
Am I forgot, and mourning die,
By Foes reduc'd to Dust!
Their words like weapons pierce my bones;
While still they Echo to my Groanes,
Where is the Lord thy Trust?

My Soule, why art thou so deprest!
O why so troubled in my brest!
Sunke underneath thy Load!
With constant Hope on God await:
For I his Name shall celebrate,
My Saviour, and my God.

PSALME XLIII.

MY God, thy Servant vindicate:
O plead my Cause against their hate,
Who seeke my utter spoile!
Deliver from the Mercilesse,
Who with bold Injuries oppresse,
And prosper in their guile.

As the 34.

For of my Strength thou art the Lord.
Why like to one by thee abhorr'd
Dost thou my Soule expose!
Why wander I in blacke araid!
My body worne, my mind dismaid!
Pursu'd by cruell Foes!

Thy Favour and thy Truth extend;
Let them into my Soule descend,
Conducted by their light;

Conducted

Conducted to thy holy Hill,
And House blest with thy Presence still;
There to enjoy thy sight.

Then will I to thy Altar bring
An acceptable Offering,
That dost such Joyes afford:
There on a tunefull Instrument,
With Songs that joyne in sweet consent,
Thy sacred praise record.

My Soule, why art thou so deprest!
VWhy O thus troubled in my brest!
Sunke underneath thy load!
With constant hope on God await;
For I his Name shall celebrate,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALME XLIV.

As the 3.

LORD! we have heard our Fathers tell
The Wonders wrought by thee of old;
To them by their great Grandfires told;
How by thy Hand the Heathen fell;
Of fruitfull Canaan dispossess,
And Israel planted in their roome;
They perisht by a fearefull Doome,
While ours in growth and strength increast.

Not their owne Swords that pleasant Land
Did conquer, and their Foes eject;
Nor did their armes their lives protect:
It was thy Arme and powerfull Hand;

It was the Spondor of thy Face,
And by thy Favour they o'rcame.
My King, my God, O still the same!
Salvation send to Jacobs Race.

For by thy Aide our Enemies
Lay bleeding on the stained ground;
And in thy Name we did confound
VWho ever durst against us rise.

Our Sword's unable to defend;
We will not trust in our weake Bowes.

Thou,

Thou, Lord, hast sav'd us from our Foes,
And brought them to a shamefull end.

For this with praises we adore,
And ever celebrate thy Name:
But now Thou casts us off to shame,
Nor lead'st our Armies as before.

Part. 2.

Our faces from our Foes reverst;
A Spoile to such as hunt for blood:
Thou giv'st us up as Sheep for food,
Among th'uncircumcis'd disperst.

For nought thou dost thy People sell,
Nor art enriched by their price;
Our Neighbours in our fall rejoyce;
A Scorne to all that neare us dwell.

A By-word to the Heathen growne,
Who shake their heads in our disgrace:
My shame is still before my face;
My eyes to Earth with blushes throwne.

Sprung from the bold blasphemers taunts,
And proud Avengers threatning looke:
Yet, Lord, we have not thee forsooke,
Nor falsify'd thy Covenants.

Our hearts have not their Faith dissolv'd;
Our Steps the Path prescribed keep:
Though Thou hast crusht us in the Deep,
And with the shades of Death involv'd.

Part. 3.

For should we from the Lord depart,
Or to strange Gods our hearts upreare;
O would not this to him appeare,
Who knowes the Secrets of our Heart?

Yet for thy sake are daily slaine,
For slaughter mark'd like butcher'd Sheepe:
Awake, O Lord, why dost thou sleepe?
Rise, nor for ever Vs disdain.

O to thy Owne at length returne!
Why dost Thou hide thy chearfull face?
With-drawing thy accustom'd Grace
From such as in Affliction mourne?

For

For lo! our Soules, are wrapt in dust;
 Our bellies to the Centre cleave:
 O, for thy Mercies sake receive,
 And succour those who in Thee trust!

PSALME XLV.

As the 8.

WITH heat divine inspir'd, I sing
 A Panegyrick to the King:

High Raptures in a numerous stile
 I with a ready Pen compile.

Much fairer then our Humane Race;
 Whose lips like Fountaines flow with Grace:

For this the Lord thy Soule shall blesse
 With everlasting Happinesse.

Gird, O most Mightie, on thy Thigh
 Thy Sword of Awe and Majestie:

In triumph, arm'd with Truth, ride on;
 By Clemencie and Justice drawne.

No mortall vigour shall withstand
 The fury of thy dreadfull Hand.

Thy piercing Arrowes in the Kings
 Opposers hearts shall dye their wings.

Thy Throne no waste of Time decayses;
 Thy Scepter sacred Justice swayes.

Thou Vertue lov'st; but hast abhorr'd
 Deformed Vice: for this, the Lord

Hath thee alone preferr'd, and shed
 The Oyle of Joy upon thy head.

Thy Garments, which in Grace excell,
 Of Aloës, Myrrhe, and Cassia smell;

Brought from the Ivory Palaces:
 Which more then other Odors please.

Kings Daughters, to augment thy State,
 Among thy noble Damfels wait.

The Queene inthron'd on thy Right hand,
 Adorn'd with Ophyr's golden Sand.

Harke Daughter, and by me be taught;
 Thy Countrey banish from thy thought,

Thy House and Family forget,
 His Joy upon thy Beauty set.

He is thy Lord; O bow before,
 And him eternally adore!

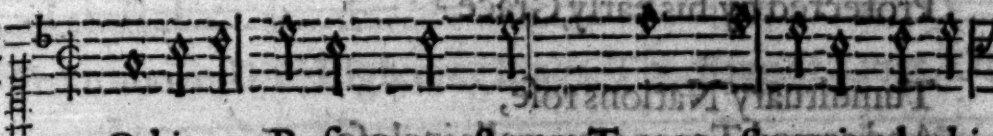
The Daughters of Sea-circled Tyre
 Shall bring their Purple, and desire

(Even

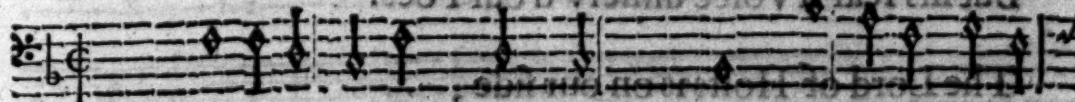
Part. 2.

Even they whom Wealth and Honour grace)
 To see the sweetnesse of thy Face.
 Her Mind all Beauties doth infold;
 Her faire limbs clad in purpled Gold,
 She shall unto the King be brought,
 In Robes with Phrygian Needle wrought:
 VVhile Virgins on her Traine attend,
 VVhose Faith and Friendship know no end:
 VVhom they with joy shall lead along;
 Eterniz'd in a Nuptiall Song:
 And with renew'd Applauses bring
 Vnto the Palace of the King.
 Thou in thy Royall Fathers place,
 Of Sons shalt see a numerous Race;
 VVho over all the Earth shall sway,
 VVhile the cleere Sunne directs the Day.
 My Song shall celebrate thy Name,
 And to the world divulge thy Fame.

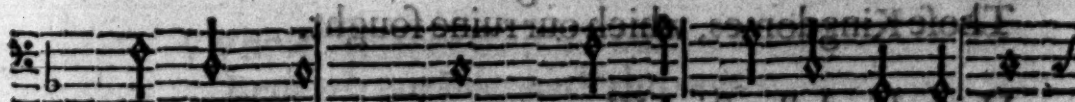
PSALME XLVI.

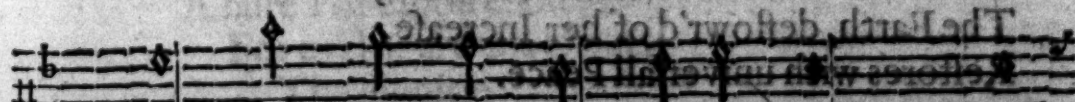
G  **CANT.**

God is our Refuge, our strong Tower, Securing by his

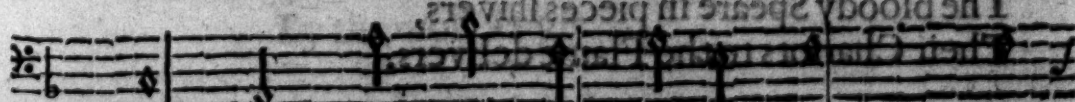
 **BAS.**

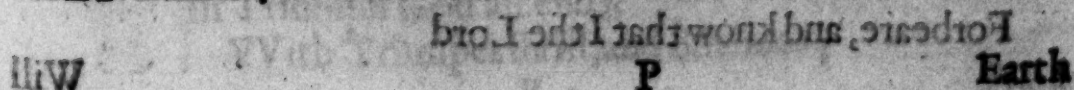
mightie Power, VVhen Dangers threaten to devour.

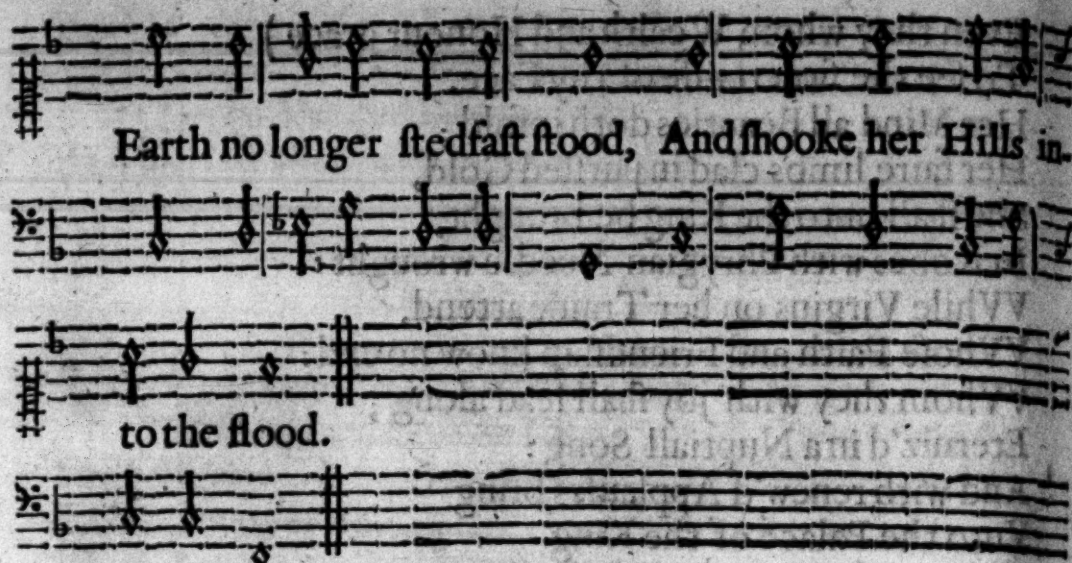




Thus arm'd, no feares shall chill our blood, Though



 **Earth**



Although the troubled Ocean rise
In foaming billowes to the Skies;
And Mountaines shake with horrid noise.

Cleare streames purle from a Crystall Spring,
Which gladnesse to Gods City bring,
The Mansion of th' eternall King.

He in her Centre takes his place:
What Foe can her faire Towers deface,
Protected by his early Grace?

Tumultuary Nations rose,
And armed Troops our walls inclose;
But his fear'd Voice unnerv'd our Foes.

The Lord of Hosts is on our side;
The God by Jacob magnifi'd;
Our Strength, on whom we have reli'd.

Come, see the wonders he hath wrought;
Who hath to desolation brought
Those Kingdomes, which our ruine sought.

He makes destructive Warre surcease;
The Earth, deflowr'd of her Increase,
Restores with universall Peace.

He breaks their Bowes, unarmes their Quivers,
The bloody Speare in pieces shivers,
Their Chariots to the Flame delivers.

Forbeare, and know that I the Lord

Will

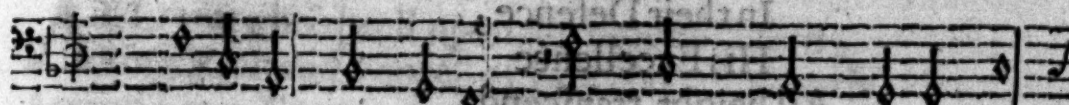
Will by all Nations be ador'd;
Prais'd with unanimous accord.

The Lord of Hosts is on our side;
The God by Jacob magnifi'd;
Our Strength, on whom we have reli'd.

PSALME XLVII.

L  **CANT.**

Et all in sweet accord Clap Hands, their Voices raise,

 **BASS.**



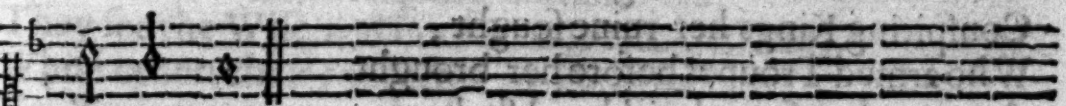
In Honour of the Lord; And loudly sing his praise: VWho



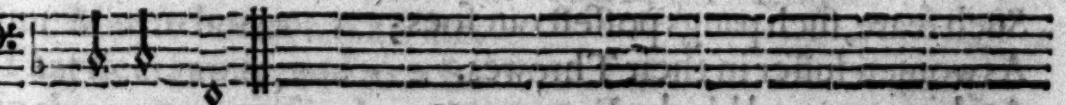


From above, Dire Lightning flings: The King of Kings, Of





all that move.



VWhole Nations of our Foes

Beneath our Feet hath throwne:

A faire Possession chose,

For us that are his Owne:

The dignitie

Of Israel;

Belov'd so well

By the most High.

In Triumph God ascends,

VWith Trumpet shrill, and Shalmes;

Praise him, who his defends;
 O praise our King with Psalmes!
 For God is King
 Of all the Earth;
 With sacred Mirth
 His Praises sing.

God o're the Heathen reignes;
 Sits on his holy Throne:
 All whom the Earth sustaines,
 Shall worship him alone.
 His Shield extends
 In their Defence;
 His Excellence
 All height transcends.

PSALME XLVIII.

As the 8.

THe Lord is most Majesticall;
 Most highly to be prais'd by all,
 Within the Citie of our God,
 And Mansion blest by his abode.
 Faire Sion hath a pleasant Site;
 Of Earth the Beautie and Delight:
 Upon the North-side bordering,
 The Citie of the Mightie King.
 God dwels within her loftie Towers;
 Secur'd from all assailing Powers.
 Conspiring Kings her ruine sought;
 Who armed Troupes before her brought.
 At once they saw, admir'd, and fled;
 Their hearts surpriz'd with sudden Dread.
 Such feare, such pangs possesse our foes;
 As women suffer in their Throwes.
 At thy command blacke Eurys rores,
 And spreads his wracks on Tharsian shores.
 VVe, what we heard our Fathers tell,
 Have seene, who in this Citie dwell;
 The Citie of our God, which Hee
 Shall ever from destruction free.
 Thy Favours, Lord, with Thankfulnesse
 VVe in thy Temple still professe.
 As is thy Name, thou God of Might,
 So are thy Praises infinite;
 And stretch to Earths remotest Bound:
 Thy Hand for Justice farre renown'd.

Part. 2.

O Sion, Judah's Diadem,
 You Daughters of Jerusalem,
 Unite your Joyes, and glory in
 His Judgement, which your eyes have seene.
 Goe walke the Round of Sion; tell
 Her Towers; observe her Bulwarks well:
 On her faire Buildings cast thine eye;
 Declare it to Posteritie.
 For God will still our God remaine,
 And us unto our Last sustaine.

PSALME XLIX.

As the 1.

ALL you who dwell upon the foodfull Earth;
 Both Rich and Poore; of base and noble birth;
 Attend: my Tongue deep wisdom shall impart;
 And knowledge from the fountaine of my heart.
 I unto light darke Parables will bring,
 And to my solemne Harpe Ænigmaes sing.
 In Misery and Age why should I feare,
 When Sin pursues my steps, and Death draws neare?
 O you, who Riches as your God adore,
 And glory in your scarce possessed Store:
 VVho can redeeme his Brother for one Day,
 Or to the Lord his high-pris'd Ransome pay?
 (For O, not all the Gold, which Streames conceale,
 Or Hills inclose, can banisht Life repeale,)
 That he might live unto Eternity,
 Nor in the Earths corrupting Entrailes lye.
 They see the Wise, and Fooles, to Death descend,
 While others their congested treasures spend:
 Yet hoping to perpetuate their fame,
 Proud Structures raise, and call them by their Name.
 But Man in honour is a Vanitie,
 That fleets away; and as a Beast must die.
 In this vaine course, they circularly move,
 And their Posterity their words approve.
 Death shall as Sheep devour them in the Dust;
 Till that great Day subject them to the Just.
 Their Strength and Beauty shall to nothing waft:
 All naked, from their sumptuous Houses cast.
 But God shall from the greedy Sepulchre
 My Soule redeeme, and to his Joyes preferre.
 Despaire not, when a man growes Opulent,
 And that the Glories of his House augment:
 For with his thread of Life his Riches end;
 Nor shall his Honours with his Soule descend.

Part 2.

Though

Though here he live in luxury and ease;
 And those are prais'd, who their owne Genius please;
 Yet as his Fathers, he shall set in Night;
 Nor ever rise to see the cheerfull Light.
 Man high in honour, whose ignoble brest
 No knowledge holds, shall perish like a beast.

PSALME L.

As the 1.

TH E God of Gods, Jehovah, shall convent
 All from the Orient to the Suns descent.
 From Sions Towers (of Beauty the Divine
 And full Perfection) shall his Glory shine.
 Nor silent comes: devouring flames before,
 And round about him horrid Tempests rore.
 The righteous Judge, to judge his People, shall
 High Heaven and conscions Earth to witnesse call.
 Assemble all my Saints, who with one mind
 My Testaments with Sacrifice have sign'd.
 Then thundring Skies shall make his Justice knowne;
 When he our God ascends his Judgements Throne.
 My People, heare; Thy God, O Israel.
 Will thee convince, and thy Transgressions tell.
 I blame not thy unfrequent Sacrifice,
 Nor fumes, which rarely from my Altars rise:
 I from thy Stall will take no well-fed Steere,
 Nor from thy Folds a Male-goat of that yeare:
 For all are Mine, that Woods or Deserts breed,
 And Herds which on a thousand mountaines feed:
 I know all Fowle, which Hills or Valleys yield,
 And number all the Cattell of the Field.

Part. 2.

Will I, if hungry, unto Thee complaine,
 When all is Mine which Sea and Land containe?
 Will I eat flesh of Bulls? or canst thou thinke,
 That I the blood of shaggy Goats will drinke?
 A thankfull heart upon my Altar lay;
 And righteous Vowes to high Jehovah pay.
 Then call on me in trouble; I will raise
 Thy Soule from Death, and thou my Name shalt praise.
 But O thou Hypocrite! Dar'st thou explaine
 My Law? My Covenants with thy lips prophane?
 That scorn'st instruction; dost my Word despise;
 Consent'st with Theeves, and hast adulterous eyes?
 Deceit, and slander tip thy impious tongue:
 Thy brother woundst with Infamy and Wrong.
 Thus didst thou; this did I with silence see,
 So as thou thought'st, that I was like to thee.

But

But I will thy Hypocrisie uncase;
And lay thy ugly crimes before thy face.
Consider this, O you, who God neglect:
Lest I destroy you, when none can protect.
Who praise for Incense offer, honour Me;
And upright Soules shall my Salvation see.

PSALME LI.

As the 3.

LORD, to a sinner Mercy show:
Which since in Thee so infinite;
Let all thy streames of Mercy flow,
And purifie me in thy sight.
O wash thou my polluted Soule!
O cleanse me from my bloody Deed!
That to my Selfe appeare so foule;
And now in true Contrition bleed.
My finnes, unmask't, before Thee lye;
Who have deserv'd thy wrath alone:
Which I confesse, to testifie
Thy Truth, and make thy Justice knowne.
In sinne conceiv'd, brought forth in sin;
Sin suckt I from my Mothers brest:
Thou lov'st a heart sincere within,
Where Wisdome is a constant guest.
With Hysope purge, from blemish cleare,
O wash, then falling Snow more white!
Lord, let me thy remission heare
The Bones, which thou hast broke, unite.
Blot out my crimes; O separate
My trembling Guilt far from thy view!
A cleane Heart in my brest create;
A Mind, to Thee confirm'd, renew.
Nor cast me from thy Presence, Lord;
Nor O thy holy Spirit withdraw!
But thy life-quickenng Grace afford;
Inlarge my Will t'imbrace thy Law.
Then Sinners I with heavenly Food
Will feed, directed in thy Wayes:
O my Redeemer, cleanse from blood
The Soule, that will thy Mercie praise.
Give Thou my Verse an argument,
And they thy Goodnesse shall resound.
No Sacrifice will Thee content;
Nor Altars with Oblations crown'd.
Else, I would Hecatombs impart:
True sorrow is Thy Sacrifice.

Part. 2.

A broken

A broken and a contrite Heart,
 My God, Thou never wilt despise.
 Thy Sion with accustom'd Grace
 (Left my foule crimes her shame procure)
 In thy protecting Armes embrace;
 And faire Jerusalem immure.
 Then we, with due Solemnitie,
 To Thee our gratefull Vowes will pay;
 And Bulls, which never Yoke did try,
 Vpon thy flaming Altar lay.

PSALME LII.

As the 32.

O Thou in Mischiefe great,
 Why boasts thou in deceit?
 Gods greater Mercy will
 Protect his Servants still.
 Thy Tongue with fraud abounds,
 And like a Rasor wounds;
 All evill dost affect;
 All that is good neglect.
 Lies are thy low delight;
 To Vertue opposite:
 Thy words with treachery
 The innocent destroy.
 God shall repay thy hate,
 Thy Structures ruinate;
 And make thee curse thy birth:
 Then teare thee from the Earth.
 The Just thy fall shall see,
 Feare Him, and laugh at thee.
 Lo he, who God forooke,
 Nor for his refuge tooke;
 Selfe-strengthening with excesse
 Of Wealth, and Wickednesse.
 But I shall planted be,
 Like a greene Olive-tree,
 In Gods owne House; and will
 Trust in His Mercies still.
 For this, I evermore
 Shall thy great Name adore:
 Thy Promises expect;
 The joy of thy Elect.

PSALME LIII.

As the 12.

FOoles, flattering their owne vices, say
 Within their hearts; God is a Name
 Devis'd to make the Strong obey;
 To fetter Nature; quench her flame:
 When all this Vniuersall Frame
 The hands of potent Fortune sway.
 Secure and prosperous in ill,
 The feare and thought of God exile,
 To follow their rebellious will;
 Thinke nothing that delights them vile:
 Their Soules with wicked thoughts defile;
 And all their foule Desires fulfill.
 God from the Tower of Heaven his eyes
 On men, and their endeavours, threw:
 Not one beheld beneath the Skies,
 That fought him, or his Statues knew:
 All Vice with winged Feet pursue;
 But none forsaken Vertue prize.
 O deafe to good! in knowledge blind!
 By Sinne through clouds of error led!
 Dull sensuall Formes, without a Mind!
 Nor slow, though certaine, Vengeance dread!
 The Righteous they deuoure like bread;
 All piety at once declin'd.
 These, idle terrors shall affright;
 Their sleeps disturb'd by guilty feare.
 God shall their Bones asunder smite,
 Who impious Armes against him beare;
 Nor they their infamy out-weare;
 Since despicable in his sight.
 O that unto thy Israel
 The Day-starre might from Sion spring!
 And all the shades of Night expell!
 When Thou shalt us from Bondage bring,
 How would we Lord thy Praises sing!
 No joy should Jacobs joy excell.

PSALME

PSALME LIV.

As the 4.

LORD, for thy Promise sake defend,
And Thy All-saving Shield extend:

O heare my cries,

VVhich with wet Eyes

And sighs to Thee ascend!

For cruell men my life pursue;

And who thy Statutes never knew.

Suppress my Foes:

O fide with those,

VVho to my Soule are true!

VVith vengeance recompense their hate;

And in an instant ruinate.

Then will I bring

My Offering,

And Thy great Acts relate.

Thy Name for ever praised be;

VVho from those snares hast set me free:

For loe, these eyes

My Enemies

Desir'd subversion see.

PSALME LV.

As the 39.

LORD, to my Prayers incline thine Eare;

Th' afflicted heare:

Nor be thou Deafe to my complaint;

For O I faint!

Regard the sighes, the groanes, the cries,

VVhich from my penfive Soule arise.

Rais'd by the threatnings of my Foe,

VVhich storme-like grow;

And by blood-thirsty Violence;

Truth my offence:

VVho slander with their wounding tongues,

And presse me unto Death with wrongs.

My heart, a stranger unto rest,

Throbs in my breast.

The terrours of approaching Death

Exhaust my breath.

My

My sinews trembling Feare dissolves,
And Horror all my Powers involves,

O that with Dove-like wings I might
Take my swift flight,

To calme Retreats of rest, where I

Conceal'd might lie!

Then would I finde some Wildernesse,

Removed farre from mans accesse,

Then all these Tempests, which arise

With hideous noise;

And with their dreadfull Tumults make

My Heart to quake;

I would, far swifter then the VVind,

Or winged Lightnings leave behind.

Lord, swallow those, who swell with pride;

Their Tongues divide:

For Strife, and Violence, bent to kill,

The City fill:

Both Day and Night they walke the Round,

Rape, Mischiefe, Teares, within abound.

Wild Outrages her streets profane,

And boldly Reigne:

Fraud lurking in her Palaces,

Conspires with these.

For I, had he his hate protest,

Had shunn'd, or should his wrongs digest.

But thou, my Friend, even of my Heart

The better Part;

To so intire a union growne,

As if but one:

Gods House we daily visited,

Both sweetly by one Counsell led.

Let Death devour them; let them dive

To Hell alive.

With mischief their proud roofes abound

Their hearts unsound:

But God my Soule shall dis-enthall;

For I upon his Name will call.

My prayers shall with the Suns up rise,

Ascend the Skies;

Part. 2.

As the

Part. 3.

Renew'd,

Part. 3.

Renew'd, when he at Noone displayes

His fervent Rayes;

When he behinde the Earth descends,

And Day, out-worne with labour, ends.

My Cries shall penetrate the Spheares,

And pierce his Eares.

He shall my captive Soule release,

And crowne with Peace.

For in the Fervor of the Fight,

His Angels shall protect my Right.

Th'Eternall Judge, Jehovah, shall

Confound them all;

Who onely change from bad to worse,

Nor feare his Curse.

Sweet Peace he violated hath,

And broken his obliged Faith.

His Words then Butter smother farre;

His Thoughts of Warre:

Words softer then the fluent Oile;

Yet bent to Spoyle.

But thou, my Soule, thy cares impose

On God, who will redresse thy woes.

The Just he shall confirme with Joy;

Th'Unjust destroy.

Those who in bloud and fraud delight,

Shall set in Night,

Before their Noone of Life be past.

But I on God my hopes have plac'd.

PSALME LVI.

As the 4.

O Lord, protect me by thy Power
From such as would my Life devoure;

VWho mercilesse

Strive to oppresse;

Nor grant me Truce one houre.

That would devoure me every Day.

And make my chafed Life their prey:

Yet, Lord, will I

On thee relie,

VWhen Dangers most dismay.

Thy

Thy Promise I will celebrate;
In constant hope thy Pleasure wait;
With patience beare
Thy Stay; nor feare
Fraile man, or his vaine hate.

My words and deeds they daily wrest,
And in their thoughts my fall digest;
Vnite in ill,
And lurke to kill:
My Feet can finde no rest.

O shall they with impunity
Escape, and thus their sins enjoy!
Let Death thy rage
Alone asswage;
Them in their guilt destroy.

My Wanderings thou hast numbered;
Even every Teare mine Eyes have shed
Thy Viall holds:
All in the Folds
Of thy large Volume read.

Assur'd, that when on God I call,
My Foes shall by his Fury fall.
His Promise I
Will magnifie;
His Truth divulge to All.

To him my ready Vowes will pay;
My Vowes of Thanks, both night and day:
In whom I trust:
Nor shall th' Unjust
My stedfast Hopes dismay.

For he hath snatcht me from the Night
Of Death, and kept my foot upright:
That I may still
Observe his Will,
And see the cheerfull Light.

PSALME LI.

As the 10.

O Thou, from whom all Mercy springs,
Compassionate my Sufferings;
And pity me,
That trust in Thee!

O shelter with thy shady Wings,
Vntill these stormes of Woe
Cleare-up, or over-blow!

Thee I invoke, O thou Most High,
Thou All-performer! from the Skie
Thy Angels send;
Let them defend

My Soule from him that would destroy:
O send thy Mercy downe;
VVith Truth thy Promise crowne!

For Salvage Lions girt me round,
And they whose Malice knowes no bound;
Their cruell Words
More sharp then Swords;

Their Teeth like Speares and Arrowes wound,
To Heaven thy Glory raise;
Let Earth resound thy Praise.

They subtile snares prepared have,
And bow'd my Soule even to the Grave:

With wicked wit
Have digg'd a pit,
From which themselves they could not save:
But justly fell therein.
Intrapt by their owne Sin.

My raviht Heart flames with desire,
I to the Musicke of my Lyre,
Eternall King,

Thy Praise will sing.

Awake my Glory! Zeale inspire!

Awake my Harp and Lyre,

Nor in his Praise be mute!

To thee, before the Morning rise,
My Lips their Calves shall sacrifice:

Thy Mercy farre
The highest Starre,

Thy

Thy Truth transcends the loftie Skies.
To Heaven thy Glory raise;
Let Earth resound thy Praise.

PSALME LVIII.

Pernicious Counsellors! Give you
Sincere advice? no Justice true?
Or Vertue but in show pursue?

As the 48.

Your Hearts are still on Mischief bent;
Your Hands impure and violent;
Nor favour Truth, nor Wrong prevent.

Even from the womb they blindly stray;
Borne, and perverted in one day;
Lie, slander, flatter, and betray.

Like Serpents, with black poyson swell;
And charme th'Inchanter ne're so well,
More deafe then Asps, his Charms repell.

Lord, slit their Tongues, before they speak;
Strike out their Teeth, which teare the Weak;
And the young Lions grinders break.

As Sun-beat Snow, so let them thaw;
And when their weakned Bowes they draw,
Let their crackt Arrowes flie like straw.

Let them like Snail's consume away;
And as untimely Births decay,
VWhich never saw the cheerfull Day.

Before their pots can feele the brier,
God in the Whirl-wind of his Ire,
Shall blast alive, and burne with fire.

Sinne with Revenge at length shall meet;
The Godly shall rejoyce to see t,
And in their blood shall wash their feet.

Then erring Mortals shall confesse,
There are Rewards for Righteousnesse,
And Plagues for such as doe transgresse.

PSALME LIX.

As the 34.

LORD, save me from mine Enemies;
 From those, who thus against me rise,
 Like an incensed Floud:
 From those, who in Impietie
 Place their delight, and long to die
 Their hands in guiltlesse blood.

Lo! for my Soule they lie in wait:
 The Mightie joyne their power and hate,
 VVithout my blame or crime.
 VVithout my crime they weapons take;
 And persecute my Soule. Awake
 My God! assist in time.

Great God of Hosts, of Israel,
 These all-oppressing Tyrants quest;
 Nor be to Mercy won:
 At night their mischief they begin;
 Incenst like snarling Dogs they grin,
 And through the Citie run.

Behold! they vomit bitter words;
 Betweene their lips they brandish swords;
 Yet say; Can these be knowne?
 But, Lord, thou shalt their threats deride;
 The empty terrour of their pride
 And Malice, vainly showne.

Part. 2.

I and my strength are in thy Power.
 In Thee I trust, my Shield! my Tower!
 Thy Mercie, Lord, how great!
 My Foes subjectest to my will:
 Subdue, and scatter; but not kill,
 Left we thy Truth forget.

O be they in their Pride surpris'd!
 Even for the Lies they have devis'd,
 Their curses, and close Arts.
 Consume them, from the Land expell:
 To shew, God reignes in Israel,
 To Earths remotest parts.

Hopelesse let them returne with Night,
 Like grinning Dogs bark, but not bite;
 About the City rome:

Pale, meager, and halfe famished;
Like vagabonds howle they for bread;
VVithout or food, or home.

But I, before the Day-star spring,
Will of thy Power and Mercy sing;
My Safety in distresse.

Thou art my Rock, my strong Defence;
My living Verse thy Excellence
And Bounty shall expresse.

PSALME LX.

CAST off, and scattered in thine Ire:
Lord on our woes with pity look.

The Lands infore'd Foundations shook;
VVhose yawning ruptures Sighs expire.
O cure the Breaches Thou hast rent,
And make Her firmly permanent!

Our Souls thou hast with sorrow fed;
And mad'st us drinke of deadly Wine:
Yet now thy Ensignes giv'st to Thine,
Even when beset with trembling dread,
That we thy Banner may display,
Whil'st Truth to Conquest makes our way.

O heare us, who thy Aide implore;
Lord, with thy owne Right hand defend:
To thy Beloved succour send.
God by his Sanctity thus swore;
I Succoths Valley will divide;
In Shechems Spoiles be magnifi'd.

Mine Gilead is, Manasseh mine;
Ephraim my strength, in battell bold;
Thou Judah shalt my Scepter hold:
I will triumph on Palestine,
Base Servitude shall Moab waste;
O're Edom I my Shooe will cast.

Who will our forward Troups direct,
To Rabbah strongly fortifi'd?
Or into sandy Edom guide?
Lord, wilt not thou, that didst reject,
Nor wouldst before our Armies goe,
Now leade our Host against the Foe?

O then, when Dangers most affright,
 Doe thou our troubled Souls sustaine !
 For loe ! the helpe of Man is vaine.
 Through Thee we valiantly shall fight :
 Our flying Foes thou shalt tread downe ;
 And Thine with wreaths of Conquest crowne.

PSALME LXI.

As the 13.

MY God, thy Servant heare ;
 O lend a willing eare !
 In exile my sad heart,
 From Earths remotest part,
 O'whelm'd with Miseries,
 To Thee for succour cries.
 To that High Rock O leade,
 So farre above my head !
 That wert, and art my Tower,
 Against oppressing Power.
 For to thy sacred Court
 I ever shall resort ;
 Secure beneath thy wings,
 From all their menacings :
 Even Thou my suit hast sign'd ;
 A King by Thee design'd,
 To governe such as will.
 Thy holy Law fulfill.
 Whom Thou long life wilt give,
 He Ages shall out-live ;
 His Throne shall stand before
 Thy Face for evermore.
 Thy Mercy, Lord, extend ;
 Him for thy Truth defend.
 Then I in chearfull Layes
 Will celebrate thy praise ;
 And to Thee every day
 My Vowes devoutly pay.

PSALME LXII.

As the 15.

LORD, thou art the only Scope
 Of my never-fainting Hope ;
 My Salvation, my Defence,
 Refuge of my Innocence :
 Thou the Rock I build upon,
 Not by man to be o'rethrown.

Now

How long will you machinate:
 Persecute with causelesse hate:
 You shall like a tott'ring wall,
 Like a batter'd Bulwark, fall.
 All conspire to cast me downe;
 From my browes to teare my Crowne:
 Full of fraud, they blesse in shew,
 When their Thoughts with curses flow.
 Yet my Soule on God attends;
 All my Hope on him depends;
 He the Rock I built upon,
 Not by man to be o'rethrowne.
 He my Glory, he my Tower,
 Guards me by his saving Power.
 You, who are sincere and just,
 In the Lord for ever trust:
 Powre your Hearts before his Throne;
 His, who can protect alone.
 All that are of high Descent,
 To the Poore and Indigent,
 Nothing are but Vainie;
 Nothing but deceive and lye:
 Balanc'd, altogether they
 Lighter then a Vapour weigh.
 In Oppression trust thou not,
 Nor in Wealth by Rapine got:
 If thy Riches multiply,
 See thou prize them not too high.
 God said once; twice have I heard;
 Power is his, by Him conferr'd:
 His is Mercy; He rewards,
 And, as we deserve, regards.

PSALME LXIII.

TO Thee, O God, my God, I pray,
 Before the dawning of the Day.

As the 34.

My Soule and wasting flesh,
 VVith thirsty Ardor Thee desire,
 In Soiles scorcht with æthereall Fire,
 VVhose drought no showres refresh:

That in thy Sanctuary I
 May see thy Power and Majesty,
 Once more with ravisht eyes:
 My lips shall celebrate thy Praise;

Thy Goodnesse, more then length of daies,
Or life it selfe, I prise.

Extoll'd while I have utterance :
To Thee will I my Palmes advance;
That wilt with marrow feast.
My Verse thy Wonders shall recite;
Remembred in the silent Night,
As on my Bed I rest.

Secur'd beneath thy shady Wing,
I will in sacred Raptures sing;
And to thy Promise cleave.
Thy Hand upholds; but who with hate
My Soule seeke to precipitate
Hels entrails shall receive.

The raging Sword shall shed their blood;
A prey for Wolves; for Foxes, food.
Yet God his King shall blesse;
And such as sweare by his great Name:
But those, whose Tongues the Just defame,
Confusion shall suppress.

PSALME LXIV.

As the 10.

THou great Protector, heare my Cry;
Save from my dreadfull Enemy:
O vindicate
From their close hate,
VWho for my Soule in ambush lie.
From their blind Rage protect,
VWho Truth and Thee reject.

Who whet their Tongues, more sharp then Swords,
Their Arrowes draw, even bitter words;
To wound th'Vpright,
VWith fierce delight,
VWhen Time to their desire accords:
Then on a sudden shoot;
Nor feare divine pursuit.

Confirm'd in skilfull Malice; they
Conspire, their Nets in secret lay;
And say; VWhat eye
Can this descry?

First counsell take; and then betray:
On mischief set their hearts,
Pursu'd by wicked Arts.

But God shall let his Arrows flie;
Wound in the twinckling of an Eye:
Each deadly stung
By his owne Tongue,
Shall with that fatall Poyson die.
Who this behold, or heare,
Shall tremble with cold feare.

Men shall their Eyes with wonder raise,
Rehearse his Deeds, and sing his Praise.
Eternitie
Shall crowne their Joy,
Who walke in his prescribed wayes.
He to the Pure of Heart
His Glorie shall impart.

PSALME LXV.

DUe Honours, Lord, on Thee attend,
Where Sions sacred Towers ascend:
There thy devoted Israelites
Shall pay their Vowes, with solemne Rites.
To Thee shall all Man-kinde repaire:
Since thou vouchsaf'st to heare our Prayer.
Our Sinnes thy Mercies expiate,
When burthen'd with their loathed waight:
Thrice happy he, of whom thou mak'st
Thy Choice; and to thy service tak'st
That may within thy Courts reside;
There with thy Goodnesse satisfi'd;
And taste of that sincere Delight,
VWhich never cloyes the Appetite.
From thee, O God, our Safetie springs;
Thy Judgement threatens dreadfull things.
Their Hope, whom Soiles remote sustaine;
VWho flote upon the toiling Maine.
Great is thy Power: propt by thy Hand,
Cloud-touching Mountaines stedfast stand.
Thou with thy Scepter dost appease
The roaring of the high-wrought Seas:
And the tumultuarie jarres
Of People breathing Blood and VVarres.

As the 8.

VWho

PSALME LIX.

As the 34.

LORD, save me from mine Enemies;
 From those, who thus against me rise,
 Like an incensed Floud:
 From those, who in Impietie
 Place their delight, and long to die
 Their hands in guiltlesse blood.

Lo! for my Soule they lie in wait:
 The Mightie joyne their power and hate,
 VVithout my blame or crime:
 VVithout my crime they weapons take;
 And persecute my Soule. Awake
 My God! assist in time.

Great God of Hosts, of Israel,
 These all-oppressing Tyrants quest;
 Nor be to Mercy won:
 At night their mischief they begin;
 Incenst like snarling Dogs they grin,
 And through the Citie run.

Behold! they vomit bitter words;
 Betweene their lips they brandish swords;
 Yet say; Can these be knowne?
 But, Lord, thou shalt their threats deride;
 The empty terrour of their pride
 And Malice, vainly showne.

Part. 2.

I and my strength are in thy Power.
 In Thee I trust, my Shield! my Tower!
 Thy Mercie, Lord, how great!
 My Foes subjectest to my will:
 Subdue, and scatter; but not kill,
 Lest we thy Truth forget.

O be they in their Pride surpris'd!
 Even for the Lies they have devis'd,
 Their curses, and close Arts.
 Consume them, from the Land expell:
 To shew, God reignes in Israel,
 To Earths remotest parts.

Hopelesse let them returne with Night,
 Like grinning Dogs bark, but not bite;
 About the City rome:

Pale,

Pale, meager, and halfe famished;
Like vagabonds howle they for bread;
VVithout or food, or home.

But I, before the Day-star spring,
Will of thy Power and Mercy sing;
My Safety in distresse.

Thou art my Rock, my strong Defence;
My living Verse thy Excellence
And Bounty shall expresse.

PSALME LX.

CAST off, and scattered in thine Ire:
Lord on our woes with pity look.

The Lands infore'd Foundations shook;
VVhose yawning ruptures Sighs expire,
O cure the Breaches Thou hast rent,
And make Her firmly permanent.

Our Souls thou hast with sorrow fed;
And mad'st us drinke of deadly Wine:
Yet now thy Ensignes giv'st to Thine,
Even when beset with trembling dread;
That we thy Banner may display,
Whil'st Truth to Conquest makes our way.

O heare us, who thy Aide implore;
Lord, with thy owne Right hand defend:
To thy Beloved succour send.
God by his Sanctity thus swore;
I Succoths Valley will divide;
In Shechems Spoiles be magnifi'd.

Mine Gilead is, Manasseh mine;
Ephraim my strength, in battell bold;
Thou Judah shalt my Scepter hold:
I will triumph on Palestine,
Base Servitude shall Moab waste;
O're Edom I my Shooe will cast.

Who will our forward Troups direct,
To Rabbah strongly fortifi'd?
Or into sandy Edom guide?
Lord, wilt not thou, that didst reject,
Nor wouldst before our Armies goe,
Now leade our Host against the Foe?

O then, when Dangers most affright,
 Doe thou our troubled Souls sustaine !
 For loe ! the helpe of Man is vaine.
 Through Thee we valiantly shall fight :
 Our flying Foes thou shalt tread downe ;
 And Thine with wreaths of Conquest crowne.

PSALME LXI.

As the 13.

MY God, thy Servant heare ;
 O lend a willing eare !
 In exile my sad heart,
 From Earths remotest part,
 O'rewhelm'd with Miseries,
 To Thee for succour cries.
 To that High Rock O leade,
 So farre above my head !
 That wert, and art my Tower,
 Against oppressing Power.
 For to thy sacred Court
 I ever shall resort ;
 Secure beneath thy wings,
 From all their menacings :
 Even Thou my suit hast sign'd ;
 A King by Thee design'd,
 To governe such as will.
 Thy holy Law fulfill.
 Whom Thou long life wilt give,
 He Ages shall out-live ;
 His Throne shall stand before
 Thy Face for evermore.
 Thy Mercy, Lord, extend ;
 Him for thy Truth defend.
 Then I in chearfull Layes
 Will celebrate thy praise ;
 And to Thee every day
 My Vowes devoutly pay.

PSALME LXII.

As the 15.

LORD, thou art the only Scope
 Of my never-fainting Hope ;
 My Salvation, my Defence,
 Refuge of my Innocence :
 Thou the Rock I build upon,
 Not by man to be o'rethrown.

Now

How long will you machinate
 Persecute with causlesse hate
 You shall like a tott'ring wall,
 Like a batter'd Bulwark, fall.
 All conspire to cast me downe;
 From my browes to teare my Crowne:
 Full of fraud, they blesse in show,
 When their Thoughts with curses flow.
 Yet my Soule on God attends;
 All my Hope on him depends;
 He the Rock I built upon,
 Not by man to be o'rethrowne.
 He my Glory, he my Tower,
 Guards me by his saving Power.
 You, who are sincere and just,
 In the Lord for ever trust:
 Powre your Hearts before his Throne;
 His, who can protect alone.
 All that are of high Descent,
 To the Poore and Indigent,
 Nothing are but Vannie;
 Nothing but deceive and lye:
 Balanc'd, altogether they
 Lighter then a Vapour weigh.
 In Oppression trust thou not,
 Nor in Wealth by Rapine got:
 If thy Riches multiply,
 See thou prize them not too high.
 God said once; twice have I heard;
 Power is his, by Him conferr'd:
 His is Mercy; He rewards,
 And, as we deserve, regards.

PSALME LXIII.

TO Thee, O God, my God, I pray,
 Before the dawning of the Day.
 My Soule and waisting flesh,
 VVith thirfty Ardor Thee desire,
 In Soiles scorcht with æthereall Fire,
 VVhose drought no showres refresh:

As the 34.

That in thy Sanctuary I
 May see thy Power and Majesty,
 Once more with ravisht eyes:
 My lips shall celebrate thy Praise;

Thy Goodnesse, more then length of daies,
Or life it selfe, I prise.

Extoll'd while I have utterance :
To Thee will I my Palmes advance ;
That wilt with marrow feast.
My Verse thy Wonders shall recite ;
Remembred in the silent Night,
As on my Bed I rest.

Secur'd beneath thy shady Wing,
I will in sacred Raptures sing ;
And to thy Promise cleave.
Thy Hand upholds ; but who with hate
My Soule seeke to precipitate
Hels entrails shall receive.

The raging Sword shall shed their blood ;
A prey for Wolves ; for Foxes, food.
Yet God his King shall blesse ;
And such as sweare by his great Name :
But those, whose Tongues the Just defame,
Confusion shall suppress.

PSALME LXIV.

As the 10.

THou great Protector, heare my Cry ;
Save from my dreadfull Enemy :
O vindicate
From their close hate,
VWho for my Soule in ambush lie.
From their blind Rage protect,
VWho Truth and Thee reject.

Who whet their Tongues, more sharp then Swords,
Their Arrowes draw, even bitter words ;
To wound th' Vpright,
VWith fierce delight,
VWhen Time to their desire accords :
Then on a sudden shoot,
Nor feare divine pursuit.

Confirm'd in skilfull Malice ; they
Conspire, their Nets in secret lay :
And say ; VWhat eye
Can this descry ?

First counsell take; and then betray:
On mischief set their hearts,
Pursu'd by wicked Arts.

But God shall let his Arrows flie;
Wound in the twinckling of an Eye:
Each deadly stung
By his owne Tongue,
Shall with that fatall Poyson die.
Who this behold, or heare,
Shall tremble with cold feare.

Men shall their Eyes with wonder raise,
Rehearse his Deeds, and sing his Praise.
Eternitie
Shall crowne their Joy,
Who walke in his prescribed wayes.
He to the Pure of Heart
His Glorie shall impart.

PSALME LXV.

DUE Honours, Lord, on Thee attend,
Where Sions sacred Towers ascend:
There thy devoted Israelites
Shall pay their Vowes, with solemne Rites.
To Thee shall all Man-kinde repaire:
Since thou vouchsaf'st to heare our Prayer.
Our Sinnes thy Mercies expiate,
When burthen'd with their loathed waight:
Thrice happy he, of whom thou mak'st
Thy Choice; and to thy service tak'st
That may within thy Courts reside;
There with thy Goodnesse satisfi'd;
And taste of that sincere Delight,
Which never cloyes the Appetite.
From thee, O God, our Saferie springs;
Thy Judgement threatens dreadfull things.
Their Hope, whom Soiles remote sustaine;
Who flote upon the toiling Maine.
Great is thy Power: propt by thy Hand,
Cloud-touching Mountaines stedfast stand.
Thou with thy Scepter dost appease
The roaring of the high-wrought Seas:
And the tumultuarie jarres
Of People breathing Blood and Vvarres.

As the 8.

Who

Part. 2.

Who dwell upon the Earth's Confines,
 They tremble at thy fearefull Signes,
 VVhere first the Sun his beame displaies;
 And where he sets his golden Raies,
 They triumph in the fruits of Peace;
 Inriched by the Earth's increase.
 He Raine upon her Bosome powres;
 His swelling Clouds abound with Showres:
 And so prepares the lusty Soile
 To recompense the Reapers toile.
 Mellowes the Glebe with farning iuyce,
 VVhose furrowes hopefull blades produce:
 With Plenty crownes the smiling Yeares,
 Shed from the influence of the Spheares:
 The Desert with sweet Claver fils;
 And richly shades the joyfull Hills.
 Flocks cover all the higher Plaine:
 The rancker Valleyes cloth'd with Graine.
 These in Abundance solacing,
 VVithout a tongue thy Praises sing.

PSALME LXVI.

As the 29. A

HAppy Sons of Israel,
 Who in pleasant Canaan dwell,
 Fill the Aire with shouts of Joy;
 Shouts redoubled from the Skie.
 Sing the great Jehovah's Praise;
 Trophees to his Glory raise:
 Say; How wonderfull thy Deeds!
 Lord, thy Power all power exceeds!
 Conquest on thy Sword doth sit;
 Trembling Foes through feare submit.
 Let the many-peopled Earth,
 All of high and humble birth,
 Worship our eternall King;
 Hymnes unto his honour sing.
 Come, and see what God hath wrought;
 Terrible to humane thought.
 He the Billowes did divide,
 Wall'd with waves on either side,
 While we passed safe and dry:
 Then our Soules were rapt with joy,
 Endlesse his Dominion;
 All beholding from his Throne.
 Let not those, who hate us most;
 Let not the Rebellious boast.

Blesse

Blesse the Lord; his Praise be sung;
 While an eare can heare a tongue.
 He our feet establiseth;
 He our Souls redeem's from Death,
 Lord, as Silver purifi'd,
 Thou hast with Affliction tri'd:
 Thou hast driv'n into the net;
 Burthens on our shoulders set:
 Trod on by their Horses hooves;
 Theirs, whom Pity never moves.
 VVe through fire, with flames imbrac'd;
 We through raging fouds have pass'd:
 Yet by Thy conducting hand,
 Brought into a wealthy Land.
 I will to thy House repaire;
 Worship, and thy Power declare:
 Offerings on thy Altar lay;
 All my vows devoutly pay,
 Utter'd with my heart and tongue,
 VVhen oppress'd with powerfull Wrong.
 Fatlings I will sacrifice;
 Incense in perfumes shall rise;
 Bullocks, shaggy Goats, and Rams
 Offer'd up in sacred flames.
 You, who great Jehovah feare,
 Come, O come, you blest, and heare
 VVhat for me the Lord hath wrought,
 Then, when neere to ruine brought.
 Fervently to Him I cry'd;
 I his Goodnesse magnifi'd.
 If I Vices should affect,
 VVould not He my Prayers reject:
 But the Lord my Prayers hath heard,
 VVhich my tongue with teares preferr'd.
 Soure of Mercy, be Thou blest,
 That hast granted my Request.

Part. 2.

As the 8.

PSALME LXVII.

LORD, showre on us thy Grace,
 Inrich with Gifts divine:
 Let thy illustrious Face
 Upon thy Servants shine:
 That all below
 The arched Skie,
 May Thee, and thy
 Salvation know.

As the 47.

Let

Let all thy Praise rehearse,
 With one united Voyce:
 Sing in melodious Verse,
 Eternally rejoyce.
 Thy Power obey,
 Whose Justice shall
 Dispose of All;
 All Scepters sway.

Let all extoll thy Worth:
 Then shall the smiling Earth
 Her pleasant fruits bring forth;
 Nor ever mourne in Dearth.
 We who implore,
 Thy Blessings find;
 And all Mankind
 With feare adore.

PSALME LXVIII

As the 8.

LET God, the God of Battaille, rise;
 And scatter his proud Enemies.
 O let them flee before his face,
 Like smoke, which driving tempests chace.
 As Wax dissolves with scorching Fire;
 So perish in his burning Ire.
 But let the Just with joy abound:
 In joyfull Songs his Praise resound:
 VWho riding on the rowling Spheares,
 The Name of great Jehovah beares.
 Before his Face your joyes expresse:
 A Father to the fatherlesse.
 He wipes the teares from Widowes eyes;
 The single plants in Families;
 Inlarging those who late were bound:
 VWhile Rebels starve on thirsty Ground.
 When he our numerous Army led,
 And march't through Deserts, full of dread;
 Heaven melted, and Earths Centre shooke.
 With his majesticke Presence strooke.
 VWhen Israels God in Clouds came downe,
 High Sinai bow'd his trembling Crowne.
 He in th'approch of meager Dearth,
 VWith showres refresht the fainting Earth:
 VWhere his owne Flocke in safety fed,
 The Needy unto plenty led.

Part. 2.

By

By Him we conquer: Virgins sing
 Our Victories, and Timbrels ring.
 He Kings with their vast Armies foiles;
 While women share their wealthy spoiles.
 You who among the Pots have laine
 In Soot and Smoke, shall shine againe;
 Bright, as the silver-feather'd Dove,
 Whose wings with golden Splendor move.
 When he the Kings had overthrowne,
 Our Land like snowy Salmon shone.
 Gods Mountaine Bashans Mount transcends;
 Though he his many Heads extends.
 Why boast you so, ye meaner Hills?
 God with his Glory Sion fills:
 This his beloved Residence;
 Nor ever will depart from hence.
 His Chariots twenty thousand were,
 Which Myriads of Angels beare;
 He in the midst, as when he crown'd
 High Sinai's sanctified ground.
 Lord, Thou thy Selfe hast rais'd on high;
 Thou captivat'st Captivitie.
 Deckt with the trophées of his Foes,
 The gifts receiv'd on his bestowes:
 Reducing those who did rebell;
 That both might in his Sion dwell.
 O praised be the God of gods,
 Who his with daily blessings loads:
 The God of our Salvation,
 On whom our hopes depend alone.
 The Controverse of Life and Death
 Is arbitrated by his Breath.
 He on their heads his Foes shall wound;
 Their hairy scalps, whose sins abound,
 And in their trespasses proceed.
 Thus spake Jehovah; Jacobs Seed
 I will from Bashan bring againe,
 And through the bottome of the Maine:
 That Dogs may lap their enemies blond;
 And they wade through a crimson Floud.
 We in thy Sanctuary late,
 My God, my King, beheld thy State.
 The sacred Singers marcht before;
 Who instruments of Musicke bore,
 In order followed: every Maid
 Vpon her pleasant Timbrell plaid.

S

His

Part. 2.

Part. 3.

As the 22.

Part. 4.

Part. 5.

His Praise in your Assemblies sing,
 You who from Israels Fountaine spring.
 Nor little Benjamin alone,
 But Judah from his Mountaine-throne;
 The farre removed Zebulun;
 And Naphtali which borders on
 Old Jordan, where his streame dilates;
 Joyn'd all their Powers and Potentates.
 For us his winged Souldiers fought:
 Lord strengthen, what thy hand hath wrought.
 He that supports a Diadem,
 To Thee, divine Jerusalem,
 Shall in Devotion treasure bring,
 To build the Temple of his King.
 Break through their Pikes; the multitude
 Of Buls, with savage strength indu'd;
 Till they with gifts sweet Peace invite:
 But scatter those, whom Wars delight.
 Far off from Sun-burnt Meroë,
 From falling Nilus; from the Sea
 Which beats on the Ægyptian shore,
 Shall Princes come, and here adore.
 You Kingdomes, through the VVorld renown'd,
 Sing to the Lord; his praise resound:
 He who Heavens upper Heaven bestrides,
 And on her aged shoulders rides:
 Whose voyce the Clouds asunder rends;
 In Thunder terrible descends.
 O praise his Strength; whose Majesty
 In Israel shines, his Power on high.
 He from his Sanctuary throwes
 A trembling horror on his Foes:
 While us his Power and Strength invest.
 O Israel, praise the Ever-blest.

PSALME LXIX.

As the 22.

LORD, snatch me from the raging Floud;
 Now in deepe Eddies almost drown'd:
 That struggle in the yeelding mud,
 There, where no bottome can be found:
 The rising waves my head surround,
 And with their terrors chill my Blood.

Tir'd with complaining; hoarse, and sore;
 Sight failes my long-expecting Eyes:

My

My Haires are not in number more;
The n my uninjur'd Enemies.
The great in wrong against me rise;
I, what I never tooke, restore.

My God, Thou know'st my Innocence:
Let not the faithfull blush for me,
Traduc'd by slanderous Impudence;
Nor ô! let those that call on Thee,
Their shame in my Confusion see;
Since Thou art our profest Defence.

For Thee I suffer Calumnies;
To Men become a generall scorne;
Deserted by my neare Allies;
By children of my Mother borne:
Through zeale unto thy Honour worne,
While thy reproch upon me lies.

I fasted, wept, in Sack-cloth mourn'd;
My anguish in my looks exprest:
Yet this to my derision turn'd;
By Drunkards sung at every Feast:
Even Judges at my sorrow jest;
My Innocence by slander spurn'd.

Yet shall my Praiers and Sighes ascend
Even in an acceptable houre.
Thy Mercie, gracious Lord, extend;
And save by thy Almighty Power.
Let not the swallowing mud devoure:
Preserve from such a shamefull end.

Deliver from th'insulting Foe;
My struggling Feet from sinking keepe:
Let not the Billowes overflow,
Nor Whirle-pits sucke into their Deepe.
O pitie Thou the Eies that weepe:
And thy Transcendent Mercie show.

Heare, and redeeme without delay;
Nor in my trouble hide thy Face:
Lest I become a wretched prey
To such as have my Soule in chafe.
My shame, indignities, disgrace
And all their crimes before Thee lay.

Reproach my bleeding heart hath pierc't :
 VVas ever Sorrow halfe so great !
 Compassion hath her Eyes averst ;
 My Griefe no comfort could intreat:
 They gave me bitter Gall to eate ;
 And Vineger to quench my Thirst.

O be their board a snare to those !
 Prosperitie it selfe a Bait !
 Their Eyes in clouds of darkenesse close ;
 And let them fall by their owne weight :
 Powre on them thy Eternall hate ;
 VVith vengeance multiply their woes.

Part 3.

In Ruines let their Houses lie ;
 None in their silent Tents be found ;
 That would, whom thou hast smit, destroy ;
 And wounded Soules with slander wound.
 Let their iniquities abound ;
 Nor ever in thy Mercie joy.

Their names out of thy Volume blot ;
 Nor with the Just inthrone their Dayes.
 Though poore ; to misery begot ;
 Yet Thou shalt my dejection raise :
 Then will I celebrate thy Praise :
 My thankfull Heart no time shall spot.

This will Jehovah more delight,
 Then Bulls prepar'd for Sacrifice :
 Their gilded Hornes with Garlands dight.
 This shall the Meeke with pleased Eyes
 Behold, and centuple their joyes :
 Their Day shall never set in Night.

For God the Poore regards, and those,
 VVho for his sake affliction trie.
 Round Earth, deepe Seas, what Seas inclose ;
 You Orbs, that move so orderly,
 Our great Jehovah magnifie,
 VVho crownes his Saints with sweet Repose.

For God his Sion shall inmure,
 And Judah's Cities build againe :
 VVhere they shall ever live secure ;
 A faire inheritance obtaine :

There

There shall their blessed Seed remaine;
And safely that rich Soile manure.

PSALME LXX.

HAST, Lord; from such as would devoure,
Defend by thy almightie Power:
Delay not in so fear'd an Houre.

As the 5.

But let confusion seaze on those,
Who seeke my Soule; to shame expose:
Be sudden in their overthrowes.

Let those with infamie returne;
Dejected, and unpittied, mourne;
Who laugh, and blast me with their scorne.

Who love thy Name, with joy invest:
Let them in shades of Safetie feast;
And ever say, The Lord be blest.

But I am poore, and full of need:
Hast, Lord; deliver me with speed;
Our Strength, our Help, from Thee proceed.

PSALME LXXI.

ITo thy Wing for refuge flie;
Protect me from foule Infamy;
Lord, in thy Justice save.
Deliver from their treacherous Snares:
O favourably heare my Prayers;
Snatch from the yawning Grave.

As the 34.

Be thou my Fortresse of Defence;
There let me fix my Residence.

O Thou, my Rocke! my Tower!
Who hast thy Angels given in charge,
That they thy Seruants should inlarge
From circumventing Power.

Deliver from their cruell might,
Whose wicked hands in blood delight:

Lest I their prey become.
Thou art my hope; even from my Youth
Have I reli'd upon thy Truth;
By Thee kept in the wombe:

From

From thence extracted by thy Care,
 Though, as a Prodigie they stare
 On me with wondring eyes;
 Yet Thee, my strength, my Song shall praise,
 And to the Starres thy glory raise,
 While Sunnes shall set and rise.

Part 2.

O cast not off, when full of dayes;
 Forsake not, when my Strength decayes:
 Watcht by conspiring Foes.
 God hath abandon'd him, say they;
 Now let us make his life our prey:
 VWho shall our power oppose?

My God close to thy servant stand,
 And helpe him with a speedy hand:
 Those in their pride confound,
 Who persecute my wretched Soule;
 Let Death their impious rage controule,
 And with dishonour wound.

But I will ever hope, and raise
 My Voice to multiply thy Praise,
 Thy Righteousnesse display,
 Thy manifold Deliveries:
 VWhich O! no number can comprise;
 Thus spend the harmelesse Day.

I in thy Strength, though old and weake,
 VWill walke, and of thy Justice speake;
 Of thine, even thine alone.
 Thou hast inform'd me from my Youth:
 I, to this houre, with single Truth,
 Thy wondrous workes have showne.

Part 3.

Now in the VVinter of my yeares;
 VWhen Time hath snow'd upon my haire,
 Abandon not, O Lord;
 Till I unto this Age proclame
 Thy Mightie Power; in Songs the same
 Unto the next record.

Thy Counsels depth our search exceeds:
 How admirable are thy Deeds!
 O who is like to Thee!
 Thou hast afflictions on me laine;

Yet

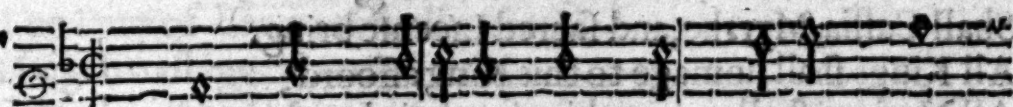
Yet shalt thou quicken me againe,
And from Earths entrailes free.

Still thou my glorie wilt increase,
And comfort with the joyes of Peace.


I, in a living verse,
Unto my warbling Harpe will sing
Thy praises, O eternall King;
Thy noble Acts rehearse.

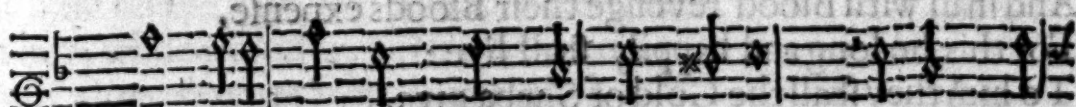
Unto my Voice, and Instrument
Shall my exalted Soule consent;
By Thee redeem'd from Death:
Thy Justice every Day proclaime;
That now hast cloth'd my Foes with Shame,
Dispersed by thy breath.

PSALME LXXII.

T  **CANT.**

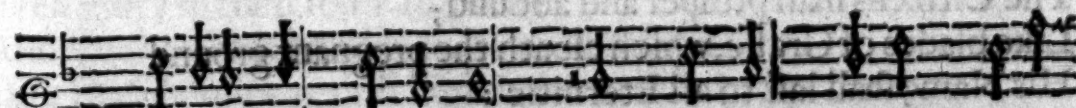
He King, Jehovah, with thy Justice crowne;

 **BAS.**



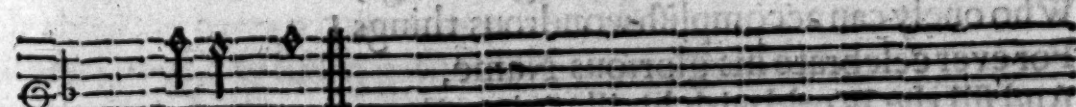
And in a God-like reigne his Son renowne. He shall with



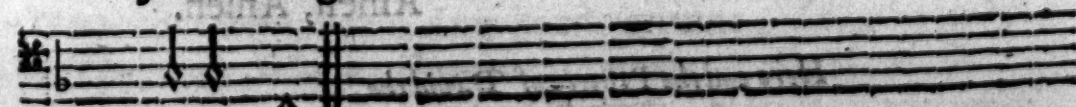


equitie thy People sway; And Judgement in the scales of





Justice waigh.



Then

Then little Hills shall riot with increase;
 And Mountaines flourish in the fruits of Peace;
 He shall the Poore from Violence protect;
 Exalt the Humble, and the Proud deject.
 They, while the restlesse Sunne directs the Year;
 While Moones increase and waine, thy Name shall feare.
 He shall descend like plenty-dropping Showres,
 Which cloath the Earth, and fill her Lap with flowers.
 The Just shall flourish in his happy Dayes,
 And Peace abound, while Stars extend their Raies.
 He shall from Sea to Sea enlarge his Reigne;
 From swift Euphrates to the farthest Maine.
 The wilde Inhabitants, that live by prey
 In scortched Deserts, shall his Rule obey.
 His Foes shall licke the Dust, rich with their Spoiles,
 Kings of the Ocean, and Sea-grasped Iles,
 Shall orient Pearle, and sparkling Stones present;
 Gold from the Sun-burnt Ethiopians sent.
 The swart Sabæans, and Panchaia's King,
 Shall Cassia, Myrrhe, and sacred Incense bring.
 Part. 2. All Kings shall homage to this King afford;
 All Nations shall receive him for their Lord.
 He shall th' Oppressed heare, the Poore defend;
 The Needie save, and such as have no friend:
 Redeeme their Soules from Fraud, and Violence;
 And shall with Blood revenge their Bloods expense;
 For this, he long and happily shall live:
 To him they shall the Gold of Sheba give.
 The People for their King shall houely pray:
 His Praises sing, and blesse him Day by Day.
 Ranke crops of Corne shall on high Mountaines grow,
 And shake like Cedars when rough Tempests blow.
 The Citizens shall prosper and abound;
 Like blades of Grasse, which cloath the pregnant ground
 His Name shall last to all Eternitie:
 Even while the Sunne illuminates the Skie.
 All Nations shall in Him be blest: Him all
 The habitable Earth shall blessed call.
 O praised be our God! That King of Kings,
 Who onely can accomplish wondrous things!
 For ever celebrate his glorious Name,
 And fill the World with his illustrious Fame.

Amen, Amen.

*Here end the Prayers of David the
 Sonne of Iesse.*

A
PARAPHRASE
Vpon the
THIRD BOOKE
OF THE
PSALMES OF DAVID.

PSALME LXXIII.

That Power of powers, who Israel protects,
 The Pure of heart eternally affects.
 Yet I began to stagger in my Faith;
 My Feet almost had swerved from his Path,
 VVhen I the Foole beheld with envious eyes;
 Saw prosperous Vice to Wealth and Honour rise,
 Their Thread of Life is close and firmly spun;
 Whom feeble Age, and pale Diseases shun.
 They, while we suffer, surfeit in content;
 As if alone exempt from punishment.
 Pride hangs like precious Chains about their necks;
 And Violence in robes of Purple decks.
 Their swolne eyes shine with uncontroll'd excess;
 Who more, then what their hearts can wish, possesse.
 Even glory in their foule Impietie;
 And speake like Thunder from the troubled Skie.
 Dire Blasphemies against high Heaven they cast;
 The suffering Earth their Pride and Slander blast.
 The Good not seldome through their Scandall stray,
 And prest with Miseries, in Passion say;
 O how can we the Lord All-seeing call!
 Or think he cares what unto men befall!
 When lo! the Wicked with successe are crown'd,
 And in the pleasures of this world abound.
 I to no end have purg'd my heart of staine;
 In Innocence have cleans'd my hands in vaine;
 That thus with daily punishments am worne,
 And still chastised with the rising Morne.

As the 1.

As the 1.

Part. 2. If I gave words unto such thoughts as these,
 I should th' assemblies of thy Saints displease :
 For then, what were it to be just, or good ?
 My Soule this secret never understood ;
 Till I into thy Sanctuarie came,
 And there beheld their honour end in Shame.
 Thou hast on slippery hights their greatnesse plac'd ;
 Downe Head-long from their Noone of glory cast.
 How are they unto Desolation brought !
 Consumed in the moment of a thought !
 Such as a pleasant dreame when Sleepe forsakes
 Our flattered sense : so, when thy Wrath awakes,
 Thou in thy dreadfull furie shalt destroy
 Their emptie and Imaginary joy.
 These former thoughts did my weake Soule molest ;
 So ignorant ; so vaine ; so like a beast.
 Yet I by thy Divine supportance stand :
 Thou heldst me up by thy Almighty hand.
 Thou by thy counsell shalt direct my waies ;
 And after to eternall Glorie raise.
 For whom have I but Thee in Heaven above ?
 Or what on Earth can my Affections move ?
 My Thoughts and flesh are fraile : yet Lord, thou art
 My Portion, and the Vigour of my Heart.
 Who thee abandon, shall to Death descend ;
 And they whose knees to cursed Idols bend.
 I as my dutie, will to God repaire ;
 On Him relie, and his great Acts declare.

PSALME LXXIV.

As the 14.

LORD ; why hast Thou abandoned !
 O why for ever ! shall thine Ire
 Consume, like a devouring Fire,
 The Sheepe which in thy pastures fed !

O thinke of those, who were thy owne ;
 By Thee of old from bondage brought :
 Th' Inheritance which thou hast bought,
 And Sion thy affected Throne.

Come, O come quickly, and survey
 VVhat spoile the barbarous Foe hath made.
 Lo ! all in heaps of ruines laid ;
 Thy Temple their accursed prey.

Like

Like Lions, with sharpe Famine whet,
They in thy Sanctuarie roare;
All purple in thy Peoples gore;
And there their conquering Ensignes set.

It was esteem'd a great renowne
With Axe to square the Mountaine Okes;
Now they demolish with their strokes,
And hew the carved Fabricke downe.

Who lo! with all-infolding flame,
The beautie of the Earth deuoure;
Profanely prostrate on the floore
That Temple sacred to thy Name.

Now (said they) with a sudden hand,
Give we a generall End to all.
By Fire the holy structures fall,
Through this depopulated Land.

No Miracles amaze our Foes;
There are no Prophets to diuine,
That might our miseries decline;
None know the period of our woes.

Ah! how long shall our Enemies
Exult, and glory in our shame!
How long shall they Blaspheme thy Name,
Great God, and thy slow Wrath despise!

Thy Hand out of thy Bosome draw;
Nor longer thy Revenge with-hold:
My God, thou wast our King: The old
Amazed World thy Wonders saw.

Thou struck'st the Erythraean waves,
VVhen Seas from Seas in tumult fled;
Brak'st the Ægyptian Dragons head,
And mad'st the joyning Flouds their Graves.

That great Leviathan of Nile,
To Beasts and Serpents, which possesse
The drie and foodlesse VVildernesse,
By Thee delivered for a Spoile.

Thou clau'st the Rock, from whole greene wound
The thirst expelling Fountaine brake:

Part. 2. If I gave words unto such thoughts as these,
 I should th'assemblies of thy Saints displease :
 For then, what were it to be just, or good ?
 My Soule this secret never understood ;
 Till I into thy Sanctuarie came,
 And there beheld their honour end in Shame.
 Thou hast on slippery hights their greatnesse plac'd ;
 Downe Head-long from their Noone of glory cast.
 How are they unto Desolation brought !
 Consumed in the moment of a thought !
 Such as a pleasant dreame when Sleepe forsakes
 Our flattered sense : so, when thy Wrath awakes,
 Thou in thy dreadfull furie shalt destroy
 Their emptie and Imaginary joy.
 These former thoughts did my weake Soule molest ;
 So ignorant ; so vaine ; so like a beast.
 Yet I by thy Divine supportance stand :
 Thou heldst me up by thy Almighty hand.
 Thou by thy counsell shalt direct my waies ;
 And after to eternall Glorie raise.
 For whom have I but Thee in Heaven above ?
 Or what on Earth can my Affections move ?
 My Thoughts and flesh are fraile : yet Lord, thou art
 My Portion, and the Vigour of my Heart.
 Who thee abandon, shall to Death descend ;
 And they whose knees to cursed Idols bend.
 I as my dutie, will to God repaire ;
 On Him relie, and his great Acts declare.

PSALME LXXIV.

As the 14.

LORD ; why hast Thou abandoned !
 O why for ever ! shall thine Ire
 Consume, like a devouring Fire,
 The Sheepe which in thy pastures fed !

O thinke of those, who were thy owne ;
 By Thee of old from bondage brought :
 Th'Inheritance which thou hast bought,
 And Sion thy affected Throne.

Come, O come quickly, and survey
 VVhat spoile the barbarous Foe hath made.
 Lo ! all in heaps of ruines laid ;
 Thy Temple their accursed prey.

Like

Like Lions, with sharpe Famine whet,
They in thy Sanctuarie roare;
All purple in thy Peoples gore;
And there their conquering Ensignes set.

It was esteem'd a great renowne
With Axe to square the Mountaine Okes;
Now they demolish with their strokes,
And hew the carved Fabrick downe.

Who lo! with all-infolding flame,
The beautie of the Earth deuoure:
Profanely prostrate on the floore
That Temple sacred to thy Name.

Now (said they) with a sudden hand,
Give we a generall End to all.
By Fire the holy structures fall,
Through this depopulated Land.

No Miracles amaze our Foes;
There are no Prophets to divine,
That might our miseries decline;
None know the period of our woes.

Ah! how long shall our Enemies
Exult, and glory in our shame!
How long shall they Blaspheme thy Name,
Great God, and thy slow Wrath despise!

Thy Hand out of thy Bosome draw;
Nor longer thy Revenge with-hold:
My God, thou wast our King: The old
Amazed World thy Wonders saw.

Thou struck'st the Erythraean waves,
VVhen Seas from Seas in tumult fled;
Brak'st the Egyptian Dragons head,
And mad'st the joyning Flouds their Graves.

That great Leviathan of Nile,
To Beasts and Serpents, which possesse
The drie and foodlesse VVildernesse,
By Thee delivered for a Spoile.

Thou clav'st the Rock, from whole greene wound
The thirst expelling Fountaine brake:

Part. 3.

Thou mad'st the heady Streames forsake
Their Channells, and become dry ground.

The cheerfull Day, Night cloth'd in shade;
The Moon and radiant Sun are Thine:
Thy Bounds the swelling Seas confine;
Summer and Winter by Thee made.

Great God of gods, forget not those
Who Thee reprochfully despise.
Remember, Lord, the Blasphemies,
Cast on thee by our frantick Foes.

O! to the wicked Multitude
Surrender not thy Turtle-dove:
Nor from thy tender care remove
The Poore, by powerfull Wrong pursu'd.

Thy Cov'nant, bound by Oath, maintain:
For Darknesse over-spreads the Face
Of all the Land; in every place
Destruction, Rape, and Slaughter reign.

Let not th'opprest returne with shame;
But crown thee with deserv'd applause:
O patronize thy proper Cause:
Remember, Fooles revile thy Name.

O let their Sorrowes never cease,
Who blast Thee with their Calumnies.
The tumult of their Pride, who rise
Against Thee, every day increase.

PSALME LXXV.

As the 8.

THY Praises, O eternall King,
Our Soules in sacred Verse will sing.
The wonders of thy Works declare;
Thy Presence in thy Power and Care.
When I shall weare the Hebrew Crown,
High Justice shall my Reign renown.
The Land with weakning Discord rent,
The People without Government,
Faint and dissolve. Her Pillars I
Support, her Breaches fortifie.
Proud Man, I said, renounce thy Pride;
Thou Foole, thy Folly cast aside.

Doe not so high your Hornes erect;
Nor bellow, as with yoke unchecked.
Preferment from the Orient;
Nor from the Evening-Suns Descent,
Nor Desert comes: God guides our Fates;
He raiseth, and He ruminates.
A cup of red and mingled VVine
He poureth out to me and mine;
But every Rebell in the Land
Shall drink the Dregs, squeez'd by his Hand.
His noble Acts I will relate;
The God of Jacob celebrate;
Suppress the VVicked, and their wayes;
The Just to VVealth and Honour raise.

PSALME LXXVI.

GOD in Judah is renown'd;
Salem with his Temple crown'd:

As the 29.

He in sacred Sion dwells;
Israel his wonders tels.
He their flying Ensignes teares;
Shivers the Assyrian Spears.
He their Swords, Shields, Arrowes, broke;
Kill'd, subdu'd, without a stroke.
Thou more excellent then they,
That on Juries Mountains prey:
VVho the Great in battell foil'd;
Of their liues and honours spoil'd.
Not the Mightie could with-stand,
Nor so much as find a hand.
Princes, by thy onely breath,
VVith the Vulgar sleep in Death.
Terrible unto thy Foes:
O, who can thy Wrath oppose!
When as they thy Thunder heare,
Mortals stand amaz'd, and feare:
VVhen from thy eternall Rest
Thou descend'st, to save th' Opprest.
Malice but it selfe betraies;
And converts into thy praise.
Future rage thou shalt restrain,
Making their indeavours vain.
Jacobs Seed, with one accord,
Pay your Vowes unto the Lord.
Holy Levites, Offerings bring;
Of his glorious Conquest sing.

He,

He, who Princes overthrowes,
O, how fearefull to his Foes!

PSALME LXXVII.

As the s.

TO God I cri'd, He heard my cries;
Againe, when plung'd in miseries,
Renew'd with raised hands and eyes.

My festred wounds ran all the Night;
No comfort could my Soule invite
To relish long out-worn delight.

I call'd upon the Ever-blest:
And yet my troubles still increast;
Almost to Death by sorrow prest.

Thou keep'st my galled eyes awake:
Words faile my grieve; sighs onely spake,
Which from my panting bosome brake.

Then did my Memory unfold
The wonders, which thou wrought'st of old,
By our admiring Fathers told.

The Songs, which in the Night I sung;
When deeply by affliction stung:
These thoughts thus mov'd my desperate tongue;

Wilt thou for ever, Lord, forsake!
Nor pity on th'afflicted take!
O shall thy mercy never wake!

Wilt thou thy promise falsifie!
Must I in thy displeasure die!
Shall Grace before thy Fury flie!

This said; I thus my Passions checkt:
His changes on their ends reflect,
To punish and restore th'Elect.

Part. 2.

His great Deliverance shall dwell
In my Remembrance; I will tell
What in our Fathers daies befell.

His counsels from our reach are set;
Hid in his sacred Cabinet.
What God like ours! so Good! so Great!

Who

VWho wonders can effect alone;
His Peoples great Redemption;
To Jacobs Seed, and Josephs knowne.

The yielding Floods confesse thy Might;
The Deeps were troubled at thy Sight;
And Seas recoil'd in their affright.

The Clouds in storms of raine descend;
The Aire thy hideous Fragors rend;
Thy arrowes dreadfull flames extend.

Thy Thunders rorings rake the Skies;
Thy fatall Lightning swiftly flies;
Earth trembles in her agonies.

Thy VVayes even through the Billowes lie:
The Flouds then left their Channels dry;
No Mortall can thy steps descry.

Like Flocks through Wildernesse of Sand,
Thou led'st us to this pleasant Land;
By Moses and by Aarons hand.

PSALME LXXVIII.

MY People, heare my VVords; I will unfold
Darke Oracles, and VVonders done of old;
By our great Ancestors both heard and knowne,
Succesively unto their Children showne;
VWhich we will to Posterity relate;
That People, yet unknowne, may celebrate
Gods Power, his Praise, and glorious Acts: since He
Will's this Tradition by divine Decree;
Vntill one Day shall give the World an end:
That all their hopes might on his Help depend.
Nor ever let his noble Actions sleep
In darke oblivion, but his Statutes keep.
Vnlike their rebell Sires, a stubborn Race;
VWho fell from God, nor sought his slighted Grace.
The Ephraimites, though expert in their Bowes,
Though arm'd, ignobly fled before their Foes:
Who vainly brake the Cov'nant of their God;
Nor in the wayes of his prescription trod,
Forgot his famous Acts, his Wonders shown
In Zoan, and the Plaines by Nile o'reflown.

As the 42.

He

He brought them through the bowels of the Floud;
 The parted Waves like solid Mountaines stood.
 By day with leading Clouds affords a shade;
 By night a flaming Pyramis displaid.
 Hard Rocks, He in the thirsty Deserts, clave,
 And drink out of their stony Entrails gave:
 Even from their barren sides the waters gusht,
 And down in rivers through the vallies rusht.

Part. 2. Yet still they finn'd, and meat to satisfie
 Their Lust demand, provoking the most High.
 Blaspheming thus; Can God our wants redresse?
 A Table furnish in the Wildernesse?
 Though from the cloven Rocks fresh Currents drill,
 Can he give bread? with flesh the hungry fill?
 Thus tempted by their houely murmurings,
 He to his long retarded Wrath gives wings:
 Their infidelity inrag'd the Just,
 That would not to his sure Protection trust.
 Who all the Curtaines of the Skies withdrew,
 And made the clouds resolve into a dew.
 With Manna, Food of Angels, Mortals fed;
 And fill'd with plenty of coelestiall Bread.
 Then caus'd the early Eastern winds to rise,
 And bade the dropping South obscure the Skies:
 VVhence shewres of Quailes descend, as thick as sand
 On Sea-washt shores, or dust on Sun-dri'd Land;
 VVhich fell among their Tents: They their delights
 Injoy, and feast their deadly appetites.
 For lo! while they those fatall Dainties chew,
 And their inordinate Desires pursue;
 The Wrath of God surpriz'd them, and cut down
 The choice of all; even those of most renown.
 Nor, by their owne mis-haps admonished,
 Would they his Works believe, or Judgements dread.
 So He their spirits quencht with daily feares;
 In Vanity and Toile consum'd their yeares.

Part. 3. But when by Slaughter wasted, the forlorn
 Return'd, and sought Him in the early Morn:
 They then confest, and said; Thou art our Tower,
 Our Strength, alone protectest by thy Power.
 Yet their slie Tongues did but their Souls disguise;
 Full of deluding flatteries, and lies.
 Their faithlesse hearts revolted from his VVill;
 Nor ever would his just Commands fulfill.
 How oft would He, whose Mercy hath no bound,
 Their pardon signe! nor in their Sins confound!

How

How oft did He his burning wrath assuage !
 How oft divert the furie of his Rage !
 Consider'd them as flesh, in frailtie borne ;
 A passing Winde, that never can returne.
 Yet still would they his sacred Lawes transgresse ;
 Provok'd him in th' unpeopled Wildernesse :
 Confin'd the Holy One of Israel ;
 Against their Saviour frantickly rebell :
 Forgetfull of his Power, nor ever thought
 Of that Great Day, when from long Bondage brought.
 His dreadfull Miracles to Ægypt knowne,
 And Wonders in the Field of Zoan showne.
 The River chang'd into a Sea of blood ;
 Men faint for thirst, t'avoid th'infected Flood.
 Huge swarmes of unknowne Flies display their wings,
 Which wound to death with their invenom'd stings.
 Loath'd Frogs even in their Palaces abound ;
 And with their filthy slime pollute the ground.
 Their early fruits the Caterpillars spoyle :
 And Grashoppers devoure the Plow-mans toile.
 Long Vines with stormes their dangling burdens loft :
 The broad-leav'd Sycamores destroi'd with frost.
 Their Flocks beat down with Hail-stones, breathles lie:
 Their Cattell by the stroke of Thunder die.
 The Vengeance of his Wrath all formes of woes,
 More Plagues, then could be fear'd, upon them throwes
 VVhom evill Angels to their sinnes betray.
 He to the Torrent of his Wrath gave way ;
 Nor would with man or sinlesse beasts dispense ;
 Shot by the Arrowes of his Pestilence.
 Slew all the flower of Youth ; their First-borne Sons ;
 There where old Nilus in seven Chanel runs.
 But like a flocke of Sheepe his People led ;
 Safe and secure through Deserts, full of dread :
 Even through unfathom'd Deeps : which part and close
 Their tumbling waves to swallow their proud Foes.
 Then brought them to his consecrated Land ;
 Even to his Mountaine purchas'd by his Hand.
 Cast out the Giant-like Inhabitants ;
 And in their roomes the Tribes of Israel plants.
 Yet they (ô most ingratefull !) falsifie
 Their voves, and still exasperate the most High :
 Who in their faithlesse Fathers traces goe ;
 And start aside ; like a deceitfull Bow.
 Their Altars on the tops of Mountaines blaze,
 VVhile they their hands to cursed Idols raise.

Part 4.

Part 5.

These objects fuell to his wrath afford:
 Whose Soule revolted Israel abhor'd.
 The ancient Seat of Shiloh then forsooke;
 Nor longer would that hated Mansion brooke.
 His Arke even to Captivitie declin'd;
 His Strength and Glorie to the Foe resign'd:
 And yeelded up his People to the Rage
 Of barbarous swords; nor would his wrath assuage,
 Devouring flames their able Youth confound;
 Nor are their Maids with Nuptiall Garlands crown'd,
 Their Mitred Priests in heat of Battell fall;
 No Widowes weeping at their Funerall.
 Then as a Giant, folded in the Charmes
 Of Wine and Sleepe, starts up, and cries, To armes;
 So, rous'd, his Foes behinde, Jehovah wounds;
 And with Eternall Infamie confounds:
 Yet would in Josephs Tents no longer dwell;
 Nor Ephraim chose, who from his Cov'nant fell:
 But Judahs Mountaine for his Seat elects;
 And sacred Sion, which he most affects.
 There our great God his glorious Temple plac'd,
 Firme as the Centre, never to be ras'd.
 And from the bleating Flockes his David chose,
 When he attended on the yeaning Ewes;
 And rais'd him to a Throne, that he might feed
 His people; Israels selected Seed.
 Who fed them faithfully; and all the Land
 Directed with a just and equall hand.

PSALME LXXIX.

As the 39.

THe Gentiles waste thy Canaan, Lord,
 VVith Fire and Sword.

Thy holy Temple they prophane;
 VVith Slaughter staine.

Beneath her ruines Salem grones;
 Now nothing but a heape of Stones.

The dead no Funerall pompe attends,
 Nor weeping friends:

Their carkases our barbarous Foes
 To Beasts expose:

The ravenous VVolves become their tombe
 Or else the greedie Vulturs wombe.

VVith blood of Saints, the Streames grow red,
 Like VVater shed:

Thy

Thy People now a generall
 Reproach to all.
 The Syrian, and base Edomite
 Deride, and in our woes delight.

How long, Lord, shall thy jealous ire
 Devoure like Fire!
 Thy Anger, in a dreadfull showre
 Of vengeance, powre
 On those, who know not thy great Name:
 And thinke thy Worship but a shame.

For they have laid our Country waste:
 Our Cities ras't.

Part. 2.

Lord, O remember not the crimes
 Of former times!
 But for thy tender mercy save
 Our soules; now humbled to the grave.

Lord, for the glory of thy Name,
 Redeeme from shame.

O purge us, and propitious be!
 From thraldome free.

VWhy should the Heathen thus blaspheme,
 And say, Your God is but a Dreame!

Against them let thy Vengeance rise;
 Before our eyes:

And for our blood, shed by their guilt,
 Let theirs be spilt.

O heare the fighting Prisoners cry!
 And save, whom they have doom'd to die.

Our spitefull Neighbours, Lord, deride
 Thee, in their pride.

With seven-fold vengeance recompense
 Their insolence.

So we, thy flocke, our God will praise;
 And to the Stars thy Glory raise.

PSALME LXXX.

As the 31

THou Shepheard of thy Israel,
 That, Flock-like, leade'st Josephs Race:
 Who twixt the Cherubins dost dwell,
 O heare! shew thy inlightning Face.

Part. 2.

Exalt thy saving power before
 Manasseh, Ephraim, Benjamin :
 O from Captivity restore !
 And let thy beames upon us shine.
 Great God of Battaile, wilt thou still
 Be angry, and our prayers despise ?
 Bread, steep in teares, our stomacks fill ;
 We drinke the rivers of our eyes.
 Our scoffing Neighbours fall at strife
 Among themselves, to share our right :
 Great God, restore the dead to life ;
 And comfort by the quickning light.
 This Vine, from Ægypt brought, (the foe
 Expeld) was planted by thy hand :
 Thou gav'st it roome and strength to grow,
 Vntill her branches fill'd the Land.
 The Mountaines tooke a shade from these,
 Which like a grove of Cedars stood:
 Extending to the Tyrian Seas,
 And to Euphrates rowling Floud.
 O why hast thou her Fences ras't ?
 Whilst every Stragler puls her fruit:
 The browsing Heard her branches waste ;
 And salvage Boores plow-up her root.
 Great God, returne ; this trampled Vine.
 From Heaven behold with mild aspect :
 Once planted by that Hand of thine ;
 The branches of thy owne Elect.
 Which now cut downe, wild Flames devoure ;
 Through thy fierce wrath to ruine brought :
 Protect thy People by thy Power ;
 And perfect what thy selfe hath wrought.
 Reviv'd, we will thy Name adore ;
 Nor ever from thy Pleasure swerve.
 O from Captivity restore,
 And by thy powerfull grace preserve !

PSALME LXXXI.

As the 8.

TO God our Strength your voices raise :
 In sacred numbers sing his praise.
 The warbling Lute, sweet Violl bring,
 And solemne Harp : loud Timbrels ring.
 The new Moone seene, shrill Trumpets sound :
 Your sacred Feasts with Triumph crown'd.
 These Rites our God established,
 VVhen Israel He from Ægypt led:

Their

Their necks with Yokes of bondage wrung;
 Inured to an unknowne tongue.
 Your burdens I have cast away,
 Said he, and cleans'd your hands from clay:
 Then sav'd, when in your feares you cri'd;
 And from the thundring Cloud repli'd.
 I tri'd you; heard your murmurings,
 At Meribahs admired Springs.
 You Sons of Israel, give eare;
 I will instruct you, would you heare.
 Beware; no foraigne gods adore;
 Nor their adulterate Powers implore.
 I Thee alone brought from the Land
 Of Bondage, with a mighty Hand.
 I know, and will supply thy need;
 When naked, clothe; when hungry, feed.
 Yet would not they my Counsell brooke;
 But desperately their God forooke:
 Whom I unto their lusts resign'd,
 And errors of their wandring Mind.
 O that they had my voyce obci'd,
 Nor from the paths of Vertue straid!
 Then Victory their brows had crown'd:
 Their slaughter'd Foes had spread the ground:
 Then had I made their enemy
 Submit, and at their mercylie:
 Themselves blest with eternall Peace;
 Inriched with the Earths increase:
 VVith floure of Wheat, and Honey fill'd,
 From breaches of the Rocke distill'd.

Part. 2.

PSALME LXXXII.

GOD sits upon the Throne of Kings,
 And Judges unto judgement brings:

As the 4.

Why then so long
 Maintaine you wrong,
 And favour Lawlesse things?

Defend the Poore, the Fatherlesse;
 Their crying injuries redresse:

And vindicate
 The Desolate,
 Whom wicked men oppresse.

For they of knowledge have no Light,
 Nor Will to know; but walke in Night:

Earthis

Earths Bases faile;
No Lawes prevaile;
Scarce one in heart upright.

Though Gods, and Sons of the most High;
Yet you, like common men, shall die;
Like Princes fall.
Great God, judge all
The Earth, thy Monarchy.

PSALME LXXXIII.

As the 1. **L**ORD, sit not still, as deafe unto our cries:

For lo! our Enemies in tumults rise.
Even those, who thy Omnipotence deny,
And hate thy Name, advance their Crests on high:
Darke counsels take, and secretly contrive
Their slaughter, whom thy Mercy keeps alive.
Come, say they, let us with incessant stroks
Hew downe this Nation, like a grove of Okes
Till they no longer be; and Israel die
Both in his Race, and ruin'd Memory.
They all, in one Confederacy, have made
A solemn League; suppli'd with foraigne aide.
Fierce Idumæans, who in Nomades stray,
And shaggy Ismaelites, that live by prey;
Th'incestuous Race, that border on the Lake
Of salt Asphalthis: Savage Thieves, who take
Their name from servile Hagar; they, who dwell
In Gebal; Ammonites, who Peace expell;
Sterne Palæstines; and wild Amalekites;
False Tyrians; Ashur with Lots Sons unites.

Part. 2. Let them like Midian fall, by mutuall wounds;
Like Sifera; fall like Jabin, on the bounds
Of Endor, where swift Kison takes his birth;
Who lay like Dung upon the farned Earth:
Like Zeb, and Orebs Princes, made a prey
For Wolves: like Zeba and proud Zalmuna:
VWho said, let us these Israelites destroy,
And all the Cities of their God enjoy.
O let them, like a wheele be hurried round;
Like chaffe, which whirl-winds ravish from the ground;
As Woods grown dry with age, imbrac'd with fire,
VWhose flames above the singed Hills aspire:
So in the Tempest of thy Wrath pursue;
And with thy Stormes thy trembling Foes subdue.

O fill their Hearts with griefe; their lookes with shame;
Till they invoke thy late blasphemed Name.
Confound them with eternall Infamie;
That they, through anguish of their Soules, may die.
That men Jehovah's VVonders may rehearse;
The great Commander of this Universe.

PSALME LXXXIV.

As the 29.

O How amiable are
Thy Abodes, great God of warre!
How I languish through restraint!
How my longing Spirits faint!
Lord, for thee I daily crie;
In thy absence hourly die.
Sparrowes there their young ones reare;
And the Summers Harbinger
By thy Altar builds her nest,
Where they take their envi'd rest.
O my King! O thou most High!
Arbiter of Victorie!
Happie men! who spend their Dayes
In thy Courts; there sing thy Praise!
Happy! who on Thee depend!
Thine their Way, and thou their End.
VVho through Baca travelling,
Make that thirsty Vale a Spring;
Or soft Showres from Clouds distill,
And their emptie Cisterns fill:
Fresh in strength, their course pursue,
Till they thee in Sion view.
Lord of Hosts, incline thine Eare.
O thou God of Jacob heare!
Thou our Rocke, extend thy Grace;
Looke on thy Anointed's Face.
One Day in thy Courts alone,
Farre exceeds a Million
Let me be contemn'd and poore;
In thy Temple keepe a Doore:
Then with wicked men possesse
All that they call Happinesse.
O thou Shield of our Defence!
O thou Sun, whose influence
Sweetly glides into our Hearts!
Thou, who all to thine imparts!
Happy! O thrice happy hee,
VVho alone depends on Thee!

PSAL.

PSALME LXXV.

As the 2.

AT length thou hast thy Mercie showne;
 Drawne from the Babylonian yoke;
 Our Sinnes remov'd, which did provoke
 Thy Wrath; even that now overblowne.
 Great God, our ruin'd State restore;
 And let thy Anger flame no more.

O shall it like a Comet raigne!
 Extending to the yet unborne!
 Wilt thou not quicken the forlorne;
 That thine in Thee may joy againe!
 O showre thy Mercie from above;
 Preserve, and fix us in thy love!

I will the Voice of God attend,
 Who to his People speakes of Peace.
 Such as in Sanctitie increase;
 Nor to their Sinnes againe descend:
 These soone with Freedome shall be blest,
 That Glory may our Land invest.

Those Dayes shall consummate our Blisse:
 Sweet Clemencie with Truth shall meet;
 High Justice gentle Peace shall greet,
 Saluting with a holy Kisse:
 For Truth shall from the Earth arise,
 And Righteousnesse looke from the Skies.

Then shall Jehovah distribute
 His Blessings with a liberall Hand:
 The rich, and ever gratefull Land
 Abundantly produce her fruit.
 For Justice shall before him goe,
 And her faire steps to Mortals show.

PSALME LXXXVI.

As the 13.

MY God, thy Suppliant heare;
 Afford a gentle Eare:
 For I am comfortlesse,
 And labour in distresse.
 My righteous Soule relieve,
 So readie to forgive.
 Thy Servant, Lord, defend;
 Whose hopes on Thee depend.

Me from the Grave restore,
 VVho daily Thee implore:
 From waisting Sorrow free
 The Heart long vow'd to Thee.
 For thou art God alone,
 To tender pity prone,
 Propitious unto all,
 VVho on thy Mercy call.
 O heare my fervent prayer,
 And take me to thy care:
 Then ready to be found,
 VVhen troubles most abound.
 VVhat God, like Thee, O Lord,
 Of all by men ador'd!
 Or underneath the Sun,
 Such miracles hath done.
 Zeale shall all hearts inflame
 T'adore and praise thy Name.
 For thou art God alone;
 Thy Power in VVonders shown.
 Direct me in thy VVay;
 So shall I never stray.
 My thoughts from Tempests cleare;
 VVnited in thy Feare.
 My Soule shall celebrate
 Thy Praise; thy Power relate.
 That hast advanc'd my head,
 And rais'd me from the Dead.
 The Proud against me rise,
 And pow'rfull Enemies
 (All Rebels to thy Will)
 My guiltlesse blood would spill.
 But, O thou King of kings,
 From Thee sweet Mercy springs;
 Still gracious, slow to wrath;
 True to thy Servants Faith.
 Lord, for thy Mercies sake,
 Into thy bosome take:
 Thy Hand-maids Son O save
 From the devouring Grave!
 Some happy Signe expose
 To my ashamed Foes;
 That they thy Hate may see
 To them; thy Love to me.

Part. 2.

PSALME LXXXVII.

As the 8.

THE Lord hath with his Temple crown'd
 Moriah, by his Choice renown'd.
 Not all the Tents of Israel,
 Or Mountains which in height excell,
 He so affects, or celebrates,
 As lofty Sions stately Gates.
 Jerusalem, thou Throne of Kings,
 Of Thee they utter glorious things.
 Not by Judea's narrow bounds
 Prescrib'd; the Land which Nile surrounds,
 Great Babylon, proud Palæstine,
 Rich Tyre, which circling Seas confine;
 And black-brow'd Æthiopians,
 Shall yield thee Citizens and Sons.
 All sorts of People, foreign-bred,
 As Natives there indenized;
 In Sion, built by immortall Hands:
 Firme as the Mountaine where it stands,
 The Lord in his eternall Scroll,
 Shall these, as Citizens, inroll.
 Their Musick shall th' Affections raise,
 And Songs sung in Jehovah's praise;
 Whose Blessings on this City shall,
 Like Streames from Heavenly Fountains, fall.

PSALME LXXXVIII.

As the 39.

MY Saviour! both by night and day
 To Thee I pray.
 O let my Cries transcend the Sphears,
 And pierce thy Eares!
 Left Sorrow stop my fainting breath;
 Now neare the Jaws of greedy Death.
 My light extinguisht, numbered
 Among the Dead:
 Like men in battaile slaine, the wombe
 Of Earth their Tombe:
 Forgotten, as if never known;
 By thy tempestuous Wrath o'rethrown.
 By Thee lodg'd in the lower Deepes,
 Where Horrour keeps;

In Dungeons, where no Sun displaies
His cheerfull Raies.
Crusht by thy Wrath; on me thy Waves
Rush, like so many rolling Graves.

My old Familiars, now my Foes,
Deride my Woes.
My House becomes my Gaole; where I
In Fetters lie.

Blind with my teares; with crying hoarse;
Hands rais'd in vaine; a walking Coarse.

Wilt thou to those thy Wonders show,
Who sleep below?

Part. 2.

The Dead from their cold Mansions raise,

To sing thy Praise?

Shall Mercy find us in the Grave?

Or wilt thou in Destruction save?

Wilt thou thy Wonders bring to light,
In Deaths long Night?

Or shall thy Justice there be shown,

Where none are known?

I have, and still to Thee will pray;

Before the Sun restore the Day.

O, why hast thou withdrawn thy Grace,

And hid thy Face;

From me, who from my Infancy

But daily die?

Whil'ft I thy Terrours undergoe;

Distracted by these stormes of woe.

Thy Anger, like a Gulph, devoures

My trembling Powers:

With troupes of Terrours circled round;

In Sorrow drown'd;

Depriv'd of those, that lov'd me most;

To all in dark oblivion lost.

PSALME LXXXIX.

O Vr gratefull Songs; O thou eternall King;
Shall ever of thy boundlesse Mercies sing:
And thy unalterable Truth rehearse
To after Ages, in a living verse.

As the 72.

For what is by thy Clemency decreed,
 Shall orderly, and faithfully succeed:
 Even like those never resting Orbs above,
 Which on firme hinges circularly move.
 Thus God unto his servant David swore;
 This Cov'nant made: I will for evermore
 Thy Seed establish, and thy Throne sustaine;
 Whilst Seas shall flow, or Moones increase, and waine.
 The heavenly Hierarchy thy Truth shall praise;
 The Saints below thy glorious Wonders blaze.
 For who is like our God above the Clouds!
 Or who so great, whom humane frailty throwds!

Part. 2. He to his Angels terrible appears;
 And daunts the Tyrants of the Earth with feares.
 Great God! how great, when dreadfull Armies joyne!
 What God so strong! what Faith so firme as thine!
 Thy Bounds the Billowes of the Sea restrain;
 Thou calm'st the tumults of th'incensed Maine.
 Proud Rahab, like a Coarse, with blood imbru'd;
 Hew'n downe: the strong with greater strength subdu'd.
 Thine are the Heavens; those Lamps which guild the Skies;
 Round Earth; broad Seas, and all which they comprise.
 Thou mad'st the Southern and the Northern Pole,
 Whereon the Orbs coelestiall swiftly rowle.
 Hermon invested with the Morning Raies,
 And Tabor with the Evening's, sing thy praise.
 Thy Arme excels in Strength: thy hands sustaine
 The World they made: And guide it with a reine.
 Justice with Judgement joyn'd, thy Throne uphold:
 Mercy and Truth thy sacred browes infold.
 Thrice happy they, who, when the Trumpet cals,
 Throng to thy celebrated Festivals!
 They of thy Beauty shall injoy the sight,
 And guide their Feet by that informing light:
 Thy Name shall daily in their mouthes be found;
 And in thy Justice shall their Joyes abound.

Part. 3. Our Ornament in Peace, our Strength in Wars;
 Thy Favour shall exalt us to the Stars.
 Thou, Holy One of Israel, our King;
 Thou our defence; secure beneath thy VVing.
 Thus spake Jehovah by his Prophets voice;
 Of strenuous David have I made my choice,
 (On that Heroë pow'd my Sacred Oyle)
 To guide my People, and preserve from spoile.
 I will support him with my powerfull Arme;
 No Foe shall Tribute force; nor Treason harme:

His enemies before his Face shall flie,
 And those, who hate his Soule, by slaughter die.
 Our Truth and Clemencie shall crowne his Daies,
 And to the Firmament his Glory raise.
 He, from the Billows of the Tyrian Maine,
 To swift Euphrates shall extend his Reigne.
 Who in his oft renew'd Devotions shall,
 Me Father, God, and great Protector call.
 My Favorite he shall be, and my First birth;
 Rais'd above all the Princes of the Earth.
 My Mercy him for ever shall preserve:
 And from my Promise I will never swerve.
 His Seed shall alwaies reigne; his Throne shall last,
 While Daies have light, and Nights their shadows cast:
 If they my Judgements slight, forsake my Law,
 My Rites neglect, and from my Rule withdraw;
 Then I with whips will their offences scourge,
 With labour, misery, and sorrows urge:
 Yet will not utterly my King forsake,
 My Vow infringe, or alter what I spake.
 I by my Sanctity to David sware,
 That he, and his should never want an Heire,
 To sway the Hebrew Scepter, while the Sun
 His usuall Race should through the Zodiack run;
 While Men, the Moone and radiant Stars should see,
 The faithfull witnesses of my Decree.
 But thou art angry with thy owne Elect,
 And dost thy late affected King reject;
 Infringe the Cov'nant to thy Servant sworne;
 Thou from his Browes his Diadem hast tortie,
 Cast downe the Rampier, which his strength renown'd,
 And all his Bulwarks level'd with the ground:
 Whom now his Neighbours scorne; a common prey,
 And spoile to all that travell by the way.
 Thou addest strength and courage to his Foes,
 Who now rejoyce and triumph in his woes;
 Rebatest his sharpe Sword, unnerv'st his might,
 And mak'st him shrink in fervor of the fight:
 His splendor hast eclipsed; his renowne
 In ruines buried, and his Throne cast downe:
 His Youth consumed with untimely Age;
 Markt out for shame; the object of thy Rage.
 How long shall he in thy displeasure mourne!
 Still shall thy Anger like a Furnace burne!
 O call to mind the shortnesse of my daies;
 That dreame of Man, which like a Flower decaies.

Part. 4.

Part. 5.

Who

VWho lives, that can the stroke of Death defend;
 Or shall not to the silent Grave descend?
 Where is thy ancient Love! thy plighted Troth,
 Confirm'd to David by a solemne Oath!
 Remember the Reproches I have borne;
 Those of the Mighty; and their bitter scorne:
 Traduced; by thy enemies abhorr'd.
 Yet, O my penfive Soule, praise thou the Lord.

Amen, Amen.

A PARA-

A
PARAPHRASE
Vpon the
FOVRTH BOOKE
OF THE
PSALMES OF DAVID.

PSALME XC.

As the 34.

O Thou the Father of us all,
 Our refuge from th' Originall;
 That wert our God, before
 The aëry Mountaines had their birth,
 Or Fabricke of the peopled Earth;
 And art for evermore.

But fraile man, daily dying, must
 At thy Command returne to Dust:
 Or should he Ages last;
 Ten thousand yeares are in thy sight
 But like a quadrant of the Night,
 Or as a Day that's past.

He by thy Torrent swept from hence;
 An empty Dreame, which mocks the Sense;
 And from the Phantie flies:
 Such as the beauty of the Rose,
 Which in the dewy Morning blows,
 Then hangs the head and dies.

Through daily anguish we expire:
 Thy anger a consuming Fire,
 To our offences due.
 Our finnes (although by Night conceal'd;
 By shame, and feare) are all reveal'd,
 And naked to thy view.

Thus

Thus in thy wrath our yeares we spend;
 And like a sad discourse they end,
 Nor but to seventy last:
 Or if to eighty they arrive,
 We then with Age, and Sicknesse strive;
 Cut off with winged haste.

Part. 2.

Who knowes the terror of thy wrath,
 Or to thy dreadfull anger hath
 Proportion'd his due feare?
 Teach us to number our fraile Daies,
 That we our hearts to Thee may raise,
 And wisely sinne forbear.

Lord, O how long! at length relent!
 And of our miseries repent;
 Thy Early Mercy shew:
 That we may unknowne comfort taste;
 For those long daies in sorrow past,
 As long of joy bestow.

The works of thy accustom'd Grace
 Shew to thy Servants: on their Race
 Thy chearefull beames reflect,
 O let on us thy Beauty shine!
 Blesse our attempts with aide divine,
 And by thy Hand direct.

PSALME XCI.

As the 9.

WHO makes th' Almighty his retreat,
 Shall rest beneath his shady Wings;
 Free from th' oppression of the Great,
 The rage of Warre, or wrath of Kings.
 Free from the cunning Fowlers train;
 The tainted aires infectious breath:
 His Truth in perils shall susteine,
 And shield thee from the stroke of Death.
 No terrors shall thy sleeps affright;
 Nor deadly flying Arrowes slay:
 Nor Pestilence devoure by Night,
 Or Slaughter massacre by Day.
 A thousand and ten thousand shall
 Sinke on thy Right hand and thy Left:
 Yet thou secure shall see their fall,
 By vengeance, of their lives bereft.

Since

Since God thou hast thy Refuge made,
 And do'st to him thy Vowes direct;
 No evill shall thy strength invade,
 Nor wasting plagues thy roofe infect;
 Thee shall his Angels safely guide,
 Upheld by winged Legions,
 Lest thou at any time should'st slide.
 And dash thy Foot against the Stones;
 Thou on the Basiliske shalt tread;
 The Mountaine Lion boldly meet,
 And trample on the Dragons Head;
 The Leopard prostrate at thy Feet;
 Since he hath fix't his love on me,
 Saith God, and walked in my wayes;
 I will his Soule from danger free,
 And from the reach of Envie raise.
 To him I his desires will give;
 From danger guard, in honour place:
 He long, long happily shall live,
 And flourish in my saving Grace.

PSALME XCII.

THou, who art inthron'd above;
 Thou, by whom we live, and move;
 O how sweet, how excellent,
 Is't with tongue and hearts consent,
 Thankfull hearts and joyfull tongues,
 To renowne thy Name in Songs;
 When the Morning paints the Skies,
 When the sparkling Starres arise;
 Thy high favours to rehearse,
 Thy firme faith, in gratefull Verse.
 Take the Lute, and Violin;
 Let the solemne Harpe begin;
 Instruments strung with ten strings;
 While the Silver Cimbals rings.
 From thy VVorkes my joy proceeds:
 How I triumph in thy Deeds!
 VVho thy Wonders can expresse!
 All thy Thoughts are fathomlesse;
 Hid from Men in Knowledge blinde,
 Hid from Fooles to Vice inclin'd.
 Who that Tyrant Sin obey;
 Though they spring like Flowers in May
 Parch't with Heat, and nipt with Frost,
 Soone shall fade, for ever lost.

Y

Lord,

As the 29.

As the 47.

Part. 2.

Lord, thou art most Great, most High;
 Such from all Eternitie.
 Perish shall thy Enemies,
 Rebels that against thee rise.
 All, who in their Sins delight,
 Shall be scatter'd by thy Might.
 But thou shalt exalt my Horne,
 Like a youthfull Unicorn;
 Fresh and fragrant Odors shed
 On thy crowned Prophets head.
 I shall see my Foes defeat,
 Shortly heare of their retreat:
 But the Just like Palmes shall flourish,
 VVhich the Plains of Judah nourish:
 Like tall Cedars mounted on
 Cloud ascending Lebanon.
 Plants set in thy Court, below
 Spread their roots, and upwards grow;
 Fruit in their Old-age shall bring;
 Ever fat and flourishing.
 This Gods Justice celebrates;
 He, my Rocke, Injustice hates.

PSALME XCIII.

As the 47.

Now great Jehovah raignes,
 VVith Majesty aray'd;
 His Power all powers restraines,
 By men and gods obey'd.
 The round Earth hung
 In liquid Aire;
 Establisht there
 But by his Tongue.

Thy Throne more old then Time,
 And after, as before.
 The Flouds in billowes clime,
 And foming loudly rore.
 VVith horrid Noise
 The Ocean raves,
 And breaks his Waves
 Against the Skies.

But thou more to be fear'd,
 More terrible then these:
 Thy Voice in Thunder heard;

Thy

Thy Nod rebukes the Seas;
Thee Truth renowns;
Pure Sanctitie
Eternally
Thy Temple crowns.

PSALME XCIV.

As the 10.

Great God of Hosts revenge our Wrong
On those, who are in Mischiefe strong.

Vpon thy Foes
Inflict our VVoes:

For Vengeance doth to Thee belong.
Judge of the World, prevent
The Proud and Insolent.

How long shall they the Just oppresse,
And triumph in their Wickednesse!

How long supplant!

Ah! how long vaunt,

And glory in their dire successe!

Thy Saints asunder break,

Insulting o're the Weak!

Who Strangers, and poore VViddowes kill,

The blood of wretched Orphans spill:

And say, Can he

Or heare, or see?

Doth God regard what's good or ill?

Brute Beasts, without a mind!

O Fools in knowledge blind!

Shall not th' Almighty see and heare,

VVho form'd the Eye, and fram'd the Eare?

VVho Nations slew,

Not punish you?

VVho taught, not know? to him appeare

Darke Counsels, secreet Fires,

Vaine Hopes, and vast Desires.

But O! thrice blessed he, whom God

Chastiseth with his gentle Rod;

Informes, and awes

By sacred Lawes.

In stormes brought to a safe aboard:

VVhile the Unrighteous shall

By winged Vengeance fall.

For he will not forsake th'Elect;
Nor who adore his Name reject:
But Judgement then
Shall turne agen

To Justice, and her Throne Erect:
VVho are in Heart upright
Shall follow that cleare Light.

VVhat mortall will th' Afflicted aid?
Depend when impious Foes invade?
Lord, hadst not thou,
My Soule ere now
In silent shades of Death had laid:
For he my Out-cries heard;
And from the Centre rear'd.

VVhen Griefe my labouring Soule confounds;
Thou powrest Balme into her wounds.

Shall Tyrannie
VVith thee complie?
VVho Mischiefe for a Law propounds?
VVho swarme to circumvent,
And doome the Innocent.

But thou, O Lord, art my Defence,
My Refuge, and my Recompence.

The Vicious shall
By Vices fall;
By their owne Sinnes be swept from hence.
God shall cut off their breath,
And give them up to Death.

PSALME XCV.

As the 34.

Come Sing the great Jehovah's Praise,
VVhose Mercies have prolong'd our Dayes;
Sing with a joyfull voyce.
VVith bending Knees, and raised Eyes
Adore your God: & sacrifice;
In sacred Hymnes rejoyce.

Great is the God of our Defence,
Transcending all in eminence:
His Hand the Earth sustaines;
The Depths, the loftie Mountaines made;
The Land and liquid Plaines displaid,
And curbs them with his Reines.

O come, before his Foot-stoole fall,
Our onely God, who form'd us all;
Through Stormes of danger led.
He is our Shepheard, we his Sheepe;
His Hands from Wolves and Rapine keepe,
In pleasant Pastures fed.

The Voice of God thus spake this Day;
Repine not as at Meribah,
As in the Wildernesse:
Where your Fore-fathers tempted me;
Who did my Workes of Wonder see,
And to their shame confesse.

VWhen vex't for fortie yeares, I said;
This People in their hearts have strai'd;
Rebellious to command:
To whom I in my Anger swore,
That Death should seise on them, before
They knew this pleasant Land.

PSALME XCVI.

New composed Ditties sing
To our Everlasting King:
You, all you of Humane birth,
Fed and nourisht by the Earth,
Celebrate Jehovah's Praise,
Daily his Deliveries blase.
His Glory let the Gentiles know;
To the VWorld his wonders show.
O how gracious! O how great!
Earth his Foot-stoole, Heaven his Seat.
To be fear'd and honor'd more
Then those gods, whom Fooles adore;
Idols by their Servants made:
But our God the Heavens display'd.
Honour, Beautie, Power Divine,
In his Sanctuarie shine.
All, who by his Favour live,
Glory to Jehovah give;
Glory due unto his Name,
And his Mightie Deeds proclame.
Offerings on his Altar lay;
There your Vowes devoutly pay.

As the 29.

In

Part. 2.

In his beauteous Holinesse
 To the Lord your Prayer addresse.
 All, whom Earths round shoulders beare,
 Serve the Lord with Joy and Feare.
 Tell Mankinde, Jehovah raignes:
 He shall bind the world in Chaines,
 So as it shall never slide;
 And with sacred Justice guide.
 Let the smiling Heavens rejoyce;
 Joyfull Earth exalt her Voice:
 Let the dancing Billowes rore;
 Ecchoes answer from the Shore:
 Fields their flowrie Mantles shake;
 All shall in their Joy partake:
 VVhile the VVoods Musicians sing
 To the ever-youthfull Spring.
 Fill his Courts with sacred Mirth;
 He, He comes to judge the Earth.
 Justly He the VVorld shall sway,
 And his Truth to men display.

PSALME XCVII.

As the 8.

O Earth! joy in Jehovah's Raigne;
 You numerous Iles, claspt by the Maine.
 Him rolling Clouds and Shades infold.
 Judgement and Truth his Throne uphold.
 VVho fierie Darts before him throwes,
 VVith winged flames consumes his Foes.
 His Lightning made a Day of Night;
 Earth trembled at so fear'd a fight.
 The Mountaines at his Presence sweat,
 Like pliant VVax dissolv'd with Heat;
 At his Descension from the Skie,
 VVho rules the VVorlds great Monarchie.
 The Heavens declare his Righteousnesse;
 His Glorie wondering men confesse.
 Let those with shame to Hell descend,
 VVhose Knees to cursed Idols bend;
 VVhose rockes for Deities implore:
 O all you gods, our God adore.
 Rejoycing Sion heard her King:
 Her Daughters of his Judgements sing.
 Thou art exalted above all
 Mankinde, and Pow'rs Angelicall.

Those

Those Saints thy shady Wings protect,
 VVho Sin abhorre, and thee affect.
 For thou hast sown the Seeds of Light,
 And joy, which shall invest thy Night.
 You Just, your joyfull Hearts elate,
 His blest Memoriall celebrate.

PSALME XCIII.

SING to the King of kings,
 Sing in unusuall Laies;
 That hath wrought wondrous things,
 His Conquest crown with Praise:
 Whose Armes alone,
 And sacred Hands,
 Their impious Bands
 Have overthrown.

He Justice brings to light;
 His saving Truth extends,
 Even in the Gentiles sight,
 To Earths remotest Ends.
 His Heavenly Grace
 At full displayd,
 And promise made
 To Jacobs Race.

Let all that dwell on Earth
 Their high Affections raise,
 VVith universall Mirth,
 And loudly sing his Praise:
 To Musick joyne
 The warbling Voice,
 Let all rejoyce
 With Joy divine.

The sprightly Trumpet sound,
 The shrill-voic'd Cornet bring:
 Let all with Joy abound
 Before the Lord our King.
 Rore out you Seas,
 You spangled Skies,
 All you comprise,
 Rejoyce with these.

Flouds clap your thronging waves;
 You Hills exalt your mirth:

He

He, who his People saves,
 Now comes to judge the Earth;
 The round World shall
 VVith Justice trie;
 His Equitie
 Dispenst to all.

PSALME XCIX.

As the 29.

L Et our Foes with terrour quake;
 Let the Earths Foundation shake;
 Now the Lord his Raigne begins,
 Thron'd betweene the Cherubins.
 O how great in Sions Towers!
 High above all Mortall Powers.
 Great and terrible his Name:
 Since so holy, praise the same.
 Judgement his great Power affects;
 Yet by Equitie directs.
 These celestiaall Twins imbrace;
 These reflect on Jacobs Race.
 O how holy! above all
 Honour; at his Foot-stoole fall,
 Moses: Aaron heretofore
 Among those who Mitres wore:
 Samuel by Vow desir'd,
 Among those who were inspir'd.
 These to him their Praiers preferr'd,
 These by him as soone were heard.
 These his Statutes rarely brake:
 Unto these th' Almighty spake,
 In the Pillar of a Cloud:
 To his Service ever vow'd.
 He did their Petitions heare,
 Mercifull, and yet severe.
 The Holy, on his holy Hill
 Glorifie, and worship still.

PSALME C.

As the 47.

All from the Suns uprise,
 Unto his Setting Raies,
 Resound in Jubilees
 The great Jehovah's Praise.
 Him serve alone;
 In triumph bring
 Your Gifts, and sing
 Before his Throne.

Man drew from Man his Birth,
But God his noble Frame
Built of the ruddy Earth,
Fill'd with celestiall Flame.

His Sons we are;
Sheep by him led,
Preserv'd, and fed
With tender care.

O, to his Portals presse
In your divine resorts:
VVith Thanks his Power professe,
And praise him in his Courts.

How good! how pure!
His Mercies last:
His Promise past
For ever sure.

PSALME CI.

OF Justice I and Mercy sing,
Which, Lord, from thee, their Fountain spring,
The Graces that adorn a King.

As the 46.

Grave Wisdome shall my steps direct,
No Vice my heart nor Roofe infect.
When wilt thou visit thine Elect!

No pleasure shall mine eyes misguide:
Who from the Tract of Vertue slide,
Just Hate shall from my Soul divide.

Who mischief in their Hearts contrive,
Delight in Wrong, in Factions strive,
I from my peacefull Court will drive.

Who hath his Friend with Slander strook,
I will cut off; nor ever brook
A proud Heart, and a haughty Look.

Mine Eyes the Faithfull shall observe;
Those in my Family shall serve,
Who never from pure Vertue swerve.

But who are exercis'd in Guile,
Whose Tongues malicious Lies defile,
I from my Presence will exile.

And all the VVicked in the Land
VVill cut off with a timely Hand;
Nor shall they in Gods Citie stand.

PSALME CII.

As the 22.

A Ccept my Prayers, nor to the Cry
Of my Affliction stop thine Eare:
Lord, in the time of Misery
And sad restraint serene appeare:
The Sighings of my Spirit heare;
And when I call, with speed reply.

As Smoke, so fleets my Soule away;
My marrow dry'd, as Harths with heat:
My heart struck down, like withered Hay;
Through Sorrow I forsake my meat,
While meagre cares my Liver eate:
The clinging Skin my Bones display.

Like Desert-haunting Pelicans;
In Cities not lesse desolate:
Like Screech-Owles, who with ominous straines
Disturb the Night, and day-light hate:
A Sparrow which hath lost his Mate,
And on a Pinacle complaines.

Reviling Foes my Honour blast,
And frantick men my ruine sweare.
For Bread, I roll'd-on ashes tast;
Each drop I drink mixt with a teare.
For, Lord, O who thy Wrath can beare
Thou raisest, and dost head-long cast.

My Daies short, as the Evening shade;
As Morning Dew consume away:
As Grasse cut downe with Sithes, I fade,
Or like a flower cropt yesterday
But, Lord thou suffer'st no decay:
Thy Promises shall never vade.

For thou shalt from thy Rest arise,
(Since now th'appointed time drawes neare)
And look on Sions miseries,
Her Walls and batter'd Buildings reare;
VVhose ruins to thy Saints are deare;
For they her Dust as sacred prise.

Thy

Part. 2.

Thy Name then shall the Gentiles praise;
All Kings thy Honour celebrate:
For when the Lord shall Sion raise,
His Glory shall ascend in State:
So prone to heare the Desolate,
And succour them in all affaies.

Unto eternall Memory
Our Histories shall this record;
And all that are created by
His pow'rfull Hand, shall feare the Lord,
Who doth such Grace to his afford,
And on the Earth looks from on high;

To heare the pensive Captives grone;
The Sons of Death by him unbound:
His Name againe in Sion known,
That Salem may his Praise resound:
When in his Service all the Round
Of Earth shall there be joyn'd in one.

Yet, Lord, amidst these Hopes thou hast
Consum'd my strength, abridg'd my yeares:
Before my Noon of Life be past
Let me not die thus drown'd in teares.
Time waits not thee, which all out-weares;
Thy happy Daies for ever last.

Thou mad'st the Earth, thou didst display
The Heavens in various motion roll'd:
These and their Glories shall decay;
But thou shalt thy existence hold:
They like a Garment shall grow old,
And in their changes passe away.

But thou art still the same: before
The World, and after shalt remaine.
You blessed Soules, who God adore,
VVith Patient Hope your harmes sustaine:
For you shall prosper in his Reign
And yours, subsist for evermore.

PSALME CIII.

As the 3.

MY Soule, and all my Faculties
Jehovah praise; sing till the Skies

Re-eccho his ascending Fame :
 My Soule, O celebrate his Name !
 Nor ever let the memory
 Of his surpassing Favours die.
 He gently pardons our misdeeds,
 And cures the VVound which inward bleeds,
 Hath from the Chains of Death unbound ;
 With Clemency and Mercy crown'd.
 VVith Food our Hunger he subdues :
 And Eagle-like our Youth renues,
 His Justice he extends to all ;
 Oppressors by his Vengeance fall.
 His sacred Paths to Moses shown ;
 His Miracles to Israel known :
 From Him the Springs of Mercy flow ;
 Swift to forgive, to anger slow.
 For he will not for ever chide ;
 Nor constant to his VVrath abide :
 But mildly from his Rage relents,
 And shortens our due Punishments.
 For as the Heavens in amplitude
 Exceed the Centre they include :
 So ample is his Clemencie
 To all who on his Grace relie.
 As farre as the bright Orient
 Is distant from the Suns Descent ;
 So farre he sets from his Aspect
 Their Cuilt, who him with feare affect.
 And as a Father to his Child,
 So soft, so quickly reconcil'd.
 He knowes the Fabrick of us all ;
 That dust is our Originall.
 Man flourisheth like Grasse, a Flower
 That blowes and withers in an houre :
 By scorching heat, by blasting Wind
 Deflowr'd, and leaves no print behind.
 But his firme Mercy shall imbrace
 His Saints for ever, and their Race :
 Those who his equall Lawes fulfill,
 Remember, and performe his VVill.
 In Heaven the great Jehovah reigns,
 And governs all that Earth contains :
 You Angels, who in strength exceed,
 VVho him obey with winged speed ;
 You ordred Hosts of radiant Stars ;
 O you his flaming Ministers ;

Part. 2.

All, whom his VVifdome did create;
Through his large Empire celebrate
His glorious Name with sweet accord:
Joyne thou, my Soule, to praise the Lord;

PSALME CIV.

As the 72.

MY ravisht Soule, great God, thy praises sings;
VVhom Glory circles with her radiant VVings,
And Majesty invests: then Day more bright;
Cloth'd with the beames of new-created Light.
He, like an all-infolding Canopy,
Fram'd the vast concave of the spangled Skie:
And in the Aire-embraced Waters set
The Basis of his hanging Cabinet.
VVho on the Clouds, as on a Chariot, rides;
And with a reine the flying Tempest guides.
Bright Angels his attendant Spirits made;
By flame-dispersing Seraphims obey'd.
The ever-fixed Earth cloth'd with the Floud;
In whose calme bosome unseene Mountains flood;
At his rebuke it shrunke with sudden dread,
And from his voices Thunder swiftly fled.
Then Hills their late concealed Heads extend,
And sinking Valleies to their Feet descend.
The trembling VVaters through their bottomes winde,
Till they the Sea, their Nurse and Mother, finde.
He to the swelling Waves prescribes a bound;
Lest Earth againe should by their rage be drown'd.
Springs through the pleasant Medows powre their drils;
VVhich Snake-like glide betweene the bording Hills;
Till they to Rivers grow; where beasts of prey
Their thirst asswage, and such as man obey.
In neighbouring Groves the Ayr's Musicians sing,
And with their Musicke entertaine the Spring.
He from coelestiall Casements showres distills,
And with renew'd increase his Creatures fills.
He makes the food-full Earth her fruit produce;
For Cattell grasse, and Herbs for humane use.
The spreading Vine long purple clusters bears,
VVhose juyce the hearts of pensive Mortals chears:
Fat Olives smooth our browes with suppling Oyle;
And strengthning Corne rewards the Reapers toile.
His Fruit affording trees with sap abound.
The Lord hath Lebanon with Cedars crown'd:
They to the warbling Birds a shelter yield,
And wandring Storks in lofty Fir-trees build.

Part. 2.

Wild

Wild Goats to craggy Cliffs for refuge flie;
 And Conies in the Rocks darke entrails lie.
 He guides the changing Moones alternate face:
 The Suns diurnall and his annuall Race.
 T'was he that made the all-informing Light;
 And with darke shadowes cloths the aged Night.
 Then Beasts of prey breake from their Mountaine Caves;
 The roring Lion pinch't with hunger craves
 Food from his hand. But when Heavens greatest Fire.
 Obscures the Stars, they to their dens retire.
 Men with the Morning rise, to labour prest;
 Toile all the Day, at Night returne to rest.

Part. 3. Great God! how manifold, how infinite
 Are all thy works! with what a cleere fore-sight
 Didst thou create and multiply their birth!
 Thy riches fill the far extended Earth.
 The ample Sea; in whose unfathom'd Deep
 Innumerable sorts of Creatures creep:
 Bright-scaled Fishes in her Entrails glide,
 And high-built Ships upon her bosome ride:
 About whose sides the crooked Dolphin playes,
 And monstrous Whales huge spouts of water raise.
 All on the Land, or in the Ocean bred,
 On Thee depend; in their due season fed.
 They gather what thy bounteous Hands bestow,
 And in the Summer of thy Favour grow.
 When thou contract'st thy clouded Brows, they mourn;
 And dying, to their former dust return.
 Againe created by thy quickning breath,
 To resupply the Massacres of Death.
 No Tract of Time his Glory shall destroy:
 He in th' Obedience of his Works shall joy:
 But when their wild revolts his Wrath provoke,
 Earth trembles, and the aery Mountains smoke.
 I all my life will my Creator praise;
 And to his Service dedicate my Daies.
 May he accept the Musicke of my Voice,
 While I with sacred Harmony rejoyce.
 Hence you profane, who in your Sins delight;
 God shall extirp, and cast you from his Sight.
 My Soule, bleste thou this all-commanding King:
 You Saints and Angels, Hallelu-jah sing.

PSALME CV.

As the 72. **T**O God O pay your vows; invoke his Name,
 And to the VVorld his noble Acts proclaime!

O sing his praises in immortal Verse,
 And his stupendious Miracles rehearse!
 You Saints, rejoyce, and glory in his Grace;
 His power adore; forever seeke his Face;
 Old Abrahams Seed, you Sons of the Elect;
 You Israelites, O you, who God affect,
 Report the Wonders by his finger wrought,
 VVhen in your cause th' inferiour creatures fought.
 Jehovah rules the many-peopled Earth;
 His judgement knowne to all of humane birth.
 He never will forget his Promise past;
 His Covenants inviolable last,
 VVhich he to faithfull Abraham made before,
 And after to the holy Isaac swore:
 To Jacob sign'd, confirm'd to Israel;
 That their large Off-spring should in Canaan dwell.
 VVhen they, but few in number, wandered
 In unknowne Regions, and their Cattell fed:
 He did their lives from violence protect,
 And for their sakes even mighty Princes checkt.
 Touch not, said he, my Anointed: feare to wrong
 Those sacred Prophets, who to Me belong.
 VVhen raging Famine in these Climats reign'd,
 He broke the Staffe of Bread, which life sustain'd:
 But Joseph sent before them; sold to save
 His Brethren, by whose envy made a slave.
 There for th' Accusers guilt in prison throwne;
 With galling fetters bound, for crimes unknowne;
 Tri'd with affliction, at the time decreed,
 At once by Pharaoh both advanc'd and freed.
 He of his household gave him the command,
 And made him Ruler over all his Land:
 His Princes to his government Subjects.
 The prudent Youth grave Senators direct.
 Then aged Jacob into Egypt came,
 And sojourn'd in the fruitfull Fields of Ham.
 God in that Land his people multipli'd;
 Their Foes, which now their greater strength envi'd;
 Hate what they feare: he alienates their hearts,
 To seeke their ruine by deceitfull Arts.
 Then Moses on a sacred Embassie
 And Aaron sent; th' Elect of the most High.
 There wrought his dreadfull Wonders; from the Ile
 Of Sea-girt Pharo's to the Fals of Nile.
 He bade Cimmerian darknesse dim the Day:
 Th' assembled Vapours his commands obey.

He

Part. 2.

Part. 3.

He their seven chanel'd VVaters turn'd to **Blond**;
 The Fishes strangled in their native **Floud**.
 Frogs from the slimy, Earth in Millions spring;
 And skip about the Chambers of the **King**.
 All parts with swarms of noisome Flies abound:
 And Lice, like quickned dust, crawl on the **ground**.
 He storms of killing Haile, for Showers, bestowes;
 And from the breaking clouds his lightning throws:
 Blasts all the Vines, and Fig-trees in the **Land**;
 The VVoods, with Tempests torne, or naked **stand**.
 Innumerable Locusts these succeed;
 And Caterpillars on their leavings **feed**.
 They bite the tender Herbe, the bud, and **flower**;
 And all the virdure of the Earth devoure.
 Their Strength (the First-borne) flew : which fill'd their **eares**
 VVith Female screeches, and their hearts with **feares**.
 Part. 4. Then He the Hebrews out of Goshen brought,
 In able health, with Gold, and Silver **fraught**.
 Th'inhabitants, whose teares augment the **Nile**,
 At their departure Joy, and Feare **exile**.
 A Cloud to shade them from the Sun was **spread**;
 And Nightly by a flaming Pillar **led**.
 At their request he sends them showres of **Quailes**;
 And Bread from Heaven, like Coriander, **hailes**.
 Cleaves the hard Rocks, from whence a Fountaine **flowes**,
 And unknowne Rivers to those Deserts **showes**.
 For he his sacred Promise call'd to **minde**,
 To Abraham his Friend and Servant **sign'd**.
 Thus he his People brought from servitude,
 VVhose long-felt miseries in joy **conclude**.
 From hence the Heathen by our Weapons **chac'd**;
 And us his sonnes in their possessions **plac'd**.
 That from his Statutes we might never **swerve**.
 O praise the Lord, and him devoutly **serve**!

PSALME CVI.

As the 72.

VVITH gratefull hearts Jehovahs praise resound;
 In goodnesse great; whose Mercy hath no **bound**.
 VVhat Language can expresse his mighty **deeds**,
 Or utter his due praise, which words **exceeds**.
 Thrice blessed they, who his commands **observe**,
 Nor ever from the tract of Justice **swerve**.
 Great God, O with benevolent **aspect**
 (Even with the love thou bear'st to thine **Elect**)
 Behold and succour; That my ravisht **Eyes**
 May see a period of their **miseries**,

Who

VVho Thee adore: that I may give a voice
 To thy great Acts, and in their joy rejoyce
 We as our Fathers, have thy Grace exil'd
 Revolted, and our Souls with Sin defil'd.
 They, of thy Miracles in Egypt wrought,
 So full of Feare and Wonder, never thought
 Thy Mercies, then their hairens in number, more:
 But murmur'd on the Erythrean Shore.
 Yet for his Honour sav'd them from the Foe,
 That all the VVorld his wondrous Power might know.
 There the commanded Sea asunder rent,
 VVhile Israel through his dusty Chancel went:
 VVhom He from Pharaoh and his Army saves;
 The swift-returning Flouds their fatall Graves.
 Then they his VVord believ'd, and sung his Praise;
 Yet soone forgot: and wandred from his VVaies. Part. 2.
 VVho long for flesh to pamper their excesse,
 And tempt him in the barren Wildernesse.
 He grants their wish, and with a Flight of Fowles
 Sent meager Death into their hungry Soules.
 They, Moses gentle Government, oppose,
 And envy Aaron, whom the Lord had chose.
 The yawning Earth then in her silent womb
 Did Dathan and Abirams Troups intomb.
 A swiftly-spreading Fire among them burnes,
 And those Conspirators to Ashes turnes.
 Yet they, the slaves of Sin in Horeb made
 A Calfe of Gold, and to an Idol prai'd.
 The Lord, their Glory, thus exchanged they
 For th'Image of a Beast that feeds on Hay:
 Forgot their Saviour, all his Wonders shown
 In Zoan, and the Plains by Nile o'reflown;
 The VVonders acted by his pow'rfull Hand,
 VVhere the Red-Sea obey'd his stern Command.
 God had pronounc'd their ruine: Moses then,
 His Servant Moses, and the best of Men,
 Stood in the Breach, which their Rebellion made;
 And by his Prayer the hand of Vengeance staid.
 Yea they this fruitfull Paradise despis'd,
 Nor his so oft-confirmed Promise priz'd.
 But mutined against their faithfull Guide,
 And basely wisht they had in Egypt dy'd.
 For this, the Lord advanc'd his dreadfull Hand,
 To overthrow them on th'Arabian Sand;
 To scatter their rebellious Seed among
 Their Foes; expos'd to Poverty and Wrong. Part. 3.

Besides; Baal-Peor they ador'd, and fed
 On Sacrifices offer'd to the Dead.
 Thus their Impieties the Lord incense,
 Who smote them with devouring Pestilences.
 But when with noble anger Phinees slew
 The bold Offenders, He his Plagues with-drew.
 This was reputed for a righteous Deed,
 Which should for ever consecrate his Seed.
 So they at Meribah his Anger mov'd;
 The sacred Prophet for their sakes reprov'd:
 Their Cries his Saint-like sufferance provoke;
 Who rashly in his Soules distemper spoke,
 Nor ever entred the affected Land.
 They, still rebellious to divine Command,
 Preserv'd those Nations by his Wrath subdu'd;
 Mixt with the Heathen, and their Sins pursu'd.
 Their cursed Idols serve with Rites profane,
 (Snares to their Soule) and from no Crime abstaine.
 Part. 4. Their Sons and Virgin daughters sacrifice
 To Divels; and looke on with tearelesse eyes.
 Defil'd the Land with innocent blood, which sprung
 From their owne loines, on flaming Altars flung.
 Vnto adulterate Deities they praid,
 And worshipped those Gods their hands had made.
 These crying Sins exasperate the Lord;
 VVho now his owne inheritance abhorr'd:
 Given up unto the Heathen for a Prey;
 Slaves to their Foes; who hate them most, obey.
 Deliver'd oft; as oft his Wrath provoke,
 And with increasing Sins renew their Yoke.
 Yet he compassionates their miseries,
 And with soft pity heares their mournfull Cries:
 His former Promise calls to mind, relents;
 And in his Mercy of his Wrath repents.
 In salvage Hearts unknowne Compassion bred,
 By whom but lately into thraldome led:
 Great God of gods, thy Votaries protect,
 And from among the Barbarous recollect:
 That we to Thee may dedicate our Daies,
 And joyntly triumph in thy glorious Praise.
 Blest, O for ever blest, be Israels King:
 All you his People, Hallelu-jah sing.

Amen, Amen

A PARA-

A
PARAPHRASE
Vpon the
FIFTH BOOKE
OF THE
PSALMES OF DAVID.

PSALME CVII.

EXtoll, and our good God adore,
 Whose Sea of Mercy hath no Shore.
 O you by Tyrants late oppress,
 Now from your servile Yokes releast;
 Praise him, who your Redemption wrought,
 And home from barbarous Nations brought.
 From where the Morn her Wings displaies;
 From where the Evening crowns the Daies;
 Beneath the burning Zone, and neare
 The Influence of the freezing Beare.
 They in unpeopled Deserts straid,
 The Heavens their Roofe, the Clouds their shade:
 Their Soules with thirst and hunger faint;
 None by, to pity their Complaint:
 VVhen to the Lord their God they cry'd,
 His Mercy their extreame supply'd.
 He led them through the Wildernesse,
 And gave them Cities to possesse,
 O you, his Goodnesse celebrate!
 His Acts to all the World relate!
 For he in foodlesse Deserts fed
 The Hungry with coelestiall Bread.
 From wondring Rocks new Currents roule,
 To satisfie the thirsty Soule.
 Those Rebels, who his Counsell slight,
 Imprison'd in the shades of Night,
 Horrors of Guilt, their Soules surpris:
 When humbled with their miseries,

As the 8.

Part. 2.

They to the Lord addrest their Praiers;
 His Mercy comforts their Despaire,
 From Darknesse drawes, dissolves their Gieues;
 And from Deaths Jawes preserves their lives.
 O you his Goodnesse celebrate!
 His Acts to all the World relate?
 He breaks Steel-barres, and Gates of Brasse,
 To force a way for His to passe.
 Those Fools, whom pleasing Sins intice,
 Are punisht by their darling Vice.
 Their Souls all sorts of Food distaste:
 Whom Troops of pale Diseases waste.
 When they to God direct their Praiers,
 His Mercy comforts their Despaire.
 His Word restores them from their Graves,
 And from a dreadfull Ruine saves.
 O you his Goodnesse celebrate!
 His Acts to all the World relate!
 Due Praises to his Altar bring,
 And of your great Redemption sing.
 VWho saile upon the toiling Maine,
 And traffick in pursuit of Gaine,
 To such his Power is not unknowne,
 Nor wonders in the Ocean showne.
 At his Command black Tempests rise;
 Then mount they to the troubled Skies,
 Thence sinking to the Depths below.
 The Ship Hulls as the Billowes flow;
 And all Aboord at every seele,
 Like Drunkards, on the Hatches reele.
 VWhen they to God direct their Prayers,
 His Mercy comforts their Despaire.
 Forthwith the bitter Storms assuage,
 And foming Seas suppress their Rage:
 Then, singing, with a prosperous gale
 To their desired Harbour saile.
 O you his Goodnesse celebrate!
 His Acts to all the World relate!
 His Fame in your Assemblies raise,
 And in the sacred Senate praise.
 He Rivers turnes t' a Wildernesse;
 Springs dry'd up by the Suns accesse.
 To scourge their Sins, he makes the Soile
 Vngratefull to the Owners toile:
 Turnes sandy Deserts into Pooles,
 And parched Earth with Fountains cooles:

Part. 3.

Part. 4.

There

There plants his hungry Colonies,
 VVhere strongly-fenced Cities rise:
 The Fields their yellow Mantles weare,
 And spreading Vines full clusters beare.
 They infinitely multiply:
 Their Heardes of no diseases die.
 But when their Sins his Wrath incense,
 Then Famine, Warre, and Pestilence,
 Their miserable Lives deuoure:
 Their Princes he deprives of Power,
 Who in the Path-lesse Wildernesse
 Conceal'd themselves from Mans accesse.
 The Poore he raiseth from the ground;
 Their Families like flocks abound.
 The Just shall this with joy behold;
 Th'Unjust with feare and shame controll'd.
 The Wise these Changes will record,
 That they may know and serue the Lord.

PSALME CVIII.

MY Thoughts the Lord their Object make;
 Before the ruddy Morning spring,
 My Glory of his Praise shall sing:
 Awake, my Lute, my Harp, awake;
 While I to all the VVorld rehearse
 His praises in a living Verse.

As the 21

Thy Mercy (O how great !) extends
 Above the Starry Firmament;
 Still unto tender pity bent:
 Thy Truth the soaring clouds transcends.
 Thy Head above the Heavens erect;
 Thy Glory on the Earth reflect.

O heare us, who thy aide implore;
 And with thy owne Right hand defend:
 To thy Beloved Succour send.
 God by his Sanctitie thus swore;
 I Succoths Valley will diuide:
 In Sichems Spoils be magnifi'd.

Manasseh, Gilead, both are mine:
 Ephraim my Strength, in Battaille bold.
 Thou Judah, shalt my Scepter hold,
 I will triumph o're Palæstine.

Base

Base Servitude shall Moab waste.
O're Edom I my Shooe will cast.

Who will our forward Troups direct
To Rabbah strongly fortifi'd?
Or into sandy Edom guide?

Lord, wilt not thou, that didst reject,
Nor wouldst before our Armies goe,
Now lead our Host against the Foe?

VVhen Death and Horrour most affright,
Doe thou our troubled Souls sustaine.

For O, the helpe of Man is vaine!
Lead; and we valiantly shall fight.
Thy Feet our Foes shall trample downe;
Thy Hands our Browes with Conquest crowne.

PSALME CIX.

As the 1. **M**Y God, my Glory, leave not in Distresse;
Nor let prevailing Fraud the Truth oppresse.
They who delight in Subtilties and Wrongs,
Afflict me with the Poison of their Tongues.
VVith Slander and Detraction gird me round,
And would, without a Cause, my life confound.
Good turnes with evill proudly recompense,
And Love with Hate; my Merit, my offence.
But I in these Extremes to thee repaire,
And poure out my perplexed Soule in Praire.
Subject him to a Tyrants sterne command;
Subverting Satan place at his Right hand;
Found guilty, when arraign'd: in that fear'd time
Let his rejected Prais augment his Crime.
May he by violence untimely die,
And let another his Command supply.
Let his distressed Widow weep in vaine;
His wretched Orphans to deafe Eares complaine.
Let them the wandring Paths of Exile tread,
And in unpeopled Deserts seeke their bread.
Let griping Vsurers divide his spoile;
And Strangers reape the harvest of his toile.
Part. 2. In his long misery may he find no Friend;
None to his Race so much as Pity lend.
Let his Posterity be overthrowne;
Their Names to the succeeding Age unknowne.
Let not the Lord his Fathers Sins forget;
His Mothers Infamy before him set.

O let them be the Object of his Bye,
Till hee out-root their hated Memory:
That to the wretched would no Mercy show;
But cruelly pursu'd his Overthrow.
Laid Trains to kill the Broken and Contrite.
On his owne head let his dire Curses light.
He hated Blessing; never be he blest:
Let cursing like a Robe his Loines invest;
And like a fatall Girdle gird him round;
As he with Execrations did abound.
Let them like Water in his Bowels Boile,
And eate into his Bones like burning Oyle.
Thus let the Lord reward my Enemies,
VVho seeke to blast me with malicious lies.
But, Lord, in my deliverance proclaime
Thy Mercy, for the honour of thy Name.
For I am poore, with misery oppress'd,
My wounded heart bleeds in my panting brest.
I like the Evening shadow am declining,
And like the Locust toss'd with every Wind.
My feeble knees beneath their burden bend;
My Flesh with fasting falls, my Bones ascend.
Reproch hath feis'd on me; my Foes revile;
And in derision shake their heads, and smile.
My God, O snatch me from the swallowing grave:
Thy servant with accustom'd Mercy save:
That they may know it was thy powerfull Hand;
And how I by divine Supportance stand.
Still may they vainely curse whom thou dost blesse;
And pine with envy at my good successe.
Let them be cloth'd with shame: O be their owne
Confusion on them like a Mantle throwne.
But I thy praise will duly celebrate;
And to the multitude thy Deeds relate:
That hast th'afflicted Soule from sorrow freed,
And from their snares who had his death decreed.

Part. 3.

PSALME CX.

As the 34.

TH Lord unto my Lord thus spake,
Sit at my right hand, till I make
A Foot-stoole of thy Foes.
He will thy God from Zion send,
Unto whose Power all powers shall bend,
That dare thy Rule oppose.

Thy

Base Servitude shall Moab waste.
O're Edom I my Shooe will cast.

Who will our forward Troupes direct
To Rabbah strongly fortifi'd?
Or into sandy Edom guide?
Lord, wilt not thou, that didst reject,
Nor wouldst before our Armies goe,
Now lead our Host against the Foe?

VVhen Death and Horrour most affright,
Doe thou our troubled Souls sustaine.
For O, the helpe of Man is vaine!
Lead; and we valiantly shall fight.
Thy Feet our Foes shall trample downe;
Thy Hands our Browes with Conquest crowne.

PSALME CIX.

As the 1. **M**Y God, my Glory, leave not in Distresse;
Nor let prevailing Fraud the Truth oppresse.
They who delight in Subtilties and Wrongs,
Afflict me with the Poison of their Tongues.
VVith Slander and Detraction gird me round,
And would, without a Cause, my life confound.
Good turnes with evill proudly recompense,
And Love with Hate; my Merit, my offence.
But I in these Extremes to thee repaire,
And poure out my perplexed Soule in Praire.
Subject him to a Tyrants sterne command;
Subverting Satan place at his Right hand;
Found guilty, when arraign'd: in that fear'd time
Let his rejected Prairs augment his Crime.
May he by violence untimely die,
And let another his Command supply.
Let his distressed Widow weep in vaine;
His wretched Orphans to deafe Eares complaine.
Let them the wandring Paths of Exile tread,
And in unpeopled Deserts seeke their bread.
Let griping Vsurers divide his spoile;
And Strangers reape the harvest of his toile.
Part. 2. In his long misery may he find no Friend;
None to his Race so much as Pity lend.
Let his Posterity be overthrowne;
Their Names to the succeeding Age unknowne.
Let not the Lord his Fathers Sins forget;
His Mothers Infamy before him set.

O let them be the Object of his Eye,
 Till hee out-root their hated Memory:
 That to the wretched would no Mercy show;
 But cruelly pursu'd his Overthrow.
 Laid Trains to kill the Broken and Contrite.
 On his owne head let his dire Cornes light.
 He hated Blessing; never be he blest:
 Let cursing like a Robe his Loines invest;
 And like a fatall Girdle gird him round;
 As he with Execrations did abound.
 Let them like Water in his Bowels Boile,
 And eate into his Bones like burning Oyle.
 Thus let the Lord reward my Enemies,
 VVho seeke to blast me with malicious lies.
 But, Lord, in my deliverance proclaime
 Thy Mercy, for the honour of thy Name.
 For I am poore, with misery oppress'd,
 My wounded heart bleeds in my paining brest.
 I like the Evening shadow am declin'd,
 And like the Locust toss'd with every Wind.
 My feeble knees beneath their burden bend;
 My Flesh with fasting falls, my Bones ascend.
 Reproch hath seisd on me; my Foes revile;
 And in derision shake their heads, and smile.
 My God, O snatch me from the swallowing grave!
 Thy servant with accustom'd Mercy save:
 That they may know it was thy powerfull Hand;
 And how I by divine Supportance stand.
 Still may they vainely curse whom thou dost bleesse,
 And pine with envy at my good sucresse.
 Let them be cloth'd with shame: O be their owne
 Confusion on them like a Mantle throwne.
 But I thy praise will duly celebrate;
 And to the multitude thy Deeds relate:
 That hast th'afflicted Soule from sorrow freed,
 And from their snares who had his death decreed.

Part. 3.

PSALME CX.

As the 34.

TH E Lord unto my Lord thus spake,
 Sit at my right hand, till I make
 A Foot-stoole of thy Foes.
 He will thy God from Zion send,
 Unto whose Power all powers shall bend,
 That dare thy Rule oppose.

Thy

Thy People willingly shall pay
 Their vows in that triumphant Day,
 VVith their united Powers:
 Aray'd in Ephods; nor so few
 As are those Pearles of morning-dew,
 VVhich hang on Herbs and Flowers,

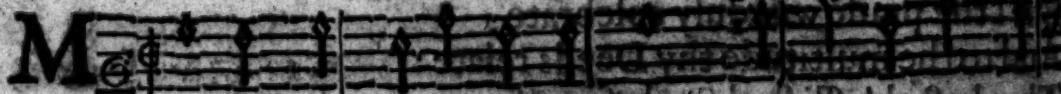
He swore, who never Oath did breake,
 Of th' order of Melchisedek
 That thou a Priest should'st raigne:
 Even while the Sun disperst his Light,
 VVhile Moones should rule th' alternate Night,
 Or Stars their course maintaine.

God, in that Day at thy right hand,
 Their Bloud, who Tyrant-like command,
 Shall in his fury spill.
 He, in his Justice shall confound
 The Heathen, and the purple ground
 VVith heaps of slaughter fill.

VVho over many Nations sway,
 And onely their owne Wils obey,
 Shall sinke beneath his rage.
 Then shall this all-subduing King
 VVith VVater of the Chrystall spring
 His burning thirst assuage.

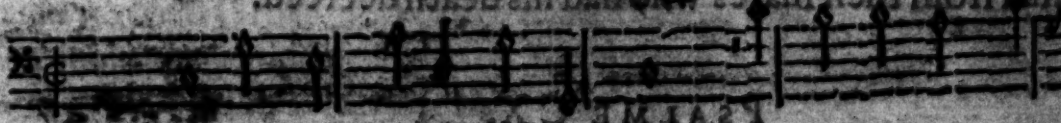
PSALME CXL

CANT.

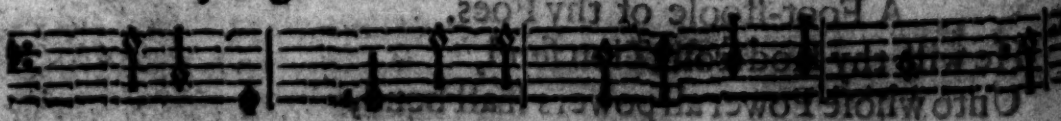


Y Soule the honor of our King, Shall in the great As

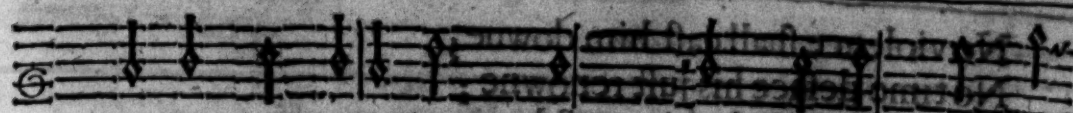
BAS.



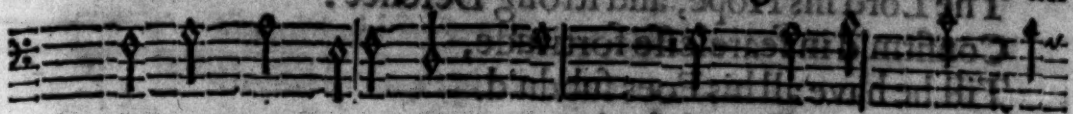
sembly sing. Great are the wonders He hath shorne, With



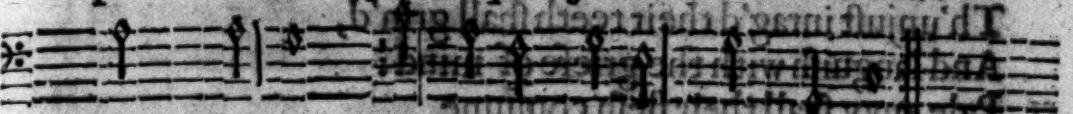
joy



joy by their admirers knowne. His glorious deedes all



praise transcend; His equall Justice knowes no end:



Left in eternall Monuments;

Whose Mercy Death and Hell prevents:

Feeds those who feare his Name, and will

His Promise faithfully fulfill.

Who planted with a powerfull Hand

His people in this pleasant Land.

Just Judgement executes; directs

By sacred Lawes; and Truth affects.

These fretting Time shall never waste;

But squar'd by Justice ever last.

His Word to us confirm'd by deed;

So often from oppression freed.

His Name is terrible to all:

His feare is the Originall

Of Wisdom; and they onely wise

Who make his Lawes their Exercise.

His praise, while men have memory,

And power of speech, shall never die.

PSALME CXII.

Hallelu-jah.

That man is blest who feares the Lord;

And chearfully obeies his Word.

His Seed shall flourish on the Earth;

Their Off-spring happy from their birth.

His House with riches shall abound:

His truth with endless honour crown'd.

To him in darknesse light ascends:

Mild, gracious, just in all his ends.

His bounty for the poore provides:

Discretion all his actions guides.

As the cxi.

As the cxi.

No violence shall cast him downe;
 No time deface his just renowne;
 Nor rumours shake his confidence:
 The Lord his Hope, and strong Defence:
 Confirm'd in fearelesse fortitude,
 Till he have all his Foes subdu'd.
 He the necessitated feeds.
 The honour of his vertuous Deeds
 Shall live in sacred memory;
 His Glories shall ascend on high.
 Th'unjust inrag'd their teeth shall grin'd,
 And languish with the griefe of mind:
 Pale envy shall their flesh consume,
 And all their hopes convert to fume.

PSALME CXIII.

Hallelu-jah.

As the cxi.

O You, who serve the living Lord,
 Due praises to his Name afford:
 Now and for ever celebrate,
 Let all his noble Acts relate.
 Even from the purple Morn's uprise,
 To where the Evening flecks the Skies.
 All power to his Dominion bends:
 His Glory the bright Stars transcends.
 What God can be compar'd with ours?
 VWho Thron'd in Heavens superiour towres
 Submits himselfe to guide and move
 All that is done in Heaven above:
 And from that height vouchsafes to throw
 His eyes on us, who creepe below.
 The poore he raiseth from the Dust:
 Even from the Dunghill lifts the Just;
 Whom he to height of honour brings,
 And sets him in the Thrones of Kings.
 He fructifies the barren Wombe;
 The Childlesse, Mothers now become.

Hallelu-jah.

PSALME

PSALME CXIV.

VWhen Israel left th' Egyptian Land;
Freed from a tyrannous command;
God his owne People sanctifi'd,
And he himselfe became their Guide.
Th' amazed Seas, this seeing, fled;
And Jordan shrunke into his Head:
The cloudy Mountaines skipt like Rams;
The little Hills like frisking Lambs.
Recoyling Seas, what caus'd your dread?
Why Jordan, shrunke'st thou to thy Head?
Why, Mountaines, did you skipt like Rams?
And why you little Hills, like Lambs?
Earth, tremble thou before his Face;
Before the God of Jacobs Race;
VVho turn'd hard Rocks into a Lake;
VVhen Springs from flinty intrailes brake.

As the cxi

PSALME CXV.

VE nothing can of merit clame:
Not for our sakes thy aide afford;
But for the honour of thy Name,
Thy Mercy, and unfailing VVord.
VVhy should th' insulting Heathen cry;
VVher's now the God they vainly praise?
Our Lord inthron'd above the Skie,
All underneath at pleasure swaies.
Their Gods but Gold and silver be,
Made by a fraile Artificer:
For they have eyes, that cannot see;
Dumbe mouthes, and eares that cannot heare.
Foolles on their Altars incense throw,
VVho nothing smell; their Feet are bound;
Nor have they power to moove or goe:
Their throats give passage to no sound.
Their hands can neither give nor take;
Unapt to punish or defend:
As senselesse they who Idols make,
Or to their carved Statues bend.
Your hopes on God, O Israel, place;

As the 9.

Part. 2.

He is your Helpe, and strong Defence :
 Be he, you Priests of Aarons Race,
 The object of your confidence.
 In him, all you that feare him, trust ;
 He shall protect you in distresse.
 The Lord is of his Promise just,
 And will his faithfull Servants blesse :
 The House of chosen Israel,
 And Aarons holy Family :
 The poore, and who in power excell ;
 That love, and on his aide relye.
 They shall a mighty People grow ;
 Their Children happy from their birth :
 He will increase of gifts bestow,
 Whose hands created Heaven and Earth.
 He in the Heaven of Heavens resides,
 And over all his Creatures reignes :
 Among the sonnes of men divides
 The Earth, and all that Earth containes,
 Who sleepe within the vaults of Death,
 No Offerings to his Altars bring :
 O praise his Name, while we have breath,
 And loudly Halelu-jah sing.

PSALME CXVI.

As the 4.

MY Soule intirely shall affect
 The Lord, whose cares my grones respect.
 In misery
 He heard thy cry ;
 To him thy Prayers direct.
 Sorrows of Death my Soule assail'd ;
 The greedy jaws of Hell prevail'd :
 Deprest with griefe,
 When all reliefe,
 And humane pittie fail'd ;
 I cri'd, My God, O looke on me ;
 Thou ever Just, th'afflicted free.
 O from the Grave
 Thy Servant save ;
 For mercy lives in thee.

The

The Innocent, and long distressed;
The humble minde by wrongs oppress;
Thy Favour still
Preserves from ill:
My Soule then take thy rest.

God staid my feet, and dry'd my teares;
Redeem'd from Death, and deadly feares:
That still I might
Walke in his sight,
And number many yeares.

Thus with a firme beliefe I prai'd:
Yet in extreames of trouble said;
All on the Earth
Of mortall birth,
Even all of Lies are made.

VVhat shall I unto God restore
For all his Mercies? Fall before
His holy Throne,
And him alone
With sacred Rites adore.

I will performe my Vowes this day,
VVhere they frequent, who God obey.
Right precious is
The Death of His:
He fees, and will repay.

Lord, I am thine, thy Hand-maids Seed;
By Thee from raging Tyrants freed.
My Prayers shall rise
In Sacrifice;
My thanks thy Altar feed.

I will performe my Vowes this day,
Where they frequent who God obey:
Even in his Court;
Within thy Fort,
Renowned Solyma.

Part. 2.

PSALME

PSALME CXVII.

As the 47.

YOU Nations of the Earth,
 Our great Preserver praise.
 All you of humane birth,
 To Heaven his Glory raise:
 Whose Mercy hath
 No end, nor bound:
 His Promise crown'd
 With constant Faith.

PSALME CXVIII.

As the cxi.

PRAISE our good God, that King of kings,
 From whom eternall Mercy springs.
 Let Israel, let Aarons Race,
 Let all that flourish in his Grace,
 Confesse, that from the King of kings
 Eternity of Mercie springs.
 He in my trouble heard my Prayers,
 And freed me from their deadly snares:
 He fights my Battails; then how can
 I feare the Power of feeble Man?
 Affists my Friends; my Enemies
 Shall with their slaughter feast mine eyes.
 Farre better to have Confidence
 In God, then trust to mans Defence:
 On him much safer to relie,
 Then on the strength of Monarchy.
 The Nations all at once assail'd;
 But by his Aid my Sword prevail'd.
 Their Armies had beset me round;
 I with their Bodies strew'd the ground.
 Though they like Bees about me swarme;
 His holy Name and pow'rfull Arme
 Shall soone consume their numerous powers,
 As Fire the crackling Thorne devoures.
 Mad men! his Fall you seeke in vaine,
 Whom great Jehovah's Hands sustaine.
 He is my Strength; his Praise my Song:
 By him preserv'd from powerfull Wrong.
 Our Tents with publike Joy shall ring;
 The Just of their Deliverance sing.
 Hewith his owne Right hand hath fought;
 His owne Right hand hath Wonders wrought.

Part, 2.

I shall

I shall not die, but live to praise
 The Lord, who hath prolong'd my Daies.
 He with his Scourge my Sin corrects;
 Yet from the Darts of Death protects.
 You to his Service sanctifi'd;
 The Temple Doores set open wide;
 That I may enter in his Name,
 And celebrate his glorious Fame.
 Those are the Doores, at which all they
 Shall enter, who his Will obey.
 His Praise with Hymnes immortalize!
 My Saviour, who hath heard my Cries.
 That Stone the Builders from them cast;
 Is highest on the corner plac't.
 God hath reveal'd these Mysteries,
 So full of Wonder, to our Eyes.
 This is his Day; a Day of Joy;
 Of everlasting Memory.
 Great God of gods, thy King protect;
 Propitious prove to thy Elect.
 O blest be he, whom God shall send!
 We, who within his Courts attend,
 You from his Sanctuary bleste;
 And daily pray for your successe.
 God, even the Lord, hath shed his light
 Into our Soules, and clear'd our sight.
 Bind to the Altars hornes a Lambe,
 New-weaned from the bleating Dam.
 Thou art my God; my Songs shall praise;
 And to the Stars thy Glory raise.
 Praise our good God, The King of kings;
 From whom eternall Mercy springs.

Part. 3.

Part. 3.

Part. 4.

PSALME CXIX.

A L E P H.

Blest are the Undeifi'd, who God obey;
 Seeke with their hearts, nor from his Precepts stray.
 No tempting Vice shall those from Vertue draw;
 Who with unfainting Zeale observe his Law.
 Lord, by thy sacred Rule my steps direct.
 Those shall not blush who thy Commands affect.
 Thy Justice learnt, my Soule shall sing thy Praise.
 Forake me not, O guide me in thy Waies!

As the 1.

B E T H.

BETH.

- Part. 2. Young man, thy Actions by his Precepts guide:
 From these let not thy zealous Servant slide.
 Thy Word, writ in my heart, shall curb my Will.
 O teach me how I may thy Lawes fulfill!
 Those, by thy Tongue pronounc'd, I will unfold.
 Thy Testaments by me more pris'd then Gold.
 On these I meditate, admire; there set
 My Soules delight: these never will forget.

GIMEL.

- Part. 3. O let me live t'observe thy Lawes: mine Eyes
 Illuminate to view those Mysteries.
 Me, a poore Pilgrim, with thy Truth inspire:
 For whom my Soule even fainteth with desire.
 The Proud is curst, who from thy Precepts straiies,
 Bless'd, and preserve my Soule, which these obeies.
 No hate of Princes from thy Law deters:
 My Study, my Delight, my Counsellers.

DALETH.

- Part. 4. My down-cast Soule, as thou hast promis'd, raise.
 Thou know'st my Thoughts, direct me in thy Waies.
 Informe, and I thy Wonders will professe.
 O strengthen me, that labour in Distresse!
 Shew thy cleare Paths, false Errours mist remov'd,
 I have thy chosen Truth and Judgements lov'd.
 To these I cleave: O shield me from Disgrace.
 Inlarge my heart to runne that heavenly race.

HE.

- Part. 5. Teach thou, and I thy Statutes will observe:
 Nor from that sacred Knowledge ever swerve.
 My Soule to those delightfull Paths confine:
 From Avarice purge, and to thy Lawes incline.
 Divert from vaine desires, my darknesse cleare:
 Confirme the Soule devoted to thy Feare.
 Free from fear'd shame: thy Judgements are upright.
 O quicken me, who in thy Word delight.

VAV.

JOD.

His Soule protect, who on thy VVord relies,
And silence my reprochfull Enemies. Part. 6.
O thou my Hope, in me thy Truth preserve:
So I thy Lawes for ever shall observe:
Will freely walke in thy affected way:
Will boldly before Kings thy Truth display,
For in thy Statutes I my comfort place,
Those study, love, and with my Soule embrace.

ZAIN.

CAPH.

Thinke of thy Promise, which my Hopes hath fed,
All stormes appeas'd, and rais'd me from the Dead. Part. 7.
Nor for proud scoffs have I thy Lawes declin'd:
Confirm'd, when I thy Judgements call to mind.
They, who thy Lawes desert, incense my rage:
Sung in the mansion of my Pilgrimage.
Thy Name, great God, I praise'd, when others slept;
This comfort had, since I thy Statutes kept.

CHETH.

LAMED.

Thou art my Portion: I will thee adore, Part. 8.
Thy Lawes observe, and promis'd Grace implore,
My Actions by thy sacred Rules direct,
And thy Commands with forward Zeale effect.
The Wicked rob; but I thy Statutes prize:
At Midnight to applaud thy Justice rise.
VVho feare and keepe thy Lawes, such are my Friends,
Instruct; thy Mercie through the World extends.

TETH.

MEM.

Thou to thy Servant hast perform'd thy VVord: Part. 9.
Discerning knowledge to his Faith afford.
Thou Sea of Goodnesse, that my Soule conformes
Unto thy Statutes, by Afflictions stormes.
The Proud, fat at the Heart, base Slanders raise:
But I will trust in thy affected Waies.
Me blest Affliction to thy Courts hath brought.
Thy Lawes more pris'd then Ships with treasure fraught.

J O D.

Part. 10. Informe me, my Creator, in thy Lawes;
 That thine may see thy Observer with applause,
 Thou ever just, in favour dost correct.
 With promis'd Mercy comfort thine Elect.
 That I may live, who in thy Precepts joy;
 Those keepe: the Proud, who causlesse hate, destroy,
 VVho feare and know thy Lawes, to me unite:
 O, lest I perish, guide me by their light!

C A P H.

Part. 11. With Expectation faint, and blind; yet still
 My Soule expects. Thy Promise, Lord, fulfill,
 I, though a bladder, on thy Word depend.
 Confound my Foes: when shall my Sorrows end!
 The Proud have pitcht their toils; infring'd thy Laws;
 O sacred Justice, snatch me from their jaws,
 They had almost devout'd; but I affect
 Thy Precepts: quicken, and by those direct!

L A M E D.

Part. 12. Thy faithfull Promises are fixt above;
 Firme as the Poles, or Earth; which never move:
 By thy eternall Ordinance dispos'd.
 Thy Lawes my Life; else Griefe my eyes had clos'd,
 Nor will I these forget; by these renew'd,
 Thy chosen save, who hath thy Truth pursu'd.
 The VVicked chase my Soule, which thee obeies.
 Thy Word shall last, when Heaven and Earth decays.

M E M.

Part. 13. O how I love thy Lawes! those exercise!
 By them made wiser then my Enemies.
 More then my Teachers know, more then the Old:
 VVith Vertue these inflame, from Vice with-hold.
 That they may guide me, I have cleans'd my Heart:
 And from thy Precepts never will depart:
 Then Hermons Honey to my taste more sweet,
 By-waies I hate; by thine become discreet.

N V N.

Thy Word, my Light; a Lamp to guide my way.
 Ifware t'observe thy Truth, and will not stray.
 My wounded Soule with promis'd mercy heale:
 Accept my offerings, and thy Will reveale.
 Although inclos'd with Death; though Foes have laid
 Snares for my Soule; yet have I thee obei'd.
 My comforts, my eternall Heritage.
 O may I keepe them, till I die for age.

Part 14.

S A M E C H.

I love thy Law; my hate to sin is great:
 O thou my hope, my Shield, my safe retreat!
 My Will shall thine obey. Hence you prophane.
 Lord, save my Soule, nor let me hope in vaine.
 Uphold; and I thy Justice shall applaud.
 Thou hast intrapt thy Foes in their owne fraud;
 Cast out like Drosse. My heart affects thy path,
 Yet trembles with the horror of thy wrath.

Part 15.

A I N.

O leave me not to my outrageous Foes:
 Nor to their scorn my righteous Soule expose.
 Mine Eyes even faile, while I thy aide expect.
 Be mercifull, and in thy Wayes direct.
 Inlarge my mind, thy Wayes to understand:
 'Tis time; for they infringe thy just Command,
 Which more then Gold; then Gold refin'd I prize;
 In all upright. But hate deceitfull lies.

Part 16.

P E.

Thy Word, the Gate of Life, even Babes inspires
 With Knowledge: this my obsequious Soule admires:
 This I with thirsty appetite devoure.
 Thy streams of Mercy on thy Servant powre.
 Compose my steps: so shall not sinne subject,
 Nor man oppresse: for I thy Lawes affect.
 Shine on my Soule; thy Statutes teach: mine Eyes
 Shed showres of teares, when menthy Lawes despise.

Part 17.

TSADDI.

Part. 18. As Thou thy Selfe, so all thy Lawes are just:
 Faithfull to those, who in thy Promise trust.
 Zeale hath consum'd me, for my Foes neglect
 Of thy pure Lawes, which I in heart affect.
 Those to observe, though meane and scorn'd, intend,
 Truth crownes thy Word; thy Justice without end.
 These in my griefe, and trouble comfort give.
 Informe with Knowledge, that my Soule may live.

COPH.

Part 19. O heare my cries! preserve his life, who will
 Thy Laws obey, and just Commands fulfill.
 My Eies out-watch the Night; my cries prevent
 The early Morne, in due Devotion spent.
 Heare, and revive; thy Justice execute
 On lawlesse men: preserve from their pursuit.
 Thy oft-tri'd Mercy ever is at hand.
 Thy Judgements on eternall Bases stand.

RESCH.

Part 20. Behold my sorrowes; patronize my cause.
 Thy Word performe to him, that keepes thy Lawes.
 Death shall devoure, who thy Commands neglect.
 Thou, great in Mercy, my sought life protect.
 In all extreames I have thy VVill observ'd:
 Griev'd, when Transgressors from thy Statutes swerv'd.
 To me, who love thy Lawes, thy Grace extend:
 Thy Truth began with Time, and knowes no end.

SCHIN.

Part 21. Tyrants oppresse; thy VVord restraines my Minde:
 VVherein I joy, like those who Treasure finde.
 Fraud I abhorre; inamour'd on thy VVaies.
 Seven times a Day my Lips thy Justice praise.
 VVho love thy Lawes, sweet Peace, and Safetie blesse.
 In Thee I hope, nor thy just Will transgresse.
 Thy Word observe: thy Statutes I affect;
 Which through these humane Seas my course direct.

TAV.

Accept my Prayers : with Knowledge, Lord, induc;
From Death redceme; since to thy Promise true.
Thy Statutes taught, I will thy Praise resound.
Thy Word extoll, and Lawes with Justice crown'd.
These are my choice : uphold with thy right Hand;
Who feed on Hope, and joy in thy Command.
Prolong my life, that I thy Praise may sing.
Lord, thy fraid Sheepe backe to thy Pasture bring.

Part 22.

PSALME CXX.

Distrest, and in my minde dismay'd,
When destitute of humane aid,
To Thee successfullly I prai'd.

As the 5.

Lord, shield me from the Fraudulent;
From those that are on malice bent;
Who envious Calumnies invent.

O thou false tongue, steep't in the gall
Of Serpents! what reward, for all
Thy mischief, shall to thee befall!

Like Arrowes shot from Parthian strings,
Fir'd Juniper, and Scorpions stings;
Such art thou, O thou worst of things!

Wo's me, that I from Israel
Exiled, must in Mesech dwell;
And in the Tents of Ismael!

O how long shall I live with those,
Whose savage minds sweet Peace oppose;
Where Fury by dissuasion grows:

PSALME CXXI.

TO the Hilsthine Eies erect,
Helpe from those alone expect.
He who Heaven and Earth hath made,
Shall from Sion send thee aid.
God thy ever-watchfull Guide,
Will not suffer thee to slide.

As the 15.

He,

He, even he, who Israel keeps,
 Never slumbers, never sleeps.
 He, thy Guard, with Wings display'd,
 Shall refresh Thee in their Shade:
 Suns shall not with heat infect,
 But their temperate beames reflect:
 Nor unwholsome Serene shall
 From the Moones moyst influence fall,
 When thou travel'st on the way,
 VVhen at home thou spend'st the Day,
 VVhen sweet Peace thy life delights,
 VVhen imbroil'd in bloudie Fights,
 God shall all thy steps attend,
 Now, and evermore defend.

PSALME CXXII.

As the cxi,

O Happy Summons! to the Court
 And Temple of the Lord resort.
 Jerusalem, our Feet shall tread
 VVithin thy VValls! O thou the Head
 Of all the Earth and Judah's Throne;
 Three Cities strongly joyn'd in one!
 The Tribes in throngs to Thee ascend;
 The Tribes which on the Lord depend:
 Fat Offerings to his Altar bring,
 And his immortall Praises sing.
 There shall he his Tribunall place,
 The Judgement-seat of Davids Race.
 Your joyes shall with your daies increase,
 VVho love and pray for Salems Peace,
 May Peace within thy VValls abound;
 Thy Palaces with joy resound:
 Even for my Friends and Kindreds sake,
 May never VVarre thy Bulwarkes shake:
 Even for the hope of Israel,
 And House, where God vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALME CXXIII.

As the 34.

THou mover of the rolling Spheares,
 I through the Glasses of my Teares,
 To Thee my Eies erect.
 As Servants marke their Masters hands:
 As Maids their Mistresses commands,
 And liberty expect:

So we, deprest by enemies,
And growing troubles, fixe our Eyes
On God, who sits on High:
Till he in mercy shall descend
To give our miseries an end,
And turne our teares to joy.

O save us, Lord, by all forlorne;
The subject of contempt, and scorne.
Defend us from their pride,
VWho live in fluency and ease;
VWho with our woes their malice please,
And miseries deride.

PSALME CXXIV.

BVt that God fought for us, may Israel say;
But that God fought for us, in that sad Day;
VWhen men inflam'd with wrath; against us rose:
VVe had alive beene swallowed by our Foes:
Then had we sunke beneath the roaring Waves,
And in their horrid entrails found our graves:
Then had their violence, like torrents powr'd
From melting Hills, our wretched lives devour'd.
O blest be God! who hath not given our bloud
To quench their thirst, nor made our flesh their food.
Our Soules, like Birds, have scap't the Fowlers Net;
The snares are broke, which for our lives were set.
Our onely confidence is in his Name,
VWho made the Earth, and Heavens immortall frame.

PSALME CXXV.

THey, who the Lord their Fortresse make,
Shall like the Towers of Sion rise;
VWhich dreadfull Earth-quakes never shake,
Nor raging tumults of the skies.
Lo! as the Hills of Solyma
Divine Jerusalem enclose:
So shall his Angels in the Day
Of danger, shield them from their Foes:
The Wicked shall not long subject
Their holy Race, lest through despaire
They should the Lawes of God neglect,
And be as their Commanders are.
Lord, to the Good be good; the Just
Protect: Their punishments increase,

VWho

As the 72.

As the 9.

Who follow their rebellious lust :
But crowne thy Israel with Peace.

PSALME CXXVI.

As the cxi

When God had our deliverance wrought,
And Sion out of Bondage brought ;

It seem'd to us a Dreame ; who were
Distracted betweene Hope and Feare.

Then sacred Joy fill'd every Brest :

In flowing Mirth, and Songs exprest.

The wondring Heathen oft would say ;

How good ! how great a God have they !

Great things for us the Lord hath wrought ;

Above the reach of humane thought :

We therefore will his praises sing.

The Remnant, Lord, from Bondage bring ;

As Rivers through the parched Sand,

Or showres which fall on thursty land.

Who sow in Teares, shall reape in Joy.

We after long Captivity,

Unto our native Soile retire ;

The scope and crowne of our desire.

PSALME CXXVII.

As the 7.

Unlesse the Lord the house sustaine,
They build in vaine ;

In vaine they watch, unlesse the Lord

The City guard.

In vaine you rise before the Light,

And breake the slumbers of the Night.

In vaine the bread of sorrow eat,

Got by your sweat ;

Unlesse the Lord with good successe

Your labours blesse :

For he all good on his bestows,

And crownes their eyes with sweet repose.

Increasing sons, his Heritage,

Renew their age ;

The pledges of their fruitfull love,

Given from above :

As formidable to the Foe,

As Arrows from a Giants bow.

He

He is belov'd of God, and blest
Above the rest;
Whose Quivers with such Shafts abound;
By men renown'd:
Nor shall his adversary dread;
VVhen they at the Tribunall plead.

PSALME CXXVIII.

HAppy he, who God obeys,
Nor from his direction strays:
Thou shalt of thy labours feed;
All shall to thy wish succeed:
Like a faire and fruitfull Vine,
By thy House, thy Wife shall joyne:
Sons, obedient to command,
Shall about thy Table stand;
Like greene plants of Olive, set
By the moistning rivulet.
He who feares the Power above,
Thus shall prosper in his love.
God shall thee from Sion bleffe;
Thou shalt joy in the successe
VVhich the Lord will Salem give,
While thou hast a day to live:
Thou shalt see our Israels peace,
And thy childrens large increase.

As the 15.

PSALME CXXIX.

OFt from my early youth have they
Afflicted me, may Israel say:
Oft from my early youth affaild;
As oft have their endeavours fail'd.
My backe with long deepe furrowes wound;
As Plow-shares teare the patient ground.
The ever Just hath broke their bands,
And sav'd me from their cruell hands.
Let Sions Foes with infamy
Be clothed, and untimely die.
Be they like Corne on Houses tops,
Which Reapers sickle never crops,
Nor Binder in his bosome beares:
But withers still before it eares.
No Travailer their labours bleffe,
Nor say, We wish you good successe.

As the cxi.

PSALME CXXX.

As the 10.

OV of the horror of the Deepe,
Where feare and sorrow never sleepe;
To thee my cries
In fighes arise:
Lord from despaire thy servant keepe:
O lend a gracious eare,
And my petitions heare.

For if thou should'st our sinnes observe:
And punish us, as we deserve:
Not one of all
But then must fall;
Since all from their obedience swerve:
Yet art not thou severe,
That we thy Name might feare.

Thy mercies our mis-deeds transcend;
My hopes upon thy Truth depend:
Disconsolate
On thee I waite;
As weary Centinels attend
The chearefull Morns uprise
With long-expecting eyes.

O you that are of Jacobs Race,
In him your Hopes, and Comforts place;
His praises sing;
The living Spring
Of Mercy and redundant Grace:
For he will Israel
Redeeme from Sin and Hell.

PSALME CXXXI.

As the 32.

THou Lord my witnesse art;
I am not proud of heart;
Nor looke with lofty eyes;
None envy, nor despise;
Nor to vaine pomp apply
My thoughts, nor sore too high:
But in behaviour mild;
And as a tender child,
Wean'd from his Mothers brest,
On thee alone I rest.

O Israel, adore
The Lord for evermore:
Be He the onely scope
Of thy unfainting hope.

PSALME CXXXII.

As the 72.

Remember David, Lord; remember Thou
His Troubles; thy Redemptions; and the Vow
He to the mighty God of Jacob made;
Bound by an Oath; and in these words convey'd:
No Roofe shall cover me, nor sweet repose
Refresh my Limbs, or sleepe my eye-lids close,
Till I have found a place for his Abode:
Even for the Temple of the living God.
The Arke, we heard, in Ephrata long stood;
And found it in the valley cloth'd with Wood.
We will into thy Tabernacle goe,
And there our selves before thy Foot-stoole throw.
Ascend to thy eternall Rest at length,
Thou, and the Arke of thy admired strength.
O let thy Priests be cloth'd with sanctitie,
And all thy Saints sing with triumphant joy:
For Davids sake receive into thy Grace:
From thy Anointed never turne thy Face.
For thus thou swor'st who never wilt forget;
Thy Son shall long possesse thy royall Seat:
And if thy Children my commands observe,
Nor from the rules of my prescription swerve,
Their Off-spring shall the Hebrew Scepter sway,
Even while the Sun illuminates the Day.
For Sion I have chosen; Sion great
In my affections; my eternall Seat.
I will abundantly increase her store;
And with the flower of Wheat susteine her poore:
Her Priests shall blessings to her People bring;
Her joyfull Saints in sacred measures sing.
There shall the Horne of David freshly sprout;
Their lamp of glory never shall burne out:
His Diadem shall flourish on his head:
But Nets of shame his Foes shall over-spread.

PSALME CXXXIII.

As the cx1

O Blest estate! blest from above!
When Brethren joyne in mutuall love.

'Tis like the precious Odors shed
On consecrated Aarons head:
Which trickled from his Beard and Breast,
Downe to the borders of his Vest.
'Tis like the pearles of Dew that drop
On Hermons ever-fragrant top:
Or which the smiling Heavens distill
On happy Sions sacred Hill.
For God hath there his favours plac'd,
And joy, which shall for ever last.

PSALME CXXXIV.

As the 47.

You, who the Lord adore,
And at his Altar wait;
VWho keepe your watch before
The threshold of his Gate;
His praises sing
By silent Night,
Till cheerefull light
I'th' Orient spring.

Your hands devoutly raise
To his divine Recesse;
The Worlds Creator praise,
And thus the People blesse;
The God of Love,
From Sions Towers,
To you and yours
Propitious prove.

PSALME CXXXV.

As the 72.

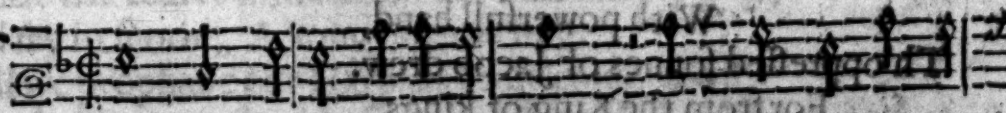
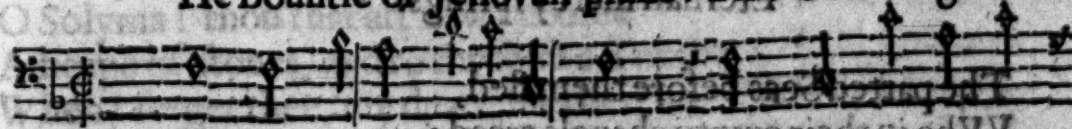

O You, who Ephods weare and Incense sing
On sacred flames, Jehovah's praises sing.
You, who his Temple guard, O celebrate
His glorious Name; his noble Acts relate.
How great a joy with such sincere delight
To crowne the Day, and entertaine the Night!
For Israel is his choice; and Jacobs Race
His treasure, and the object of his Grace.
In power how infinite! how much before
Those mortall gods, whom franticke men adore!
All on his Will depend; all homage owe,
In Heaven, in Earth, and in the Depths below,
At his command exhaled Vapors rise,

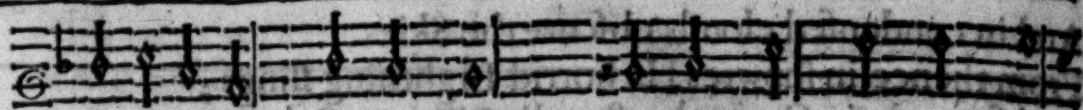
And

And in condensed clouds obscure the Skies.
 From thence, in shewres He horrid Lightning flings;
 And from their Caves the strugling Tempests brings.
 He the first-borne of Men and Cattell slew;
 Fresh streams of bloud the Towns and Plains imbrew.
 Th'inhabitants that drinke of Nilus floud,
 At his confounding Wonders trembling stood.
 Great Princes, who excell'd in fortitude,
 And mighty Nations by his power subdu'd.
 Strong Sihon, whom the Amorites obey'd;
 And strenuous Og, who Bashans Scepter sway'd;
 With all the Kingdomes of the Cananites,
 Who to the Conquerours resigne their rights:
 To whom he their dismantled Cities grants,
 And in those fruitfull fields his Hebrews plants.
 Thy Name shall last unto eternity;
 And thy immortall Fame shall never die.
 Thou dost thy Servant pardon and protect;
 Advance the Humble, and the Proud deject.
 Those helpelesse gods, ador'd in forraign Lands,
 Are Gold, and Silver; wrought by humane hands:
 Blind Eyes have they, deafe Eares, still silent Tongues:
 Nor breath exhale from their unactive lungs.
 VVho made, resemble them; and such are those,
 VVho in such senselesse stocks their hopes repose.
 O praise the Lord, you who from Israel spring;
 His Praises, O you Sons of Aaron, sing:
 You of the House of Levi praise his Name:
 All you who God adore, his Praise proclaim.
 From Sion praise the onely Good and Great;
 Who in Jerusalem hath fixt his Seat.

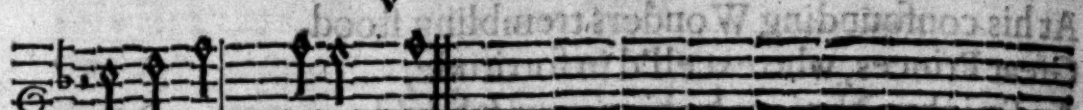
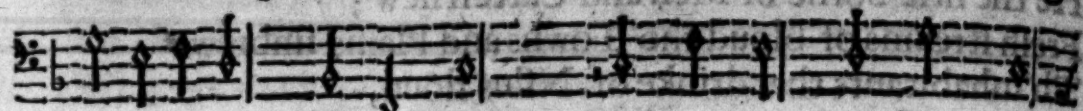
Part. 2.

PSALME CXXXVI.

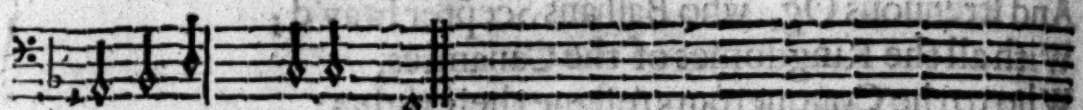
T  **CANT.**
 He Bountie of Jehovah praise: This God of gods all
 **BASS.**
 Scepters swaies. Thankes to the Lord of lords afford; And
 his



his amazing Wonders blaze : For from the King of kings



Eternall Mercie springs.



Him praise, who fram'd the arched Skie;
Those Orbs that move so orderly.

Firme Earth above,

The Flouds that move

Display'd, and rais'd the Hills on high.

For from the King of kings

Eternall Mercy springs.

Who Sun and Moone inform'd with Light,

To guide the Day, and rule the Night :

The fixed Starres,

And Wanderers

Created by divine fore-sight.

For from the King of kings

Eternall Mercy springs.

The first-borne of Egyptians flew;

Whose wounds the thirsty Earth imbrew :

And from that Land,

With powerfull hand,

Th'oppressed sonnes of Jacob drew.

For from the King of kings

Eternall mercy springs.

The parted Seas before them fled,

Who in their empty chanel's tread :

The joyning waves,

Egyptian graves :

And his through food-lesse Deserts led.

For from the King of Kings

Eternall mercy springs.

Who

Who numerous Armies put to flight,
And mighty Princes slew in fight:
Og prostrate laid,
Who Bashan swa'd;
And Sihon the crown'd Amorite.
For from the King of kings
Eternall mercy springs.

By his strong hand those Giants fell;
And gave their Lands to Israel:
Confirm'd by deed
Vnto their Seed;
Who in their conquer'd Cities dwell.
For from the King of kings
Eternall mercy springs.

Remembred us in our distresse;
And freed from those, who did oppresse.
He food doth give
To all that live.
The God of Heaven, O Israel, bleffe.
For from the King of kings
Eternall Mercy springs.

PSALME CXXXVII.

AS on Euphrates stady banks we lay,
And there, O Sion, to thy Ashes pay
Our funerall teares: our silent Harps, unstrung,
And unregarded, on the Willows hung.
Lo, they who had thy desolation wrought,
And captiv'd Judah unto Babel brought,
Deride the teares which from our Sorrowes spring;
And say in scorne, A Song of Sion sing.
Shall we prophane our Harps at their command?
Or holy Hymnes sing in a forraigne Land?
O Solyma! thou that art now become
A heape of stones, and to thy selfe a Tomb!
When I forget thee, my deare Mother, let
My fingers their melodious skill forget:
When I a joy disjoyn'd from thine, receive,
Then may my tongue unto my palate cleave.
Remember Edom, Lord; their cruell pride,
Who in the Sack of wretched Salem cry'd,
Downe with their Buildings, rase them to the ground,
Nor let one Stone be on another found.

As the 1.

As the 1.

Thou

Thou Babylon, whose Towers now touch the Skie,
That shortly shalt as low in ruines lie;
O happy! O thrice happy they, who shall
VVith equall cruelty revenge our fall!
That dash thy Childrens braines against the stones;
And without pity heare their dying groanes.

PSALME CXXXVIII.

As the 46.

MY Soule, applaud our glorious King;
Before the Gods his praises sing:
His Mercy an eternall Spring.

For this, on consecrated ground
Will I adore; thy Truth resound;
Thy VVord above all Names renown'd.

Thou heard'st me, when to thee I cri'd;
VVhen Danger charg'd on every side;
By thee confirm'd and fortifi'd.

All those, who awfull Scepters beare,
VVhen they of thy Performance heare,
Shall worship thee with reverent feare.

They shall his Truth and Mercy praise,
VVho all the World with Justice swaies;
VVhose VVonders Adoration raise.

Although inthron'd above the Skies,
He on the lowly casts his eyes,
But doth the Insolent despise.

Though stormes of Troubles me inclose;
Yet thou shalt save me from my Foes,
And raise me in their overthrowes.

For God his Promise will effect;
The Faithfull faithfully protect;
Nor ever his owne Choice reject.

PSALME CXXXIX.

As the cxi.

THou know'st me, O thou onely Wise;
See'st when I sit, and when I rise;
Canst my concealed thoughts disclose;
Observ'st my Labours and Repose;

Know'st

Know't all my Counsels, all my Deeds,
 Each word which from my Tongue proceeds;
 Behind, before, by thee inclos'd;
 Thy Hand on every part impos'd.
 Such knowledge my capacitie
 Transcends; so wonderfull, so high!
 O which way shall I take my flight?
 Or where conceale me from thy sight?
 Ascend I Heaven; Heaven is thy Throne;
 Dive I to Hell; there art thou knowne.
 Should I the Mornings wings obtaine,
 And flie beyond th' Hesperian Maine;
 Thy powerfull Arme would reach me there;
 Reduce, and curb me with thy feare.
 Were I involv'd in shades of Night;
 That Darknesse would convert to Light.
 VVhat Clouds can from discovery free!
 VVhat Night, wherein thou canst not see!
 The Night would shine like Daies cleare flame;
 Darknesse and Light, to Thee the same.
 Thou sittest my reines, even thoughts to come;
 Thou cloth'dst me in my Mothers womb.
 Great God, that hast so strangely rais'd
 This Fabrick; be thou ever prais'd.
 O full of Admiration
 Are these thy VVorks! to me well-knowne.
 My bones were to thy view displaid,
 VVhen I in secret shades was made;
 VVhen wrought by thee with curious art,
 As in the Earths inferiour part.
 On me, an Embryon, didst thou looke:
 My members written in thy Booke
 Before they were: which perfect grew
 In time, and open to the view.
 Thy Counsels admirable are;
 And yet as infinite as rare.
 O could I number them, farre more
 Then Sands upon the murmuring shore!
 VVhen I awake, thy VVorks againe
 My thoughts with wonder entertaine.
 The VVicked thou wilt surely kill.
 Hence you, who bloud with pleasure spill,
 Their tongues thy Majestie profane;
 They take thy sacred Name in vaine.
 Lord, hate not I thy Enemies?
 And grieve, when they against thee rise?

Ee

I hate

Part. 2.

I hate them with a perfect hate;
And, as my Foes, would ruinate.
Search and explore my heart: O try
My thoughts, and their Integrity.
Behold, if I from Vertue stray:
And lead in thy eternall Way.

PSALME CXL.

As the 14.

Lord, save me from the Violent;
From him who takes delight in ill:
Whose heart Deceit and Mischiefe fill;
On bloody Warre and Outrage bent.

Their wounding Tongues, like Serpents whet;
Poison of Asps their Lips inclose.
O save from fierce and Wicked Foes;
Who toiles, to overthrow me, set.

The Proud have hid their cords and snares;
Spread all their Nets; their Gins have laid,
To God, Thou art my God, I said;
O gently heare thy Suppliant's pray'rs.

My strong Preserver in the fight,
As with a Helme, my head defends.
Let not the Wicked gaine their ends;
Lord, lest their pride rise with their might.

Themselves let their owne Slanders wound;
Destroy Him who their fury leads.
Let burning coles fall on their heads;
And quenchlesse flames embrace them round.

Cast them into the Depths below;
From thence, O never let them rise!
Let Death the Slanderer surprise;
And Mischiefe saluage Wrath o'rethrow.

God to th' Afflicted aid will give;
The Poore defend from Death and Shame.
The Just shall celebrate thy Name,
And ever in thy Presence live.

PSALME CXLI.

TO Thee I cry; Lord, heare my cries;
O come with speed unto my aid:

As the 22.

Let my sad Prayres before Thee rise,
Like Incense on the Altar laid;
Or as when I, with hands displaid,
Present my Evening Sacrifice.

Before my mouth a Guardian set;
My Lips with barres of Silence close.
O let me not thy Lawes forget;
And wickedly combine with those,
VWho Thee, and all that's good, oppose;
Nor of their deadly Dainties eat.

But let the Just wound and reprove;
Such stripes and checks, an argument
Of their sincere and prudent love;
Like Odours of a fragrant Sent,
Pour'd on my head, no breaches rent.
My prayres shall for their safety move:

Mongst Rocks their Chieftes in ambush lie:
Yet have my suff' rings understood.
Our severed bones are scattered by
The mouthes of graves, like clefts of VWood.
Lord, save from those, that hunt for blood:
On Thee with faith I cast mine eye.

O from their Machinations free,
That would my guiltlesse Soule betray;
From those who in my wrongs agree,
And for my life their engines lay.
May they by their owne craft decay;
But let me thy Salvation see.

PSALME CXLII.

VVith sighes and cries to God I praid;
To him my supplication made;
Pour'd out my teares,
My cares and feares;
My wrongs before him laid.

As the 4.

My fainting spirits almost spent :
He knew the path in which I went.

Yet in my way
Their snares they lay,
With mercilesse intent.

My Eyes I round about me throw;
None see, that will th' Oppressed know;
No refuge left;
Of hope bereft;
Vaine pity none bestow.

Then unto God I cri'd, and said,
Thou art my Hope, and onely Aid;
The Portion
I build upon,
While with fraile flesh araid.

O Source of Mercy, heare my cry,
Lest I with wasting sorrow die :
Shield from my foes,
Who now inclose;
Since of more strength then I.

My Soule out of this Prison bring,
That I may praise thee, O my King.
VWho trust in thee,
Shall compasse me,
And of thy Bounty sing.

PSALME CXLII.

As the 39.

LOrd, to my cries afford an eare,
Th' afflicted heare;
According to thy Equity,
And Truth reply;
Nor prove severe: for in thy fight
None living shall be found upright.

The Foe my Soule besiegeth round,
Strikes to the ground:
In darknesse hath inveloped,
Like men long dead:
My mind with sorrow overthrowne;
My heart within me stupid growne.

I call

I call to minde those ancient Daies
 Fill'd with thy praise;
 Thy Works alone possesse my thought;
 With wonder wrought.
 To thee I stretch my zealous Hand;
 Desir'd like raine by thirsty land.

Approach with speed; my Spirits faile;
 Thy Face unveile:
 Least I forthwith grow like to those,
 Whom graves inclose.
 O let me of thy Mercy heare,
 Before the morning Sun appeare.

My God, thou art the onely scope
 Of all my hope:
 O shew me thy prescribed way,
 Left I should stray.
 For to thy Throned raise mine eyes;
 My Soule, and all my faculties.

Save from my Foes: to Thee loe I
 For refuge flie:
 Informe me, that I may fulfill
 Thy sacred Will.
 My God, let thy good Spirit lead,
 That in thy paths my Feet may tread.

O for thy Honour quicken me,
 VVho trust in Thee:
 Out of these Straights, for Justice sake,
 Thy Servant take.
 In mercy cut Thou off my Foes,
 Whose hate hath multipli'd my woes.

PSALME CXLIV.

THE Lord, my Strength, be onely prais'd;
 The Lord, who hath my courage rais'd:
 In doubtfull Battell given me might,
 And skill how to direct, and fight.
 My Fautor, Fortresse, high-built Tower;
 My Rocke, Redeemer, Shield and Power;
 My onely Confidence; who still
 Subjects my People to my will.
 Lord, what is Man, or his fraile Race,
 That thou should'st such a vapour grace!

Part. 2.

As the cxi

Part. 2.

Man nothing is but vanitie,
 A shadow swift gliding by,
 Great God, steepe from the bending Skies,
 The Mountaines touch, and Clouds shall rise;
 From thence thy winged Lightning throw;
 Rout and confound the flying Foe;
 Stretch downe thy hand, which onely saves,
 And snatch me from the furious Waves,
 Free from rebellious Enemies,
 Inur'd to perjuries, and lies:
 Their Hands defil'd with fraud and wrong,
 Then will I in a new-made Song,
 Unto the softly-warbling string,
 Of thy Illustrious Praises sing.
 Thou Kings preserv' st, hast me preserv'd;
 Even David, who thy Will observ'd,
 Free from rebellious Enemies,
 Inur'd to perjuries and lies:
 Foule deeds their violent hands defile
 Hands prone to treacherie and guile:
 That in their Youth our Sonnes may grow
 Like Lawrell Groves; our Daughters show
 Like polish't pillars deck't with Gold;
 Which high and Royall roofes uphold:
 Our Magazines abound with Graine,
 Provision of all sorts containe:
 Increasing Flockes our Pastures fill,
 And wel-fed Steeres the Fallowes till;
 That no incursions Peace affright,
 No Armies joyne in dreadfull fight;
 No daring Foe our Walls invest,
 Nor fearefull shriekes disturbe our rest.
 Blest People! who in this estate
 Injoy your selves without debate:
 And happie, o thrice happy they,
 Who for their God, the Lord obey!

PSALME CXLV.

As the cxi

I Still will of thy Glorie sing;
 Thy Name extoll, my God, my King,
 No day shall passe without thy praise;
 Prais'd while the Sunne his Beames displays.
 Great is the Lord, whose praise exceeds:
 Inscrutable are all his Deeds.
 One Age shall to another tell
 Thy Workes, which so in power excell.

The

The Beautie of thy Excellence, and gaine his parting
 And Oracles intrance my Sense.
 Men shall thy dreadfull Acts relate,
 My Verse thy Greatnes celebrate,
 To memory thy Favours bring,
 And of thy noble Iustice sing.
 For in Thee Grace and Pitié live,
 To anger slow, swift to forgive.
 All on thy Goodnesse, Lord, depend:
 Thy Mercies all thy Workes transcend;
 Even all thy Workes shall praise thy Name,
 Thy Saints shall celebrate the same.
 Of thy farre-spreading Empire speake,
 Thy Power, to which all Powers are weaker,
 To make thy Acts to Mortals knowne,
 And glory of thy awefull Throne.
 Thy Kingdome never shall have end:
 Thy Rule beyond Times flight extend.
 The Lord shall those, who fall, sustaine,
 And Soules dejected raise againe.
 All seeke from Thee their livelyhood,
 Thou in due season giv'st them food:
 Thy liberall Hand, Men, Birds, and Beasts,
 Even all that live, with plenty feasts.
 The Lord is Just in all his VVaies,
 VVho Mercie in his VVorkes displaies;
 Is present by his power with all,
 VVho on his Name sincerely call:
 For he will their desires effect;
 Regard their cries; from Foes protect.
 VVho love Him, Safetie shall enjoy:
 The Lord the VVicked will destroy,
 My Tongue his Goodnesse shall proclame,
 Man-kinde, for ever praise his Name.

PSALME CXLVI.

Halelu-jah,

O My Soule, praise thou the Lord:
 Whilst thou liv'st, his praise record.
 Whilst I am, eternall King,
 I will of thy praises sing.
 O, no hope in Princes place;
 Trust in none of humane race;
 Who can give no helpe at all,
 Nor prevent his proper fall.

VVhen

Part. 2.

As the 29.

VWhen his parting breath expires,
 He againe to Earth retires.
 Ev'n in that uncertaine day
 All his thoughts with him decay.
 Happy he, whom God protects;
 He, on whom his Grace reflects.
 Happy he, who plants his trust
 On the onely Good and Just.
 He who Heavens blew Arch displai'd;
 He who Earths Foundation laid;
 Spread the Land-imbracing Maine;
 Made what ever all containe:
 True to what his Word profest;
 He revengeth the opprest;
 Hungry Soules with food sustaines;
 And unbinds the Prisoners chaines:
 To the blind restores his sight;
 Reares, who fall by wicked might.
 Righteousnesse his Soule affects.
 Friendlesse Strangers he protects,
 Widdowes, and the Fatherlesse;
 Those confounds who these oppresse.
 Zion, God, thy God shall raigne,
 While the Poles their Orbs sustaine.

Halelu-jah.

PSALME CXLVII.

As the cxl

Iehovah praise with one consent.
 How comely! sweet! how excellent,
 To sing our great Creators praise!
 Whose hands late ruin'd Salem raise,
 Collecting scattered Israel,
 That they in their owne Townes may dwell:
 He cures the sorrowes of our minds;
 Our wounds imbalmes, and softly binds.
 He numbers Heavens bright-sparkling Flames,
 And calls them by their severall Names.
 Great is our God, and great in might;
 His knowledge O most infinite!
 The Humble unto Thrones erects;
 The Insolent to Earth dejects.
 Present your thanks to our great King;
 On solemne Harps his Praises sing;
 Who Heaven with gloomy Vapors hides,
 And timely Raine for Earth provides.

With

With grasse he cloths the pregnant Hills,
And hungry beasts with Herbage fills.
He feeds the Ravens cloaking brood,
(Left by the Old) that cry for food.
He cares not for the strength of Horse,
Nor mans strong limbs, and matchlesse force:
But those affects, who in his Path
Their feet direct with constant Faith.
O Solyma, Jehovah praise;
To God thy Voice, O Sion, raise;
Who hath thy City fortify'd;
Thy streets with Citizens supply'd:
Firme peace in all thy borders set;
And fed thee with the flowre of Wheat.
He sends forth his Commands, which flie
More swift then Lightning through the Skie:
The Snow-like VVool on Mountains spreads;
And hoary Frosts like Albes medes:
While solid Flouds their course refraine,
VVhat Mortall can his cold sustaine?
At his Command, by Wind and Sun
Dissolv'd, th'unfetter'd Rivers run.
His Lawes to Jacob he hath showne;
His Judgements are to Israel knowne.
Not so with other Nations deales,
From whom his Statutes he conceales.

Part. 2.

PSALME CXLVIII.

Halelu-jah.

YOU, who dwell above the Skies,
Free from humane miseries;
You whom highest Heaven imbowres,
Praise the Lord with all your powers.
Angels, your cleare Voices raise;
Him you Heavenly Armies praise:
Sun, and Moone with borrow'd light;
All you sparkling Eyes of Night:
Waters hanging in the aire;
Heaven of Heavens his Praise declare.
His deserved Praise record;
His, who made you by his Word;
Made you evermore to last,
Set you bounds not to be past.
Let the Earth his Praise resound:
Monstrous Whales, and Seas profound;

As the 29.

Vapors,

Vapors, Lightning, Haile, and Snow;
 Stormes, which when he bids them, blow;
 Flowry Hills, and Mountains high;
 Cedars, neighbours to the Skie;
 Trees that fruit in season yield;
 All the Cattell of the Field;
 Salvage beasts; all creeping things;
 All that cut the Aire with wings.
 You who awfull Scepters sway;
 You inured to obey;
 Princes, Judges of the Earth;
 All of high and humble birth;
 Youths, and Virgins, flourishing
 In the beauty of your spring:
 You who bow with Ages weight;
 You who were but borne of late:
 Praise his Name with one consent:
 O how great! how excellent!
 Then the Earth profounder farre;
 Higher then the highest Starre.
 He will his to honour raise.
 You his Saints, resound his Praise;
 You who are of Jacobs Race,
 And united to his Grace.

Halelu-jah.

PSALME CXLIX.

As the 29.

TO the God, whom we adore,
 Sing a Song unsung before:
 His immortall Praise rehearse,
 Where his Holy Saints converse.
 Israel, O thou his Choice,
 In thy Makers Praise rejoyce:
 Zions Sons, rejoyce, and sing
 To the Honour of your King.
 In the Dance his Praise resound;
 Strike the Harp, let Timbrels sound.
 God in Goodnesse infinite,
 In his People takes delight.
 God with safety will adorne
 Those, whom men afflict with scorne.
 Let his Saints in glory joy;
 Sing as in their Beds they lie:
 Highly praise the living Lord;
 Arm'd with their two-edged Sword,

Al

All the Heathen to confound;
And the Nations bordering round;
Binding all their Kings with cords;
Fettring their captived Lords:
That they in divine pursuit,
May his judgements execute;
As 'tis writ, such Honour shall
Unto all his Saints befall.

Halelu-jah.

PSALME CL.

Halelu-jah.

Praise the Lord inthron'd on high;
Praise him in his Sanctitie;
Praise him for his mighty Deeds;
Praise him who in Power exceeds;
Praise with Trumpets, pierce the Skies;
Praise with Harps and Psalteries;
Praise with Timbrels, Organs, Flutes;
Praise with Violins, and Lutes;
Praise, with silver Cymbals sing;
Praise on those which loudly ring.
Angels, all of humane birth,
Praise the Lord of Heaven and Earth.

As the 29.

Halelu-jah.

Unto all his Saints befall
As his writ, such Honour shall
May his judgements execute;
That they in divine pursue
Praising their captived Lords:
Binding all their Kings with cords;
And the Nations bounding round;
All the Heavens to confound.

Hallelu-jah.

PSALM CII.

Hallelu-jah.

As the

Praise the Lord on high;
Praise him in his sanctuaries;
Praise him for his mighty Deeds;
Praise him who in Power exceeds;
Praise with Trumpets, praise the Lord;
Praise with Harps and Psalteries;
Praise with Timbrels, Organs, Lutes;
Praise with Violins, and Pipes;
Praise, with Silver Cymbals ringing;
Praise on those which loudly ring;
Angels, all of humane birth;
Praise the Lord of Heaven and Earth.

Hallelu-jah.



A
PARAPHRASE
Vpon
ECCLESIASTES.

THis Sermon the much-knowing Preacher made:
King Davids Sonne; who Judah's Scepter swai'd,
O restlesse vanitie of Vanities!

Chap. I.

All is but vanitie, the Preacher cries.

What profit have we by our Labors won,
Of all beneath the Circuit of the Sun?
The Earth is fix't, we fleeting: as one Age
Departs, another enters on the Stage.
The setting Sunne resignes his Throne to Night:
Then hastens to restore the morning Light.
The Winde flyes to the South, shifts to the North;
And wheelles about to where it first brake forth.
All Rivers run into th'insatiate Maine,
From thence, to their old Fountaines creepe againe,
Incessantly all toyle. The searching Minde,
The Eye, and Eare, no satisfaction finde.
What is, hath beene; what hath beene shall ensue:
And nothing underneath the Sun is new.
Of what can it be truly said, Behold
This never was? The same hath beene of old.
For former Ages we remember not:
And what is now, will be in time forgot.
Lo I, the Preacher, King of Israel;
Who in abilitie and power excell;
In wisedomes search apply'd my Industrie,
To know what ever was beneath the skie:
(For God this toile, on Mans ambition layes,
To travell in so intricate a Maze.)

(Aa*)

I

I all their workes have seene : all are but vaine ;
 Conceiv'd with sorrow, and brought forth with paine,
 The crooked never can be rectifi'd ;
 Nor the defective numbred, or supply'd.
 Thus in my Heart I said ; Thou art arriv'd
 At Honors hight ; more wisdome hast achiev'd
 Then all that liv'd in Solyma before :
 Thy Knowledge, Judgement, and Experience more,
 As wisdome, so I folly did pursue ;
 And madnesse try'de : these were vexations too.
 Much wisdome great anxieties infest :
 And grieve of Minde by Knowledge is increast.

Chap. 2.

I said in my owne Heart, Goe on, and prove
 What Mirth can do: tast the delights of Love.
 In Pleasures change thy carelesse Houres imploy :
 This also was a false and emptie Joy.
 Avaunt, said I, O Laughter thou art mad !
 Vaine Mirth, what canst thou to contentment adde ?
 Then sought the cares of Study to decline
 With liberall feasts, and flowing Bowles of Wine,
 With all my wisdome exercis'd, to try
 If she at length with folly could comply :
 And to discover that Beatitude,
 VVhich Mortals all their lives so much pursu'd.
 Great workes I finish'd ; sumptuous Houses built :
 My Cedar roofes with Gold of Ophir guilt.
 Choice Vineyards planted : Paradises made ;
 Stor'd with all sorts of fruits, with Trees of shade :
 And water'd with coole Rivolets, tha dril'd
 Along the Borders : these my Fish-pooles fil'd.
 For service, and Delight, I purchas'd
 Both Men and Maides : more in my House were bred.
 My Flocks and Heards abundantly increa'd :
 So great, as never King before possesst.
 Silver and Gold, the Treasure of the Seas,
 Of Kings, and Provinces, foment mine ease :
 Sweet Voices, Musicke of all sorts, invite
 My curious Eares ; and feast with their delight.
 In greater fluencie no Mortall raig'n'd :
 In height of all, my wisdome I retain'd.
 I had the Beauties which my Eyes admir'd ;
 Gave to my Heart what ever it desir'd :
 In my owne workes rejoyc'd. The recompence
 Of all my Labours was deriv'd from thence.
 Then I survey'd all that my hands had done :
 My troublesome delights. Beneath the Sun

What

VVhat solid good can mans indeavour finde?
All is but vanitie, and grieve of Minde.
At length I wisedome pond' red in my thought;
And madnesse weigh'd: for folly is distraught.
VVhat man can my untraced Steps pursue?
Or doe that Act which to the King is new?
Then found, how wisedome folly did excell,
As much as brightest Heaven the Shades of Hell.
The wisemans Eyes are towred in his head:
The foole in Darknesse walkes, by Error led:
Yet equall Miseries on either waite;
And both we see obnoxious to one fate.
Thus in my heart I said; The foole, and I
Suffer alike, and must together Dye:
Why then vex I my braines to grow more wise?
Even this was not the least of Vanities.
Both must be swallowed by Oblivion;
What is, will not to after times be knowne:
The wise and foolish to the Earth descend;
And in the grave their various travels end.
For this I hated Life, which only feeds
Increasing Sorrowes: fruitlesse are our Deeds,
And wearisome; Man no content can find:
For all is vanitie, and grieve of Mind,
I hated all the Glory I had wonne;
My State, my Structures, all my hands had done:
Fore-seeing how that certaine houre would come,
When I must leave them; Nor yet know to whom.
VVho can divine if prudent or a foole?
Yet he must over all my Labours Rule;
Of all my wisedomes purchaces possesse:
This vanitie was equall with the rest.
I therefore sought to make my Heart despaire;
To flight the fraile successe of all my Care.
What by Integrity, and honest toyle,
A wise man gathers; must become his spoile
Who only pleas'd his Sence: this is a great
Vexation, and an undiscern'd deceit.
What hath a Man for all his Industry,
And grieve of Soule, sustain'd beneath the sky?
All is but sorrow from the Houre of Birth;
Till he with age returne unto the Earth:
His Travell, paine; night yields him no repose:
This vanitie from our first Parents flowes.
To eate, to drinke, t' enjoy what we possesse
With freedome, is the greatest Happinesse

That Mortals can attaine unto: A good
 Deriv'd from God, by Men not understood.
 Who feasted more then I? who spent his store
 More liberally? or cheer'd his Genius more?
 God wisdom gives; gives Knowledge and Delight;
 To those whose hearts are perfect in his sight:
 To Sinners trouble; who their time employ
 To gather what the Righteous shall enjoy;
 By their owne Avarice in plenty pin'd:
 This is a vanitie, and grieve of Mind.

Chap. 3.

Lo all things have their times, by God decreed
 In Natures changes; all things which proceed
 From Mans Intentions under the vast skie:
 A Time when to be borne, a Time to Dye:
 A time to plant, to extirpe; to Kill, to Cure:
 A time to batter downe, a time to immure:
 A time of laughter, and a time to turne
 Our smiles to teares; a time to dance, to mourne:
 To scatter Stones, to gather them againe;
 A time to embrace, embraces to refrain:
 A Time to get, to loose; to save, to spend:
 To teare asunder, and the torne to mend:
 A time to speake, from speaking to surcease:
 A time for Love, for hate; for warre, for Peace.
 What good can humane Industry obtaine,
 When all things are so changeable and vaine?
 For God on Man these various Labours throwes;
 To afflict him with varietie of woes.
 He in their times all beautifull hath made;
 The world into our narrow hearts convey'd:
 Yet cannot they the causes apprehend
 Of his great workes; the Originall, nor End.
 What other good can Man from these produce,
 But to take pleasure in their present use?
 To eate, to drinke, t'enjoy what is our owne;
 Is such a gift as God bestowes alone.
 His purpose is Eternall; nor can wee
 Adde or Substract from his Divine Decree:
 That Mortals might their bold Attempts forbear;
 And curbe their wild affections by his feare.
 What hath beene, is; what shall be, was before:
 And what is past, the Almighty will restore.
 Besides; the seats of Justice I survey'd:
 There saw how favour and corruption sway'd.
 Then said I in my heart; God surely shall
 Reward the just; the unjust to Judgement call.

All

All Purposes and Actions have their Times :
A time for Vengeance to pursue our Crimes.
As much as sense concernes, God manifests
To Men how little they dissent from Beasts :
One end to both befalls ; to equall Death
Are lyable ; and breath the selfe same Breath.
Then what preheminance hath Man above
A Beast ; since both so Transitory prove ?
Both travell to one home : are Earth, and must
Returne to their Originary Dust.
Who knowes that Soules of men ascend the sky ?
That those of Beasts with their fraile Bodies dye ?
What Mortall then can make so good a choice,
As in his owne acquirements to rejoyce ?
This is his Portion : for of things to come,
None can informe him in the Graves darke wombe.

Then I observ'd the Bold oppressions done,
In Presence of the all-survaying Sun :
Beheld the teares that fell from Sorrowes Eyes ;
No Comforter t' assuage her Miseries :
With all th' oppressors powerfull Violence ;
While weake Integrity found no defence.
For this, before the Living I prefer'd
Those whom the quiet Caves of Death interr'd :
Before them both, such as have yet not beene ;
Nor these diversities of evils seene.
Againe observ'd, how our best Actions bred
Ignoble Envie ; by our Vertue fed :
Nor friendship could so great a vice controule.
This was a Vanitie, and grieve of Soule.
The foole sits with his Armes a-crosse ; his houres
In sloth consumes, and his owne flesh devoures.
Better, saith he, a handfull is obtain'd
With happy ease, then two by trouble gain'd
While I this chace of Vanitie pursue ;
A worse presents her folly to my view :
Lo, one who hath no Second, Child, nor Heire,
VVeares out his Life in restless toyle and care,
To gather Riches ; nor can satisfie,
VWith all his store, the Avarice of his Eye :
Nor thinks, for whom doe I my Soule deceive ?
And injur'd Nature of her Dues bereave ?
This is a sore disease, if truly knowne :
And such a vanitie, as yields to none.
Two better are then one ; of more regard :
Their Labour lesse, and greater their reward.

Chap. 4.

If either fall, one will the other raise;
 When he who walkes alone, his Life betrayes.
 If two together lye, both warmth beget;
 But he who lies alone receives no heat.
 If one prevaile; two may that one resist:
 Coards hardly breake, which of three lines consist.
 More reall worth a poore wife child adorne;
 Then an old Foolish King, who counsell scorne.
 He from a Prison, to a Throne ascends:
 This, borne a Prince, his Life obscurely ends.
 His Subjects after his successor runne,
 As from the setting to the rising Sunne.
 The vulgar are inconstant in their choice;
 Nor in the present Government rejoyce:
 The following, as the first, to change inclin'd.
 This is a vanitie, and grieve of mind.

Chap. 5.

Whether thou goest conceive, and to what end,
 When thy bold feet the House of God ascend.
 There rather heare his Life-directing Rules;
 Then offer up the sacrifice of Fools.
 For sinfull are their gifts, who neither know
 What they to God should give, or what they owe.
 The Ryot of thy tongue let feare restraints:
 Nor with rash Orisons his Eares profane.
 God sits in Heaven, with Rayes of Beauty crown'd;
 Thou a poore Mortall creep'st upon the ground:
 Since nothing lies concealed from his view,
 Nor escapes his knowledge, let thy words be few.
 As Dreames proceed from multitude of Cares:
 So multitude of words a foole declares.
 Performe thy vows to God without delay:
 Fools please not him: thy vows sincerely pay.
 Since they are offerings of the gratefull will;
 Vow not at all, or else thy vows fulfill.
 Let not thy tongue oblige thy flesh to sinne:
 Nor say, I err'd: by that pretext to winne
 Thy Angels Pardon. Why shouldst thou incense
 Thy God, and draw his wrath on thy offence?
 In multitudes of words and Dreames appeare
 Like vanities: my Sonne, Jehova feare.
 Nor let it quench thy Piety; when thou
 Shalt see the poore beneath the mighty bow;
 All Lawes perverted, Justice cast aside;
 As if the Vniverse had lost her guide:
 That Power to whom all are subordinate,
 Shall crush them with an unsuspected fate.

The

The Mother Earth, to all her bosome yields:
 Even Princes are beholding to the fields.
 Who silver Covet, and Excesse of Gaine,
 Shall ever want: this folly is as vaine.
 As Riches multiply; even so doe they
 VVho feed thereon, and on their Plenty prey.
 What profit to the owner can arise,
 But to behold them with his carefull Eyes?
 Sweet is the sleepe, which honest toyle begets;
 Whether he liberally, or little eates:
 When ever-troublesome Abundance keeps
 The wealthy waking, and affrights his sleeps.
 What Penury than Riches can be worse,
 If by the Owner turn'd into a Curse?
 Or to consuming vice become a spoyle?
 Who Sonnes begets to misery and toyle.
 Naked he issu'd from his Mothers wombe:
 And naked must descend into his Tombe.
 Of all, with travell got, and kept with feare,
 He nothing to the House of Death shall beare:
 But must returne as Emptie as he came;
 His Entrie, and his Exit, but the same.
 What bootes it then to Labour for the winde?
 This is a sore affliction to the Minde.
 He feeds his sorrow in continuall Night:
 Repleat with Anguish, Fury, and Despight.
 This truth have I found out in her pursuite:
 To feed our Bodies, to enjoy the fruit
 Of our enricht endeavours, and to give
 Our selves their comforts, whil' st on Earth we live;
 Is good and Pleasurable: this alone
 Is all we have, that can be call'd our owne.
 For, to have Riches, and the Power with all
 To use them freely, is the Principall
 Of earthly Benefits: for God on those
 He most affects, this Happinesse bestowes.
 That man retaines no sence of former Ill's:
 VVhose Heart the Lord of Life with gladnesse fills.

This, as a Common Misery, have I
 With sorrow seene beneath the ambient Sky:
 God Riches and Renowne to men imparts;
 Even all they wish: and yet their narrow hearts
 Cannot so great a fluency receive;
 But their fruition to a Stranger leave.
 What falservanie, or worse disease,
 Could ever on the life of Mortals seize?

Though

Chap. 6.

Though he a hundred Children should beget,
 Though many yeares should make his Age compleat;
 Yet if he to himselfe his owne deny,
 Then want a Grave, and violently dye:
 Better were an abortive, borne in vaine,
 That in obscuritie departs againe,
 Enveloped with shrouds of endlesse Night;
 Who never saw the Sunne display his Light,
 Nor Good or Evill knew: he is more blest;
 And soone descends to his perpetuall Rest.
 Though th'other twenty Ages have surviv'd;
 His Misery is but the longer Liv'd.
 Yet both must to that fatall Mansion goe,
 Where they to none are knowne, nor any know.
 All that Man Labours for is but to Eate:
 Yet is his soule not satisfi'd with Meate.
 VVhat therefore hath the wise more then the foole?
 VVhat wants the poore that can his Passions rule?
 Farre better is a cleare and pleas'd aspect;
 Then meagre looks, which vast desires detect;
 Such as can never satisfaction find:
 Yet this is vanitie, and grieve of Mind.
 For be he what he will, he must be Man;
 A Name repleat with Misery: nor can
 But desperately with such a Power contend,
 On whom himselfe, and all the world depend.
 As Riches, so our cares and feares increase:
 O discontented Man, where is thy peace?
 VVho knowes what's good for thee in these thy Dayes
 Of Vanitie. A Shadow so decays.
 Or can informe thy Soule what will befall,
 When thou art lost, in greedy Funerall?
 An honest Name, acquir'd by vertuous deeds,
 The fragrant smell of Precious Oyles exceeds.
 Even so the Houre of Death, that of our Birth:
 Which Fame secures, and Earth restores to Earth.
 Better to be at Funerals a Guest;
 Then entertained at a Nuptiall feast:
 For all must to the shades of Death descend,
 And those that live should thinke of their last End.
 Sorrow then Mirth, more to perfection moves:
 For a sad Countenance the Soule improves.
 The wise will therefore ioyne with such as mourne:
 But fooles into the Bowers of Laughter turne.
 A wise mans reprehensions, though severe,
 More then the songs of Fooles should please the care.

Chap. 7.

As

As thornes beneath a Caldron catch the fire,
Blaze with a noise, and suddenly expire;
Such is the immoderate laughter of vaine fooles:
This Vanitie in our distemper rules.
Oppressions purchases the Judgement blind;
Make wise men mad; a Guist corrupts the Mind.
Beginnings in their Ends, their meed obtaine:
Humility more conquers then Disdain.
Nor be thou to distracting Anger prone:
By her deformities a foole is knowne.
Nor murmuring say: Why are these dayes of ours
Worse then the former? doth the chiefe of Powers
So differently the affaires of mortals sway?
Such questions but thy Arrogance display.
Wisedome, with Ancient Wealth, not got by care,
Great blessings heape on those who breath this Aire:
Both are to mortals a protecting shade,
When bitter stormes, or scorching beames invade:
But if divided, he who is posselt
Of Life-infusing Wisedome, is more blest.
Gods works consider: who can rectifie,
Or make that streight which he hath made awry?
In thy prosperitie let joy abound;
Nor let aduersitie thy patience wound:
For these by him so intermixed are,
That no man should presume, nor yet despaire.
All perturbations, all things that have beene,
I, in my dayes of vanitie, have seene:
How their owne justice have the just destroy'd;
And how the vicious have their vice enjoy'd.
Be therefore not too righteous, nor too wise:
For why should'st thou thy safetie sacrifice?
Be not too wicked, nor too foolish: why
Should'st thou by violence untimely dye?
Tis best for thee, that thou to neither leane;
But warily observe the safer Meane.
For they shall all their miseries transcend,
Who God adore, and on his will depend.
A wise man is by wisedome fortifi'd:
More strong then twenty which the Citie guide.
For Justice is not to be found on Earth:
None good, nor innocent, of humane Birth.
Give not to all that's said an open eare;
Least thou thy Servants execrations heare:
For thy owne heart can tell, that thou hast done
The like to others. Thy example shun.

All this by wisedome try'd, I seemed wise :
 But shee from humane apprehension flies.
 Can that which is so farre remov'd, and drown'd
 In such profundities, by Man be found ?
 Yet in her search I exercis'd my Mind ;
 Of things the Causes, and Effects to find :
 The wickednesse of Folly sought to know ;
 Folly and Madnesse from one fountaine flow.
 More sharpe then Death I found her subtle Art,
 Who nets spreads in her Eyes, snares in her Heart ;
 Her Armes inthralling chaines : the prudent shall
 Escape ; the foole by her enchantments fall.
 Of all the Preacher hath experience made ;
 The reasons, one by one, distinctly waigh'd :
 Yet could I not attaine to what I most
 Desir'd to know : in my inquiry lost.
 One good among a thousand Men have knowne :
 Among the female, sex of all, not one.
 Though in perfection God did Man create ;
 Yet we through vanitie degenerate.

Chap. 8.

Is any equall to the truly wise ?
 To him that can interpret Mysteries ?
 For wisedome makes the face of Man to shine
 With awefull Majestie, and Light Divine.
 Observe the Kings Commands : Remember thou,
 Even in that Dutie, thy Religious vow.
 Depart not discontented ; nor Dispute
 With him, who can with Punishments confute.
 For Power is throned in the Breath of Kings :
 And who dare say, they charge unlawfull things.
 He who obayes, Destruction shall eschew :
 A wise man knowes both when, and what, to doe.
 For all our Purposes on Time depend,
 And Judgement ; to produce them to their end.
 They wander in the Pensive shades of Night ;
 Who want the guide of this directing Light :
 Surpriz'd by unexpected Miseries ;
 Nor can Instruction make the foolish wise.
 What Guard of Teeth can keepe our parting Breath ?
 Or who resist the fatall Stroake of Death ?
 None shall returne with conquest from that field :
 Nor Vice Protection to the vitious yield.
 This Vanitie I saw beneath the Sun ;
 The Mighty by abused Power undone :
 And though intomb'd with sumptuous funerall ;
 In his owne Citie soone forgot by all,

Impietie

Impiety delights in her misdeeds;
 In that Revenge so tardily succeeds.
 Although a Sinner, sinne a hundred times;
 And were his Yeares as numerous as his Crimes:
 Yet God to those his Mercy will extend,
 Whose humble Soules are fearefull to offend.
 But bold Transgressors with destruction meet:
 Their shortned Dayes shall like a shadow fleet.
 Among the Sonnes of Men, this mischief reignes;
 Exalted Vice the meed of Vertue gaine:
 And those afflictions which to Vice are due,
 Suppressed Vertue furiously pursue.
 Then I commended Life-prolonging Mirth;
 To feed upon the Bounty of the Earth,
 And drinke the generous Grapes refreshing juyce;
 Is all the good our Labours can produce.
 This is the best of Life: by God alone
 Bestow'd on Man, and only is his owne.

When I aspir'd to know, how God th' affaires
 Of Men dispos'd: observ'd the restless Cares,
 The travels, and disturbed thoughts, which keepe
 The toying Braine from the reliefe of sleepe:
 I then perceived that humane industry
 Could not the wayes, nor workes of God descry.
 Though Men endeavour, though the wise suppose
 They apprehend; yet none his wisdom knowes.
 But this have found; that both the just and wise,
 Their industry, even all their faculties
 Are in his Rule, and by his Motion move:
 Nor can determine of his Hate or Love.
 All under Heaven succeeds alike to all;
 To good and bad, the same events befall;
 To pure, impure; to those who Sacrifice,
 To those who Pietie, and God despise;
 To th'innocent, the guiltie; such who feare
 Flagitious Oathes, and those who fearelesse sweare.
 What greater mischief rules beneath the Sunne,
 Than this; that all unto one period runne?
 Men, while they live are mad; profanely spend
 Their flight of time; then to the dead descend.
 Yet those have hope, who with the living dwell:
 For living Dogs dead Lyons farre excell.
 The living know that they at length must dye:
 They nothing know who in Earths entrails lye.
 What better times can they expect, who rot
 In silent graves, and are by All forgot?

Chap. 9.

Abolish'd is their Envy, Love, and Hate:
 Bereft of all, which they possess of late.
 Then take my Counsell; eate thy Bread with joy:
 Let wine the Sorrowes of thy heart destroy.
 Why should unfruitfull Cares our Soules molest?
 Please thou thy God, and in his favour rest.
 Be thy Apparell ever fresh, and faire;
 Powre breathing Odors, on thy shining haire:
 Enjoy the pleasures of thy gentle Wife,
 Through all the Course of thy short-dated Life.
 For this is all thy Industry hath wonne:
 Even all thou canst expect beneath the Sunne.
 Since Time hath wings, what thou intend'st to doe,
 Doe quickly; and with all thy Power pursue:
 No wisdom, knowledge, wit, or worke, will goe
 Along with thee unto the Shades below.
 I see the swift of foot winnes not the Race;
 Nor wreathes of Victory the Valiant grace;
 The wise, to feed his hunger wanteth Bread;
 Riches are not by knowledge purchased;
 Nor Popular suffrages Desert advance:
 All rul'd by Opportunity and Chance.
 Man knowes not his owne fate. As Birds are tane
 With Trammels; Fishes by th'intangling Saine:
 Even so the Sonnes of Men are un-awares
 Prevented by Destructions secret Snares.
 This also have I seene beneath the Sun,
 So full of wonder; and by wisdom done:
 A little Citie man'd but by a few;
 To which a Mightie King his Army drew,
 Erected Bulwarkes, and intrench't it round:
 A poore wise man within the walles was found,
 Whose wisdom rais'd the siege: But they ingrate
 Neglected him who had preserv'd their State.
 Then wisdom before Strength should be preferr'd:
 Yet is, if poore, despis'd; her words unheard.
 Men more should listen to her sober Rules,
 Than to his Cryes, who governes among fooles.
 Wisdom th'habilaments of warre exceeds:
 But Folly is destroy'd by her owne Deeds.
 Lo as dead flies with their ill savour spoyle
 Th'Apothecaries Aromaticke oyle:
 Even so a little folly dammifies
 The Dignitie and Honour of the wise.
 A wise mans Heart to his right hand enclines:
 A foole t'his left; and such are his designs.

Chap. 10.

His owne disordred Path his life defame:
 His gesture and his lookes a foole proclaime.
 Although thy Ruler frowne, yet do not thou
 Resent his Anger with a cloudie Brow:
 Nor with obedience or thy faith dispence;
 For yeelding pacifies a great offence.
 This in a State no small disorder breeds;
 Which from the error of the Prince proceeds:
 When vicious fooles in Dignitie are plac'd,
 The rich in worth, trod under and disgrac'd.
 Oft have I Servants seene on Horses side:
 The Free and Noble lacky by their side.
 Who snares for others sets, therein shall light:
 Who breakes a Hedge, him shall the Serpent bite.
 The Stones shall bruse him who pulls downe a wall:
 Who hewes a Tree, by his owne Axe shall fall.
 If th'edge be blunt, in vaine his Strength he spendes:
 But Wisedome all directs to their just ends.
 If Serpents bite before the charme be sung,
 What then avails th'Inchanters babling tongue?
 A wise-mans words are full of grace and power:
 A fooles offending lips him selfe devoure.
 His words begin in folly, which extend
 To Acts of mischief, and in madnesse end.
 He gives his tongue the reines, as if he knew
 More then Mark knowes: th'events that must issue,
 VVho in the endlesse Maze of Error treads,
 Nor knowes the way which to his purpose leads.
 VVoe to that Land, that miserable Land,
 VVhich gaspes beneath a Childes untaid Command:
 VVhose Nobles rise betimes to perpetrate
 Their Luxuries; the ruine of the State.
 Happy that Land, whose King is Nobly Borne:
 VVhose Lords with Temperance his Court adorne.
 By Sloths supine neglects the building falls:
 The hands of Idlenesse pull downe her walls.
 Feasts are for Laughter made, VVine cheares our hearts:
 But soveraigne Mony all to all imparts.
 Curse not thy Rulers though with vices fraught;
 Not in thy Bed-Chamber, nor in thy thought:
 For Birds will beare thy whisperings on their wings,
 To the wide eares of Death-inflicting Kings.

Chap. 11.

Scatter thy Bread upon the hungry Main:
 This thou, in tract of time, shalt finde againe.
 Thy Almes dispence to many; yet to more:
 Famine or VVarre perhaps may make thee poore.

Be

Be like the Clouds in bountie; which on all
 The thirstie Earth, in showers profusely fall.
 Like pregnant Trees, that shed on every side
 Their riper fruit; to none that stoope deny'd.
 They shall not sow who for a Calme deferre:
 Nor shall they reape whom gloomy skies deterre.
 Know'st thou from whence the strugling Tempests come?
 Or how our bones are fashion'd in the wombe?
 Much lesse his greatnesse canst comprize; who made
 The Globe of Earth, and radiant Heaven displai'd.
 The seed of Charitie at Sunne-rise sow;
 And when he sets, into the furrowes throw:
 Know'st thou if this, or that, increase shall yeeld?
 Or both with gratefull Eares invest thy Field?
 How sweet is Light! how pleasant to behold,
 The mounted Sun discend in beames of Gold!
 Yet, though a Man live long; long in delight:
 Let him remember that approaching Night
 Which shall in endlesse darkenesse close his Eyes:
 Then will he all, as vanitie, despise.
 Young man, rejoyce; thy heart's desires fulfill;
 No other Lord acknowledge but thy will;
 Thy Sences freely feast: yet shalt thou come
 To Gods Tribunall, and receive thy Doome:
 Decline his wrath, and Sin-inflicting paine:
 For both the bud and flower of Youth are vaine.
 Thinke of thy Maker in thy better dayes;
 Before the vigour of thy age decays:
 Before that sad and tedious time draw nigh,
 When thou shalt loath thy life, and wish to die.
 Before th'informing Sun, the cheerfull Light,
 The various Moone, and Ornaments of Night,
 In vaine for thee their shining Tapers beare:
 Or fretting drops of Raine deepe furrowes weare.
 When they shall tremble, who the House defend:
 And the strong Columnes which support it bend:
 The Grinders faile, reduced to a few;
 The Watch no Objects through their Casements view:
 Those Doores shut up that open to the Street;
 And when th'unarmed Guarders softly meet:
 The Bird of dawning raise thee with his voyce;
 Northou in women, or their Songs rejoyce.
 When thou shalt feare the roughnesse of the way;
 When every Peble shall thy passage stay:
 When th'Almond-tree his boughs invests with white;
 The Locust stoopes: then dead to all delight.

Man must at length to his long home descend :
Behold, the Mourners at his gates attend.
Advise ; before the Silver Cord growes slacke ;
Before the golden Boule asunder crack :
Before the Pitcher at the fountaine leake ;
Or wasted Wheele besides the Cisterne breake.
Man, made of Earth, resolves into the same :
His Soule ascends to God, from whom it came.
O Restlesse Vanitie of Vanities !
All is but Vanitie, the Preacher Cryes.
He who was wise, the People knowledge taught :
His Lines with well-digested Proverbs fraught.
He found out matter to delight the mind :
And every word he writ, by Truth was sign'd.
Wise Sentences are Goads ; Nailes closely driven
By grave Instructors : by one Pastor given.
And now my Sonne, be thou admonished
By what thou hast already heard, and read.
There is of making many Bookes no End :
And studious Night th'intentive Spirits spend.
Of all the Sum ; feare God, his Lawes obey :
Mans Dutie ; to Felicitie the way.
For He shall every worke, each secret thing,
Both good and bad, to publike Judgement bring.

A Trenchant upon Ecclesiastes.

Man must at length his long home descend:
Behold the moments in his hand are spent.
Adieu! before the silent night is o'er,
Before the golden dews of sleep are o'er,
Before the flicker of the morning beam,
Or wait'd while he is still in the same frame.
Man, made of earth, resolves into the same.
His soul is ready to quit him from his frame.
O Rabb! the Yarn of Vanity!
Alas! the Yarn of Vanity!
He who was wise, the people's knowledge caught:
His lines with well-digested thoughts were fraught.
He found our hearts, and taught the world to think,
And every word he said by truth was linked.
With sentences of gold, which still are given
By our instructors: by our sages given.
Alas! my soul, be thou unshaken!
If when thou hast already said, and said,
There is no more to say, and said,
And thus thou hast thy heart's contentment found,
Of all the same, leave God, his law, and say:
Man's life, to I think the way,
For he shall every word, and every deed,
Both good and bad, to public judgment bring.



A
PARAPHRASE
Vpon the
LAMENTATIONS
OF
JEREMIAH.

Chap. 1.

HOW like a Widow, ah! how desolate
This Citie sits! throwne from the pride of State!
How is this Potent Queene, who lawes to all
The neighbouring Nations gave, become a Thrall!
Who Nightly teares from her salt fountaines sheds:
Which fall upon her Cheekes in liquid Beads.
Of all her Lovers, none regard her woes:
And her perfidious Friends increase her Foes.
Judah in exile wanders: ah! subdu'd
By vast afflictions, and base servitude.
Among the Barbarous Heathen finds no rest:
At home, abroad, on every side oppress.
Ah! see how Sion mournes! Her Gates, and wayes,
Lye unfrequented on her solemne Dayes.
Her Virgins weepe; her Priests lament her fall:
And all her sustenance converts to gall.
A wretched vassall to her salvage Foes:
Her numerous Sinnes the Authors of these Woes!
Behold, how they, who by her losses thrive,
Into captivitie her Children drive!
O Sions Daughter, all thy Beauty's lost!
Thy chased Princes are like Harts in boist,
Which find no water; and in feeble flye
Before the Eager Hunters dreadfull Cry.

Jerusalem in these her Miseries,
 And Dayes of Mourning, sets before her Eyes
 Those vanish't Pleasures which shee once enjoy'd;
 Her People now by hostile swords destroy'd:
 Whil't none afford Compassion to her woes;
 Her Sabbaths scorn'd by her insulting foes.
 Jerusalem hath sinn'd; is now remov'd
 For her uncleannesse: those who lately lov'd,
 As much despise; her nakednesse descry'd:
 Who fighes for shame, and turnes her face aside.
 Pollution stains her skirts; yet her last end
 Remembred not: for this without a friend
 Stupendiously shee fell. Great God behold
 My Sorrowes, since the Foe is growne so bold!
 Hath ravish't all wherein shee tooke delight;
 His Insolence contending with his Might.
 Ah! shee hath seene th'uncircumcis'd profane
 Thy Temple, whose approach thy Lawes restraine.
 Her People, fighting seeke for bread; who give
 Their wealth for food, that their faint soules may live.
 Consider Lord; & looke on the forlorne!
 Who am to all the world a generall Scorne.
 You Passengers, though this concerne not you,
 Here fixe your Steps, and my strange Sufferings view.
 Was ever sorrow like my Sorrow knowne!
 Which God hath on me in his fury throwne!
 He from the breaking Clouds his flames hath cast;
 Which in my Bones the boyling Marrow wast:
 Hath set snares for my feet, throwne to the ground;
 Left desolate, and fainting with my wound.
 Who of my Sins hath made a yoke, to check
 My Insolence; and cast it on my Neck.
 My Strength hath broken; to my Enemies
 Subdu'd my Powers: now, ah! too weake to rise.
 He, in the mid't of me, hath trodden downe
 My mighty Men; and those of most Renowne.
 His Troopes on my strong youth like Torrents rush't:
 As in a wine-presse, Judah's Daughter crush't.
 For this I weepe! my eye, my galled Eye,
 Dissolves in Streames: for he who should apply
 Balme to my wounds; farre, & farre of is fled!
 My Children desolate; their Foe, their head.
 Her Hands sad Sion rais'd; no Comfort found:
 Jehova charg'd her foes to guir'd her round.
 Jerusalem, O thou of late belov'd;
 Now like a Menstruous Woman art remov'd.

The Lord is just: tis I that have rebell'd;
 And by my wild revolt his Grace expell'd.
 Heare, and behold my woes: my Orphans torne
 From my forc'd Armes, and into exile borne.
 I to my boasting Lovers call'd for ayd:
 But they their vows infring'd, my trust betray'd.
 My Priests and Princes, while they seeke for bread
 To feed their hungry Soules, augment the Dead.
 Lord looke on me! my heart roules in my Breast:
 My Bowels toyle, like Seas with Stormes oppress.
 I have provok't thy Vengeance with my Sinne:
 Without the Sword destroyes, and Dearth within.
 My sighes no pittie move: my cruell Foes
 Enjoy thy Wrath, and glory in my Woes.
 Yet that prefaged Time will come, when they
 Shall equall Sorrowes to thy Justice pay.
 O set their impious deeds before thine eyes;
 And presse them with my waighety Miseries:
 (The Birth of Sinne) which breake into complaint;
 My groanes are numberlesse, my Spirits faint.

Chap. 2.

How hath Jehova's wrath, O Sion, spread
 A vaile of Clouds about thy Daughters head!
 From Heaven to Earth thy beauty, Israel, throwne!
 Nor in his fierce displeasure spar'd his owne!
 How hath he swallow'd Judah's Mansions! ra'st
 His Holds! and to the ground his Bulwarks cast!
 The Land in his relentlesse rage profan'd;
 And with the Blood of her owne Princes stain'd!
 He, in his Indignation, hath the Horne
 Of Israel from his bleeding forehead torne.
 Before the Foe, O forc't to flye with shame!
 His wrath to Jacob a devouring flame.
 Foe-like hath bent his Bow; his Hostile hand
 Advanc't, and flaine the Beauty of the Land:
 All that the eye attracted with Desire;
 And powr'd his anger forth like floods of Fire.
 Against thee, Solyma, Converts his Powers:
 Sad Israel, and his Pallaces, devoures.
 His strong built Fortresses to ruines turnes:
 Whil'st Judah's Daughter for her Children mounes.
 His Tabernacle He with Violence
 Hath now demolish't, like a Garden Fence.
 None Sions feasts and Sabbaths celebrate;
 Both King and Priest obnoxious to his hate.

Detests his Sanctuary, and forsakes
 His flamelesse Altar : while the Enemy takes
 His Palaces and Walles, fill'd with their Cryes :
 As late by us in our Solemnities.
 The ruine of Jerusalem designs :
 And levels the Foundation with his Lines.
 Nor his fierce hand withdrawes : the tottering walls
 And stooping Turrets, languish in their falls.
 Her Gates sinke to the Earth, with shiver'd bars :
 Her King and Princes Slaves, or flaine in wars.
 All Lawes surcease. Jehova to her Seers
 No more by Visions or by Dreames appears.
 Her Elders sit on earth, with silent Woe ;
 And Dust upon their Silver Tresses throw :
 In sack-cloath mourne. Her Virgins hang their heads,
 Like drooping Flowers that bow to their cold Beds.
 My Bowels toyle ; mine eyes with teares are drown'd ;
 My bleeding Liver powr'd upon the Ground :
 To see my tender Babes, unpittied, lye
 On flinty Pavements, and through famine dye.
 While others to their weeping Mothers say :
 O give us Food, our hunger to allay !
 Then, fainting by the bloodlesse wound of Death,
 In their infolding Armes sigh out their Breath.
 How shall my tongue expresse, & how compare
 Thy matchlesse Sorrowes, to assuage thy Care,
 Distressed Sions Daughter ! for thy breach
 Is like the Seas ; whose rage no bounds impeach.
 Vaine tales, and foolish, have thy Prophets told ;
 Nor would they thy exiling Sins unfold :
 False Burthens, and false Prophecies, invent ;
 The fatall Authors of thy Banishment.
 The Passengers, they wry their heads aside ;
 Hisse at thee, clap their hands, and thus deride :
 Is this their only Joy ? which they of all
 The world the Beauty and Perfection call ?
 Thy Foes make mouthes, scoffe, grind their teeth, and say ;
 Now have we swallow'd our desired prey :
 This is that Day we did so long expect,
 VVherein our hopes have had their wish't effect.
 God hath accomplished his old Decree ;
 VVe thy oft-menaced Destruction see :
 Hath ruin'd without pitie ; made a Scorne

To

To thy Triumphant Foe, and rais'd his Horne.
 To him their hearts now cry : O Sions Towers !
 All Day, all Night, let teares descend in Showers.
 O never give thy labouring Thoughts repose !
 Nor let the humid Night thy eye-lids close !
 Arise, and cry ; cry from the Nights first houre :
 Thy Heart before thy God, like water, powre.
 O raise thy Hands to Heaven ; least Famines force
 Thy Childrens soules from their pale corps divorce.
 Lord, see thy Masacre's ! shall curst wombes
 Become their new-borne childrens fatall Tómbes !
 Thy Priests and Prophets by the sword are slaine :
 And with their Blood thy Sanctuary staine.
 Lo ! in the Streets old Men and Infants lye :
 My Virgins and bold Youth by slaughter dye.
 Thou with their Blood thy Vengeance didst imbrew :
 Thy burning Fury without pittie slew.
 As in a solemne Day, thy Terrors have
 Invirion'd me : thy Anger cloyes the Grave.
 Those whom I swatled, in my Bosome bred,
 The Barbarous Foe hath sent unto the Dead.

Chap. 3.

Lo, I, the Man, who by the wrath of God,
 Have seene afflictions stormes, and felt his Rod !
 He hath depriv'd me of the cheerefull Light ;
 Inveloped with Shades more darke then Night :
 Against me his revengefull Forces bent ;
 Nor sets his Anger with the Suns descent.
 My flesh hath wasted ; wrinckled my smooth skin
 With Sorrowes age, and broke my Bones within.
 Against me digg'd a trench, cast up a mound ;
 With travels bitter gall besieg'd me round.
 Imprison'd where no beames their brightnesse shed :
 Like that darke Region peopled by the Dead.
 On every side my Flight with Barres restraines :
 And clogs my galled Legs with massie Chaines.
 Who stops his eares against my Cryes and Prayers :
 With Stone immures, and spreads my Path with snares.
 He like a Beare, or Lion, lyes in waite :
 Diverts, in pieces teares, leaves Desolate.
 At me, as at a marke, his Bow he drew :
 Whose Arrowes in my Blood their wings imbrew,
 He lets the People circle me in Throngs ;
 Who all the Day deride, with spitefull Songs.

With

With wormewood made me drunke, with gall hath fed:
 My teeth with gravell broke, with Ashes spread.
 My soule to Peace is such a Stranger growne;
 As if I never better Dayes had knowne.
 When I my wrongs to memory recall;
 My Miseries, my Wormewood, and my Gall;
 My Passions thus exclaime: Ah! Perished
 Are all my hopes! from me my strength is fled!
 These thoughts my Soule have humbl'd: trod to Earth
 My Pride; and given my Hopes a second Birth.
 T'was thy abundant goodnesse, Lord, that all
 Did not together in one Ruine fall.
 Thy Mercies with the rising Light renue:
 And thy Fidelitie, as large as true.
 My soule is arm'd with stedfast Confidence:
 Since thou my Portion art, and strong Defence.
 To those, how gracious, who on thee relye!
 Who seeke thee with unfainting Industry!
 Tis good to hope, and rest upon thy Truth:
 Tis good to beare thy yoke in early youth.
 Alone he silent sits; nor will distrust
 Thy Promise, when he hides his head in Dust.
 His cheek submit to blowes, by all revil'd:
 Yet knowes at length thou wilt be reconcil'd.
 When God with griefe hath fixt thee to the ground:
 His Mercy will powre balme into thy wound.
 For He delights not in our Misery;
 On those to trample who in fetters lye:
 Hates that the weake should be oppress'd by might;
 Or Justice suffer in the Judges fight.
 O tell, what can befall beneath the Sun,
 That is not by the Lords appointment done?
 Both good and bad from Him proceeds: why then
 Grudge you at punishment; vaine sinfull Men?
 Turne we to God by tryall of our wayes:
 To Heaven our hearts, our hands, and voyces, raise.
 We have transgres'd, rebell'd; no pardon gaine:
 The Food of Wrath; by thee pursu'd and flaine.
 Thou hast with Cloud's thy selfe inclos'd of late:
 Through which no Prayers of ours can penetrate.
 With Men, the refuse and off-skouring made:
 Whom all our Foes with open mouthes upbraide.
 Fill'd with vastation, ruines, snares, and feares?
 While for my Childrens losse I melt in Teares.

Nor

Nor shall those briny Rivers cease to flow,
Till God looke downe with pitie on our woe.
Mine eye, ah! wounds my heart; when I behold
My Cities Daughters to Afflictions fold.
Those who thy Beauty, Solyma, deface,
My soule like a retrived Partridge chace:
Cut from the living, in a Dungeon throwne;
And over-whelmed with a Pile of Stone.
Stormes ore my head their rowling billowes toft:
Then cry'd I, ah! I am for ever lost!
Thou from the Dungeon, Lord, my cryes didst heare:
O never from my fighes divert thine Eare!
Thou stood'st besides me in that horrid Day:
And said'st; Take courage; nor thy feare obey.
My cause, thou Lord, hast pleaded in this strife:
And from their greedy jawes redeem'd my Life.
Thou that hast seene my wrongs, restore my right:
Thou hast their vengeance seene, and curst spight.
The malice heard which their false tongues disclose:
The thoughts and machinations of my Foes.
VVhen they sit downe, and when they rise, I still
Become their Musick, and their Laughter fill.
Rewards according to their works disburse:
Their Hearts with Sorrow wound, blast with thy Curse.
Pursue, destroy: nor, Lord thy wrath restraine;
Till none beneath the arch of Heaven remaine.

How is our Gold growne dimme! of all the most
Refin'd and pure, hath now his Lustre lost.
That Marble, which the Temple beautifi'd;
Torne downe by impious Rage, and cast aside.
The wretched Sons of Sion, ah! behold!
Of late so precious; more esteem'd then Gold:
How slighted! to how low a value brought!
Like Earthen vessels by the Potter wrought.
The Monsters of the Sea, and Salvage Beasts,
Their young ones gently foster at their Breasts:
My Daughters, ah! more cruell are then these:
Or then the desert-haunting Estriges.
Their Children cry for Bread, but none receive:
Whose thirsty tongues to their hot pallats cleave.
VVho fed Deliciously, now sit forlorne:
And those who Scarlet wore, on dung-hils mourne.
The Punishments, as did their finnes, excell
That which from Heaven on wicked Sodom fell,
Devour'd with sodaine flames. No Creature found
To whom his wrath could adde another wound.

Chap. 4.

Her

Her Nazarites, late pure, as falling Snow;
 More white then Streames which from stretcht udders flow:
 Not Rubies of the rocke such red inspear'd,
 Nor polisht Saphires like their Veines appear'd:
 Their faces now more blacke then Cinders growne;
 To such as meet them in the Streets, unknowne.
 VVhose wither'd Skins, more dry then saplesse wood,
 Cleave to their fleshlesse Bones, for want of Food.
 O farre lesse wretched they, whose parting Breath
 Breaks through their wounds, then those who starve to death!
 For they in lingring torments pine away:
 And find not Death so cruell as Delay.
 Soft-hearted Mothers live by horrid spoile:
 And their beloved Babes in Caldrons boyle.
 On these with weeping Eyes, and hearts that bleed,
 The famisht Daughters of my People feed.
 The Lord his vengeance now accomplish't hath;
 And powred forth the Viols of his wrath:
 Forfaken Sion sets on fire; whose Towers
 And Palaces the hungry flame deuoures.
 You Kings that sway the many-Peopled Earth;
 All who from groaning Mothers take your birth:
 O would you have believ'd, that thus the Foe
 Should have triumpht in her sad overthrow!
 Her Priests and Prophets fins, who should have taught
 By their Example, have her ruine wrought:
 VVith humane flesh her flaming Altars fed;
 And blood of Innocents profusely shed.
 VVho blindly wandet, so defil'd with gore,
 That none would touch the Garments which they wore.
 Depart, they cry'd, Depart, and touch us not:
 Depart o you whom foule pollutions spot.
 Thus chid, they stray'd, and to the Gentiles fled:
 Yet said, ere long we shall from hence be led.
 For this, the Lord hath scatter'd in his Ire;
 Nor ever shall they to their homes retire:
 Their unregarded Priests slaine by the Foe,
 Who would no pitie to the aged shew.
 Yet vainely we, in these our Miseries,
 With expectation have consum'd our eyes,
 And fostered flattering hopes: built on their word,
 Who can no ayd to our Extreames afford.
 Like cruell Hunters they our steps pursue:
 While we in Corners lurke from publike view.
 That Fatall Day drawes neere; wherein we must
 Descend to Death, and mingle with the Dust.

Not Eagles fearefull Doves so swiftly chace;
 As they with winged feet our foot-steps trace:
 Pursue o're Mountaines; watch at every Streight;
 And to intrap us in the Defart waite.
 The Lords Anointed, even our nostrils Breath;
 They have ensnar'd, and rendred up to Death.
 Of whom we said; Among the Heathen wee,
 Beneath his wings, shall live in exile free.
 Daughter of Edom, thou that dwelt in Hus,
 Exalt thy Joy: This Cap to thee from us
 Shall swiftly passe: thy braines inebriate so,
 As thou thy nakednesse shalt boldly show.
 Yet when thy Sins deserved Punishment,
 O wretched Sions Daughter, shall be spent:
 Jehova will thy Banishment repeale;
 Foment thy wounds, and all thy bruises heale.
 Then he on Edoms Issue shall impose
 Our yoke, and her deformitie disclose.

Remember Lord the Afflictions we have borne:

Chap. 5.

See how we are to all the world a Scorne!
 Our Lands and Houses forreiners possesse:
 Our Mothers, Widdowes; and we Fatherlesse.
 To us our wood the greedy Stranger sels;
 And dearely purcha't water from our wels.
 Our necks with heavy burthens are opprest:
 All Day we toyle, at Night depriv'd of Rest.
 We, in the Egyptian and Assyrian Lands,
 Are forc't to beg our bread with stretcht-out hands.
 Our Fathers, who transgress, in Death remaine:
 And we the pressure of their sins sustaine.
 Who were our vassals, now our Soveraignes are:
 And none survive to comfort our despaire.
 With perill of our lives we seeke our food;
 The sword in pathlesse Deserts thirsts for blood:
 While Stormes of Famine mutiny within;
 And like a furnace tan the saplesse skin.
 In Judah's Cities Virgins they deflowre:
 In Sion, ravisht wives their wrongs deplore.
 They crucifie our Princes in their rage;
 Nor honour the aspect of reverend Age.
 Our Youth enforce to grind, with lashes gall:
 And Boyes beneath their cruell Burthens fall.
 No Judge on high Tribunals now appeares:
 No Musick draws our Soules into our Eares.
 Joy, from our broken hearts exiled, flies:
 Our mirth is chang'd to mourning Elegies.

The

The crowne from our ecclipsed Browes is torne:
 By all, except thy punishments, forlorne.
 Woe to our Sins! for these we waste our yeares
 In Servitude. We drowne our Eyes with teares
 For thee deserted Sion: Foxes dwell
 Among thy ruines! who our woes can tell!
 Yet, Lord, thou ever liv'st: Thy Throne shall last,
 When funerall Flames the World to Cinders waste.
 O why hast thou so long forgot thine owne!
 Wilt thou forsake us as if never knowne!
 O call us back, that we thy face may view:
 Those happy Dayes we once enjoy'd, renew.
 But thou hast cast us off to tread the path
 Of Exile: made the Object of thy wrath.



PARAPHRASE
Vpon the
SONGS COLLECTED
OUT OF THE OLD
AND
NEW TESTAMENTS.

EXODVS. II.

THIS Praise of our triumphant King,
And of his Victory we sing:
Who in the Seas with horrid force
O'rethrew the Rider and his Horse.

As the 8.
Psalme:

My Strength, my God, my Argument,
My Fathers God, hath safely sent.
To him will I a Mansion raise;
There celebrate his glorious Praise.
His Sword hath won eternall fame;
And great Jehovah is his Name.
Lo Pharaoh's Chariots, his proud Hoast,
Are in the swallowing Billowes lost.
God, in the fathomlesse profound,
Hath all his choice Commanders drown'd.
Downe sunk they, like a falling stone,
By raging Whirl-pits overthrowne.
Thy pow'rfull Hand these Vvonders wrought;
Our Foes by Thee to ruine brought.
Thou all that durst against thee fight
Hast crusht by thy prevailing Might.
Thy VVrath thy Foes to Cinders turnes,
As Fire the Sun-dri'd Stubble burnes.
Blowne by thy Nostrils breath, the Floud
In heaps, like solid Mountains, stood.

Part 2.

Bbb

The

The Seas divided Heart congeal'd;
 Her sandy Bottom first reveal'd.
 Pursue, o're take, th' Egyptians cry'd;
 Let us their wealthy Spoile divide;
 Our Sword these Fugitives destroy,
 And with their Slaughter feast our Joy.
 Thou blew'st; those Hills their Billowes spread:
 In mightie Seas they sunke like Lead.
 What God is like our God! so high!
 So excellent in Sanctitie!
 Whose glorious Praise such terror breeds!
 So wonderfull in all thy Deeds!
 Thy Hand out-stretcht, the closing VVomb
 Of VVaves gave all his Host one Tomb.
 But us, who have thy Mercy try'd
 In our Redemption, thou wilt guide:
 Guide by thy Power, till we possesse
 The Mansion of thy Holinesse.
 Our Foes shall this with terror heare;
 Sad Palæstine grow pale with feare.
 Those who the Edomites command,
 And Moabs Chiefs shall trembling stand.
 The Hearts of Canaan melt away,
 Like Snow before the Suns bright Ray.
 Horror shall seize on all; not one
 But stand like Statues cut in Stone:
 Vntill thy People passe; even those,
 VVhom thou hast ransom'd from their Foes.
 Thou shalt conduct, and plant them, where
 Thy fruitfull Hills their Shoulders reare:
 By thy Election dignifi'd;
 VVhere thou for ever shalt abide.
 Thy Reigne, eternall King, shall last,
 VVhen Heaven and Earth in vapours waste.
 While Pharaoh's Chariots and his Horse
 Twixt walls of Seas their way inforce:
 Thy Hand reduc'd th'obedient Waves,
 VVhich clos'd them in their rowling Graves;
 But Israel through the bottome land
 Securely past, as on dry Land.

DEVTERONOMY. XXXII.

As the 1.
Psalm.

LEND, O you Heavens, unto my voyce an care;
 And thou, O Earth, what I shall utter, heare.
 My words shall fall like Dew, like April showers
 On tender Herbs, and new-disclosed Flowers;

VVhile

While the Goodnesse of our God proclaime:
 O celebrate his great and glorious Name!
 Our Rocke, whose Works are perfect. Justice leads;
 And equall Judgement walks the VVay he treads.
 In him unstain'd Sincerity excels;
 The God of Truth, in whom no falshood dwels.
 But you are all corrupt, perverse; nor beare
 Those Marks about you, which his Children weare.
 O fooles! depriv'd of intellectuall Light!
 Doe you your great Preserver thus requite?
 Your Father? He who made you? did select
 From all the World, and with his Beauty deck'd?
 Remember; aske the Ancient: They will tell
 What in old times, and Ages past, befell:
 VVhen the most High did distribute the Earth,
 VVith liberall hand, to all of humane birth:
 VVhen yet you were not, He, according to
 Your numerous Race, design'd a Seat for you.
 His People are his Portion: Jacob is
 Th'Inheritance alone reserv'd for His. Part. 2.
 He, when he wandred through a desert land,
 And in a horrid Wildernesse of sand;
 Conducted, taught him his high Mysteries;
 And kept him as the Apples of his Eyes.
 As the old Eagle on her Ayery spreads
 Her softning Plumes; renews their downy beds;
 Feeds, traines them for the flight, subdues their feares;
 And on her soaring wings her Eaglets beares:
 So he sustein'd, So led him; He alone:
 No stranger-Gods to Israel then were knowne.
 Whom like a Horse the towring Mountaines bore;
 That those rich fields might feast him with their store.
 With Honey the hard Rocks supply'd his want;
 And pure Oyle drill'd from cliffes of Adamant:
 Him with the Milke of Ewes, with Butter fed;
 With fat of Lambs, and Rams in Bashan bred;
 With flesh of Goats, with Wheats pure Kernels fill'd;
 And dranke the Bloud, which from the Grape distill'd.
 But Jesurun grew fat; kickt like a Horse, Part. 3.
 Full of high feeding, and untamed force:
 Forsooke his God, who made, sustein'd, adorn'd;
 And that strong Rocke of his Salvation scorn'd:
 VVith barbarous Gods, and execrable Rites,
 His Jealousie and Wrath at once excites.
 To Divels they profanely sacrific'd;
 Gods made with hands, before their Maker priz'd:

Gods brought from forraigne Nations; strange and new:
 Gods, which their Ancestors nor fear'd, nor knew.
 Their Father, their firme Rocke, remembred not;
 And Him, who had created them, forgot.
 This having seene with burning eyes, the Lord
 His Daughters, and degenerate Sons, abhor'd:
 Said, from these Rebels I will hide my face,
 And see the end of this unfaithfull Race.
 Since they with Gods, that are but Gods in Name,
 My Soule with so great Jelousie inflame;
 And through their vanities my wrath incense;
 I, by the like will punish their offence.
 Their Glory to an unknowne Nation grant,
 And in their roome a foolish People plant.

Part. 4. A fire is kindled in my wrath, which shall
 Even in the depth of Hell devoure them all:
 Polluted Earth with her productions burne;
 And ayery Mountaines into ashes turne.
 One misery another shall invite,
 And all my arrowes in their bosomes light:
 Famine shall eate them, hot Diseases burne;
 And all by violent deaths to Earth returne.
 The teeth of salvage Beasts their blood shall spill;
 And Serpents with their fatall poyson kill.
 The Sword without, and home-bred Terrors shall
 Devoure their lives. Their Youth untimely fall;
 Betrothed Virgins, such as stoope with Age,
 And sucking Babes, shall sinke beneath my Rage.
 Scatter I would like Chaffe by Tempests blowne,
 Nor should their Memory to Man be knowne:
 If not withheld by their insulting Foe;
 Left he should triumph in their overthrow:
 And boasting say; This our owne hands have done;
 Our Swords, the Gods which have their battaile won.

Part. 5. A Nation which hath no Intelligence:
 Vncapable of Councell; void of sense.
 O that my Words could to their hearts descend;
 To make them wise, and thinke of their last End!
 How would One man a Thousand put to flight!
 And Two a Myriad overthrow in Fight!
 But that their Strength hath sold them to their Foes;
 And left them naked to their deadly blowes.
 For, though our Enemies should judge, their Powers
 Are faint to His; their Rocke no Rocke to ours:
 Their Vine of Sodom, of Gomorrabs fields;
 Which Grapes of Gall, and bitter clusters yields.

Poison

Poison of Dragons is their deadly Wine;
 To which cold Aspes their drowie venome joine:
 Is not all this unto my Sight reveal'd?
 Laid up in store? and with my Signet seal'd?
 To me belongs Revenge and Recompence:
 Which I will in the time deere'd dispense:
 The Day is neere which their destruction brings;
 And Punishment now flies with speedy wings.
 God will his People judge, at length relent;
 And of his Servants miseries repent.
 Then when they are of all their power bereft,
 No strength, no hope of humane succour left.
 And say, Where are the Gods of your defence,
 Those Rockes of your presuming confidence;
 Whose flaming Altars you so often fed
 With fat of Bieues, and Vine profusely shed?
 Now let them from their crowned Banquets rise,
 And shield you from your furious enemies.
 Behold! I am your God; I, onely I,
 Affisted by no forraigne Deity.
 I kill, revive; I wound and heale; no hand
 Or power of Mortals can my strength withstand.
 I, to the Heavens I made, my armes extend;
 Pronounce, I ever was, and have no end.
 VVhet I my glittering Sword, if I advance
 My hand in Judgement; woes past utterance,
 And vengeance, equall to their merits, shall
 Vpon my Foes, and those who hate me, fall.
 The hungry Sword shall eat their flesh, like Food;
 My thirsty Arrows shall be drunke with blood:
 For Captives flaine, and for the blond they spilt,
 I will with horreur recompence their guilt.
 You wiser Nations, with his People joy;
 For he will all their Enemies destroy:
 His Servants vindicate from their proud Foe;
 And to their Land, and them, his Mercy shew.

Part. 6.

Part. 7.

JUDGES V.

YOUR great Preserver celebrate:
 He who reveng'd our wrongs of late;
 When you, his sonnes, in Israels Aid
 Of life so brave a Tender made.
 You Princes, with attention heare;
 And you who awfull Scepters beare;

As the 8.
 Psalme.

While

While I in sacred Numbers sing
 The Praise of our eternall King.
 When he through Seir his Army led,
 In Edoms fields his Ensignes spread;
 Earth shooke, the Heavens in drops descend;
 And Clouds in teares their substance spend.
 Before his Face the Mountaines melt:
 Old Sinai unknowne fervor felt.
 When Israel Sangars Rule obey'd,
 And Jael, that Virago, sway'd;
 She bold of heart, He great in Warre;
 Yet to the fearefull Travailer
 All wayes were then unsafe: who crept
 Through Woods, or past when others slept.
 The Land uncultivated lay:
 When I arose, I Deborah,
 A Mother to my Countrey grew;
 At once their Foes, and feares subdue.
 When to themselves new Gods they chose,
 Then were their Wals besieg'd by Foes.
 Did One of Forty Thousand weare
 A Cote of Steele? or shooke a Speare?
 You, who with such alacrity
 Led to the Battaile; O how I
 Affect your Valour! with me raise
 Your voyces; Sing Jehovahs Praise.
 Sing You who on white Asses ride,
 And Justice equally divide:
 You, who those VVayes so fear'd of late,
 VVhere now no Thieves assassinate:
 You lately from your Fountaines barr'd,
 VVhere you their clattering Quivers heard;
 There, with united joy record
 The righteous Judgements of the Lord.
 You who your Cities repossesse,
 VVho reape in peace, his Praise professe.
 Arise, O Deborah, arise;
 In heavenly Hymnes expresse thy Joyes.
 Arise, O Barak; Thou the Fame
 And Off-spring of Abinoam;
 Of Israel the renowned Head,
 Captivitie now captive lead.
 Nor shall the noble Memory
 Of our strong Aids in silence die:
 The Quiver-bearing Ephramite
 March't from his Mountaine to the Fight:

Part. 2.

Part. 3.

Those

Those who on Amalek confine,
 The small Remaines of Benjamin,
 From Machir, Princes: Not a few
 VVife Zebulun with Letters drew:
 The valiant Chiefes of Issachar,
 VVith Deborah, troopt to this Warre;
 VVho downe into the Valley tread
 The way which noble Barak led.
 But Reuben from the test disjoyn'd
 By Hills and Flouds, was from mind.
 Did'st thou these glorious VVars refuse,
 To heare the bleating of the Ewes?
 O great in Councell: O how wise
 That couldst both Faith and Fame despise.
 Gilead' of thundring Drums afraid,
 Or slothfull, beyond Jordan staid.
 Dan his swift-sailing Ships affects,
 And publike Liberty neglects:
 VVhile Ashur on his Chaires relies,
 And fortifies against the Tides.
 But Zebulun, and Nephthali,
 VVho never would from danger flye,
 VVere ready, for the publike good,
 On Tabors top to shed their blood.
 Then Kings, Kings of the Canaanites,
 On Taanach Plaines addrest their Rights;
 VVhere swift Megiddo's VVaters ran:
 Yet neither Spoile nor Trophée wan.
 The Heavens 'gainst Sisera fought; The Stars
 Mov'd in Battalia to those VVars:
 By ancient Kishon swept from thence,
 VVhose Torrent falling Clouds incense.
 Thou, O my joyfull Soule, at length
 Hast trod to Dirt their puissant Strength.
 Their wounded Horse with flying haste
 Fall head-long, and their Riders cast.
 Thus spake an Angel; Cursed be
 Thou Meroz, all who dwell in thee;
 That basely would'st no aid afford,
 In that great Battaile to the Lord.
 Cinceian Hebers VVife, thou best
 Of VVomen, be thou ever blest.
 Blest above all: Let all that dwell
 In Tents, thy Act, O Jaell, tell.
 She brought him Milke, above his wish;
 And Butter in a Princely Dish.

A Hammer;

Part 5.

A Hammer, and a Naile she tooke,
 This into Sifera's Temples strooke.
 He fell, fell downe, downe to the Flore;
 Lay where he fell, bath'd in his Gore;
 Lay groveling at her Feet: and there
 His wretched Soule sigh'd into Aire.
 His Mother at her window staid,
 And thrusting out her shoulders said,
 Why are his Chariots wheelles so slow!
 Nor yet my Sonne in Triumph show
 VVhen her wife Ladies standing by,
 (Yea she her selfe) made this reply;
 Have not their Swords now won the Day?
 Have they not shar'd the wealthy Prey?
 Now every Souldier for his paines
 An Hebrew Dame or Virgin gaines:
 VVhile Sifera, choosing, layes aside
 Rich Robes, in various Colours dy'd;
 Rich Robes with curious Needles wrought
 On either side, from Phrygia brought:
 The Thread spun from the Silk-worms womb,
 Such as a Conquerer become.
 Great God! So perishall thy Foes;
 Love such as love thee: O let those
 Shine like the Sun, when he displaies
 I'th' Orient his increasing Raies,

I SAMVEL. II.

As the 29.
Psalme.

GOD hath rais'd my head on high:
 O my Heart, enlarge thy joy!
 God hath now my Tongue untid,
 To retort their scorne, and pride.
 In thy Grace I will rejoyce;
 Praise thee, while I have a voyce.
 VVho so holy as our Lord!
 VVho but he to be ador'd!
 VVho such Wonders can effect!
 Who so strongly can protect!
 Be no longer arrogant,
 Nor in Folly, proudly vaunt:
 God our secret thoughts displaies;
 All our works his Ballance weighes.
 Giants Bowes his Forces breake;
 He with strength invests the Weake.
 Who were full, now serve for bread;
 Those who serv'd, infranchis'd

Barren

Barren VVombs with Children flow;
 Fruitfull Mothers childlesse grow.
 God fraile Man of life deprives;
 Those who sleepe in Death, revives;
 Leads us to our silent Tombes;
 Brings us from those horrid Roomes:
 Riches sends; sends Poverty;
 Casteth downe, and lifts on high.
 He from the despised Dust,
 From the Dunghill takes the Just;
 To the height of Honour brings;
 Plants them in the Thrones of Kings.
 God, Earths mighty Pillars made;
 He the World upon them laid.
 He his Servants feet will guide,
 Wicked Soules, who swell with Pride,
 Will in endlesse Darknesse chaine;
 Since all humane strength is vaine.
 He shall grind his Enemies;
 Blast with Lightning from the Skies:
 Judge the habitable Earth,
 All of high and humble birth;
 Shall with strength his King renowne,
 And his Christ with Glory crowne,

Part 2.

II. SAMUEL I.

THY Beauty, Israel, is fled,
 Sunke to the Dead!

As the 39.
Psalme.

How are the Valiant fal'n! the Slaine
 Thy Mountaines staine.

O let it not in Gath be knowne;
 Nor in the streets of Ascalon!

Left that sad Story should excite
 Their dire delight:

Left in the Torrent of our woe
 Their pleasure flow:

Left their triumphant Daughters ring
 Their Cymbals, and curs'd Pæans sing.

You Hills of Gilboa, never may
 You Offerings pay;

No Morning Dew, nor fruitfull showers
 Cloth you with Flowers:

Ccc

Saul,

Saul, and his Armes there made a Spoile;
As if untoucht with sacred Oyle.

The Bow of noble Jonathan
Great Battailles wan:
His Arrows on the Mighty fed,
With Slaughter red.
Saul never rais'd his Arme in vaine;
His Sword still glutted with the Slaine.

How lovely! O how pleasant! when
They liv'd with Men!
Then Eagles swifter; stronger farre
Then Lions are:
Whom love in life so strongly ty'd,
The stroke of Death could not divide.

Sad Israels Daughters, weepe for Saul;
Lament his fall.
Who fed you with the Earths increase,
And crown'd with Peace:
With Robes of Tyrian Purple deckt,
And Gems, which sparkling light reflect.

How are thy Worthies by the Sword
Of Warre devour'd!
O Jonathan, the better part
Of my torne Heart!
The salvage Rocks have drunke thy bloud:
My Brother! O how kind! how good!

Thy love was great; O never more
To Man, Man bore!
No Woman, when most passionate,
Lov'd at that rate!
How are the Mighty fal'n in fight!
They, and their Glory set in Night!

II. SAMVEL VII.

As the 4.
Psalme.

MY Lord, my God, O who am I!
Or what is my poore Family,
That thou should'st crowne,
With Power renowne,
And raise my Throne on high!

As

II. SAMVEL WYNAZE

215

As this were little; in my place
Hast promis'd to confirm my Race;
Doe men, O Lord,
To men afford
Such, such transcendent Grace!

Not to be hop'd for, nor desir'd;
Not to be utter'd, but admir'd:
My Thoughts to me,
Then they to thee,
Lesse knowne, when most retir'd.

These great things did'st Thou, to fulfill
Thy Word and never-changing Will.
Into my Sight
This knowing Light,
Thy Wisdomes Beames, diffus'd.

In Goodnesse, as in Power excell'd;
No God but thee: O who so great'st
All this of old
Our Fathers told,
And often did repeat.

What Nation breaths, who can or dare
With thee, O Israel, compare?
For whom alone
God left his Throne,
As his peculiar Care.

To amplifie his Name; to doe
Such great, such fearefull things for you:
Such Wonders wrought;
From Egypt brought;
From men, from gods withdrew.

Establisht by divine Decree,
That thou might'st be our God, and we
For evermore
Thy Name adore,
As consecrate to Thee.

Now, Lord, effect what thou hast said;
The Promise to thy Servant made.
Confirme by Deed,
What to his Seed
Thy Word long since displaid.

Part. 2.

Great God, O be thou magnifi'd !
 VVhose Hands the strife of VVarre decide :
 Let Davids Race,
 Before thy Face
 For ever fixt abide.

Thou saidst (who Israel dost protect)
 I will my Servants House erect.
 My Thoughts indu'd
 With gratitude
 These Prayers to Thee direct.

Thou Lord, in Goodnesse infinite !
 VVhose VVord and Truth like Twins unite.
 Thy Promise hath
 Confirm'd my Faith,
 And fill'd me with delight.

Be then my House for ever blest,
 Of thy deare Presence still possesse.
 Thus hast thou said ;
 This Promise made :
 O with thy Grace invest !

E S A Y V.

As the 9.
 Psalme.

NOW I, to my Beloved, will
 A Song of my Beloved sing :
 He hath a Vineyard on a Hill,
 VVhich all the Yeare enjoy'd the Spring.
 This he inclosed with a Mound,
 Pickt up the Stones which scatter'd lay :
 VVith generous Vines plants the rich Ground ;
 Dig'd, pruin'd, and weeded every day.
 To presse the Clusters made a Frame,
 Plac'd in a new erected Tower :
 But when th'expected Vintage came,
 For good, the Grapes prov'd wild and sowre.
 You who on Judah's Hills reside,
 VVho Citizens of Salem be ;
 Doe you the Controverse decide
 Betweene my Vineyard judge, and me.
 Though partiall Judge. Could I have more
 To my ungratefull Vineyard done ?
 Yet such unpleasant Clusters bore,
 VVnworthy of the soyle, or Sunne.

Then

Then know; This Vineyard, late my Joy,
 Manured with such diligence;
 Wild Bores, and Foxes shall destroy,
 When I have trampled downe her Fence.
 Then shall she unregarded lye,
 Vndig'd, unpruin'd, with Brambles spread:
 No gentle Clouds shall on her dry
 And thirsty Wombe their moisture shed.
 That ancient House of Israel,
 The great Jehovahs Vineyard is:
 They who on Judah's Mountaines dwell,
 Those choice, and pleasant Plants of his:
 From whom he Justice did expect,
 But Rapine, and Oppression found:
 Thought they sweet Concord would affect,
 When all with Strife, and Cryes abound.

EsAY XXVI.

OVR Sion strongly is secur'd;
 Which God himſelfe hath fortifi'd;
 High Bulwarks rais'd on every ſide,
 And with immortall Walls immur'd:
 Her Gates at their approach diſplay,
 Who Juſtice love, and Truth obey.

As the 2.
 Pſalme.

Who fix on him their confidence,
 He will in conſtant Peace preſerve.
 O then with Faith Jehovah ſerve;
 Your ſtrong and ever ſure Defence:
 VWho hurles the Mighty from their Thrones,
 And Cities turnes to Heaps of ſtones.

Their Structures levels with the Floore,
 VWhich Sepulchres of Duſt incloſe:
 Trod underneath the Feet of thoſe,
 That were of late Deſpis'd and Poore.
 Straight is the VVay the Righteous tread;
 By Thee at once inform'd and led.

For we thy Judgements, Lord, expect,
 And onely on thy Grace relye:
 To thy great Name and Memory
 Th' Affections of our Soules erect.
 My Soule purſues thee in the Night,
 And when the Morne diſplays her Light.

Didſt

Part. 2.

Didst thou thy Judgements exercise,
Then Mortals should the Truth discern:
And yet the Wicked would not learne;
But thy extended Grace despise:
Among the Just to Injustice fold;
Nor will thy Majesty behold.

Shouldst thou advance thine Arme on High,
Though wilfull-blind, yet should they view
The Shame and Vengeance which pursue
All those, who thy deare Saints envy:
Those vindicating Flames, which burne
Thy Foes, shall them to Cinders turne.

Thou our eternall peace hast wrought,
And in our works, thy Wonders showne.
Though other Lords, besides our owne,
Had us to their subjection brought;
Yet, through thy onely Goodnesse, we
Remembred both thy Name and Thee.

Dead are they, never more to rise
From those darke Caves of endlesse Night;
Nor ever shall the cheerefull Light
Revisit with their closed eyes.
Thy Vengeance hath expel'd their Breath,
And clos'd their Memories in Death.

Part. 3.

Thou, Thou hast given us wounds on wounds;
In punishing thy Glory showne:
Far from thy chearfull Prefence throwne;
Even to the Worlds extreamest bounds:
Amidst our stripes, and fighings, we
Addrest our zealous Prayers to Thee.

As Women groaning with their Load,
The time of their Delivery neere,
Anticipating paine with feare,
Screeke in their Pangs; So we to God:
So suffer'd, when in thy Disgrace;
So cry'd out, when thou hid'st thy Face.

For we, with Sorrow's burthen fraught,
Paine, and anxiety of Mind,
Brought onely forth an empty Wind;
Nor our desir'd Delivery wrought.

We

We neither could repulse our Foes,
Nor give a period to our Woes.

The Lord thus to his People spake;
Thy Dead shall live; those who remaine
In peacefull Graves, shall rise againe.

O you who sleepe in Dust, awake;
Now sing: on you my Plants I'll shed
My Dew; the Graves shall cast their Dead.

Goe, hide thee in thy inward Roomes

A little, till my Wrath passe by:

To punish Mans impiety,

The Lord from Heaven in Thunder comes:

The Earth then shall your Bloud reveale,

Nor longer shall the Slaine conceale.

ESAY XXXVIII.

IN the subtraction of my yeares,

I said with Teares;

Ah! now I to the Shades below

Must naked goe:

Cut off by Death before my Time;

And like a Flower cropt in my Prime.

Lord in thy Temple I no more

Shall Thee adore:

No longer with Mankind converse,

In my cold Herse.

My Age is past ere it be spent;

Removed like a Shepherds Tent.

My fraile Life, like a Weavers thred,

My Sins have shred:

My vitall powers Diseases waste

With greedy haste:

Even from the Evening to the Day

I languish, and consume away.

And when the Morning Watch is past,

Thinke that my last.

Thou like a Lion break'ft my bones,

Nor hear'ft my groanes:

Even from the Dawning to the Night,

Death waites to close my failing Sight.

As the 39.
Psalme.

Thus

Thus Swallow-like, like to a Grate,
 My Woes complaine:
 Mourne like a Turtle-Dove, but late
 Rob'd of his Mate.
 I my dim eyes to Thee erect:
 The Weake & strengthen, and protect!

Part 2.

What praise can reach thy Clemency,
 O thou Most High!
 Thy Words are ever crown'd with Deeds:
 Joy Griefe succeeds.
 My bitter pangs at length are past;
 And long my peacefull dayes shall last.
 My lively vigour dost restore,
 Increas't with more:
 My Yeares prolong'd, now flourishing
 In their new Spring:
 Thou hast with Joy dry'd up my Teares;
 And with my Griefe exil'd my Feares.
 Thy Love hath drawne me from the Pit,
 Where Horrors sit:
 My Soule-infecting Sins thou hast
 Behind Thee cast.
 The Grave can not thy Praise relate;
 Nor Death thy Goodnesse celebrate.
 Can they expect thy Mercy, whom
 Cold Earth intombe?
 The Living must thy Truth display;
 A I this Day.
 This Fathers to their Sons shall tell,
 While Soules in humane Bodies dwell.
 The Lord as ready was to save,
 As I to crave:
 I therefore to the warbling string
 His Praise will sing:
 And in his House, till my last Day,
 My gratefull Vowes devoutly pay.

JONAH I.

As the 9.
Psalme.

ON Thee my captiv'd Soule did call;
 Thou, who art present every where,
 From

From the darke Entrailles of the Whale,
 Didst thy intomb'd Servant heare.
 Thy Hand into the Surges threw,
 The Seas blacke armes forthwith unfold;
 Downe to the horrid Bottom drew,
 And all her Waves upon me rould.
 Then said my Soule; For ever I
 Am banisht from thy glorious fight:
 And yet thy Temple with the Eye
 Of Faith review'd, in that blind Night.
 The Flouds my Soule involv'd below;
 The swallowing Deeps besieg'd me round:
 And Weeds, which in the bottom grow,
 My Head with funerall Dreffes bound.
 I to the roots of Mountaines div'd,
 Whom bars of broken Rocks restraine:
 Yet from that Tombe of death reviv'd,
 And rais'd to see the Sun againe.
 I, when my Soule began to faint,
 My Vowes and Prayers to thee prefer'd:
 The Lord my passionate complaint,
 Even from his holy Temple heard.
 Those who affect false vanities,
 The Mercy of their God betray:
 But I my Thankes will sacrifice,
 And Vowes to my Redeemer pay.

HABAKKUK. III.

Great God, with terror I have heard thy Doome; As the 72.
 The fearefull punishments that are to come: Psalme.
 Yet in the midst of those devouring Yeares,
 Then when thy Vengeance shall exceed our Feares,
 Thy Worke in us revive; confirme our Faith,
 And still remember Mercy in thy Wrath.
 God came from Theman, and the Holy-one
 From Parans Mountaine, where his Glory shone:
 Which fill'd the heav'ns themselves with brighter Raies;
 And all the Earth replenisht with his Praise.
 His Brightnesse as the Suns: his Fingers Streames
 Of Light project; his Power hid in those Beames.
 Devouring Pestilence before him flew,
 And wasting Flames his dreadfull Steps pursue.
 Then fixt his Feet, and measur'd with his Eyes
 The Earths Extent: pale Feares her Sons surprise,

D d d

The

The ancient Mountaines ~~shinke~~ ; eternall Hills
 Stoopt to their Bases ; All Amazement fills,
 His Glory and his Terrour he displaies,
 In his unknowne and everlasting Waies.
 I saw th'afflicted Tents of Cushan quake,
 And Midians Cortines in that Tempest shake.

Part 2. VVhen thou, O Lord, the Rivers didst divide ;
 And on the Chariots of Salvation ride,
 Through the congested Billowes of the Seas :
 VVas it because thou wast displeas'd with these ?
 According to thy Oath thou drew'st thy Sword ;
 Thy Oath sworne to our Tribes ; thy constant Word
 From cloven Rocks new Torrents tooke their flight,
 And ayery Mountaines trembled at thy fight :
 The over-flowing Streames inforce their Wayes ;
 The Deeps to Thee their Hands and Voyces raise ;
 The Sunne and Moone obedient to Command,
 Till then in restless Motion, made a Stand.
 Thy Darts and flaming Arrowes, swift as Sight ;
 Confound thy Foes, but give thy People Light.
 He, in his Fury, marched through the Land ;
 And crusht the Heathen with a vengefull Hand.
 Th'Anointed, with thy Sword, their Leaders slew ;
 The Joynts disclos'd, where Heads of Princes grew.
 VVith thy transfixing Speare their Subjects strake :
 VVho like a blacke and dreadfull Tempest brake
 Vpon our Front, with purpose to devoure,
 And triumph over our despised Power.
 He through the roaring Flouds his People guides :
 Through yielding Seas on fiery Horses rides.

Part 3. When I thy Threatnings heard, my entrails shooke ;
 And my unnerved knees each other strooke.
 My lips with panting swell, my cheeks grow wan ;
 Through all my bones a swift Consumption ran.
 O where may I repose in that sad Day,
 When armed Troups upon my Countrey prey !
 Although the Fig-tree shall no bloffomes beare ;
 Nor Vines with their pure bloud the pensive cheare :
 Although the Olive no requitall yield ;
 Nor Corne apparell the deserted Field :
 Though then our Flocks be ravisht from the Fold,
 And though our Stalls no well-fed Oxen hold :
 Yet will not I despaire, but chearfully
 Expect, and in thy knowne Salvation joy.
 For thou my Strength and my Protection art :
 My feet, more nimble then the flying Hart,

Ascend

Ascend the Hills ; where I, with holy fire,
VVill sing thy Praises to my solemne Lyre.

LVKE I.

MY ravisht soule extols his Name,
VVho rules the VVorlds admired Frame :
My Spirit, with exalted Voyce,
In God my Saviour shall rejoyce:
VVho hath his glorious Beames displayd,
Vpon a poore and humble Maid.
Me all succeeding Ages shall
The blessed Virgin-Mother call.
The Great, great things for me hath wrought;
His Sanctity past humane thought.
His Mercy still reflects on those,
VVho in his Truth their Trust repose.
He with his Arme hath Wonders showne:
The Proud in their owne pride are throwne;
The Mighty from their Thrones dejects:
The Lowly from the dust erects.
The Hungry are his welcome Guests;
The Rich excluded from his Feasts.
He mindfull of his Promise, hath
Maintain'd, and crowned Israels Faith:
To Abraham promis'd, and decreed
For ever to his holy Seed.

As the 8.
Psalme.

LVKE I.

O Praise the Lord, his VVonders tell,
VVhose Mercy shines in Israel;
At length redeem'd from Sinne and Hell.

As the 46.
Psalme.

The Crowne of our Salvation,
Deriv'd from Davids royall Throne,
He now hath to his People showne.

This to his Prophets did unfold;
By all successively foretold,
Vntill the infant World grew old.

That he our wrongs would vindicate,
Save from our foes inveterate hate,
And raise our long deprest estate.

To ratifie his ancient Deed,
His promis'd Grace, by oath decreed,
To Abraham, and his faithfull Seed.

That we might our Preserver praise,
VValke purely in his perfect wayes,
And searelesse serve him all our dayes.

His path thou shalt prepare, sweet Child,
And run before the Vndefil'd;
The Prophet of th' Almighty stil'd.

Our knowledge to informe, from whence
Salvation springs: from penitence,
And pardon of each foule offence.

Through mercy, O how infinite!
Of our great God, who cleares our sight,
And from the Orient sheds his Light.

A leading Starre t' enlighten those,
VVhom Night, and shades of Death inclose;
VVhich that high Tract to glory shoves.

LUKE II.

As the 34.
Psalme.

○ Thou who art inthron'd on high,
In peace now let thy Servant die,
Whose hope on thee relies:
For thou, whose words and deeds are one,
At length hast thy Salvation showne
To these my raviht Eyes.

By thee, before thy Hands displaid
The Heavens, and Earths Foundation laid,
Vnto the VWorld decree'd:
A Lampe to give the Gentiles Light;
A Glory, O how infinite!
To Israels faithfull Seed.

F I N I S.

Gloria Deo in excelsis,

DEO OPT. MAX.

O Thou who All things hast of Nothing made,
 Whose Hand the radiant Firmament displai'd,
 With such an undiscerned swiftnesse hurl'd
 About the stedfast Centre of the World :
 Against whose rapid course the restless Sun,
 And wandring Flames in varied Motions run ;
 Which Heat, Light, Life infuse ; Time, Night, and Day
 Distinguish ; in our Humane Bodies sway :
 That hung'st the solid Earth in fleeting Aire,
 Vein'd with cleare Springs, w^{ch} ambient Seas repaire.
 In Clouds the Mountaines wrap their hoary Heads ;
 Luxurious Valleies cloth'd with flowry Meads :
 Her trees yield Fruit and Shade ; with liberall Breasts
 All creatures She (their common Mother) feasts.
 Then Man thy Image mad'st ; in Dignity,
 In Knowledge, and in Beauty, like to Thee :
 Plac'd in a Heaven on Earth : without his toile
 The ever-flourishing and fruitfull Soile
 Vnpurchas'd Food produc'd : all Creatures were
 His Subjects, serving more for Love then Feare.
 He knew no Lord, but Thee. But when he fell
 From his Obedience, all at once rebell,
 And in his Ruine exercise their Might :
 Concurring Elements against him fight :
 Troups of unknowne Diseases ; Sorrow, Age,
 And Death, assaile him with successive rage.
 Hell let forth all her Furies : none so great,
 As Man to Man. Ambition, Pride, Deceit, (reign'd :
 Wrong arm'd with Power, Lust, Rapine, Slaughter
 And flatter'd Vice the name of Vertue gain'd.
 Then Hills beneath the swelling Waters stood ;
 And all the Globe of Earth was but one Floud :

Yet

Yet could not cleanse their Guilt : the following Race
 Worse then their Fathers, and their Sons more base.
 Their God-like Beauty lost ; Sins wretched Thrawle :
 No sparke of their Divine Originall
 Left unextinguisht : All enveloped
 With Darknesse ; in their bold Transgressions dead.
 When thou didst from the East a Light display,
 which rendred to the World a clearer Day :
 Whose Precepts from Hels jawes our Steps withdraw ;
 And whose Example was a living Law :
 Who purg'd us with his Bloud, the Way prepar'd
 To Heaven, & those long-chain'd-up Doores unbar'd.
 How infinite thy Mercy ! which exceeds
 The World thou mad'st, as well as our Misdeeds !
 Which greater Reverence then thy Justice wins,
 And still augments thy Honour by our Sins.
 O who hath tasted of thy Clemency
 In greater measure, or more oft then I !
 My gratefull Verse thy Goodnesse shall display.
 O Thou who went'st along in all my way ;
 To Where the Morning with perfumed Wings
 From the high Mountaines of Panchæa springs :
 To that New-found-out World, where sober Night
 Takes from th'Antipodes her silent flight ;
 To those darke Seas where horrid Winter reignes,
 And binds the stubborne Flouds in Icie chaines :
 To Lybian Waits, whose Thirst no showres asswage ;
 And where swolne Nilus cooles the Lions rage.
 Thy Wonders in the Deepe have I beheld ;
 Yet all by those on Iudah's Hills excell'd :
 There where the Virgins Son his Doctrine taught,
 His Miracles, and our Redemption wrought :
 Where I by Thee inspir'd his Praises sung ;
 And on his Sepulchre my Offering hung.
 Which way so e're I turne my Face, or Feet ;
 I see thy Glory, and thy Mercy meet.

Met

Met on the Thracian Shoares; when in the strife
Of frantick Simoans thou preserv'dst my Life.
So when Arabian Thieves belaid us round,
And when by all abandon'd, Thee I found.
That false Sidonian Wolfe, whose craft put on
A Sheepe soft Fleece, and me Bellerephon
To Ruine by his cruell Letter sent,
Thou didst by thy protecting Hand prevent.
Thou sav'dst me from the bloody Massacres
Of faithlesse Indians; from their treacherous Wars;
From raging Feavers, from the sultry breath
Of tainted Aire, which cloy'd the jawes of Death.
Preserv'd from swallowing Seas; when towring Waves
Mixt with the Clouds, and opened their deep Graves.
From barbarous Pirats ransom'd: by those taught,
Successfully with Salian Moores we fought.
Then brought'st me Home in safety; that this Earth
Might bury me, which fed me from my Birth:
Blest with a healthfull Age; a quiet Mind,
Content with little; to this Worke design'd:
Which I at length have finisht by thy Aid;
And now my Vowes have at thy Altar paid.

Iam tetigi Portum, ———Valete.

Met on the Thracian Shores; when in the Nile
 Of frigid Simois thou preserv'dst my Life.
 So when Arabian Thieves belaid us round,
 And when by all abandon'd, Thine I found,
 That false Sidonian Woe, whose craft put on
 A sheep's-fold's fleece, and me Bellesophon
 To Ruine by his cruel Father sent,
 Thou didst by thy protecting Hand prevent.
 Thou didst me from the bloody Maltreats
 Of scilicet Indians; from their murderous Wars;
 From raging Leues; from the fury death;
 Of painted Air; which by the jaws of Death,
 Pick'd from the hollowing when rowing Waves
 Mixt with the Clouds, had opened their deep Graves.
 From barbarous Tyrants; by this taught
 Successfully with Sails above we fought.
 Then broughtst me Home in safety; that this Earth
 Might bury me, which led me from my Birth;
 But with a peaceful Mind.

Printed by John Legatt.

1637.

